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THE SANCTUARY.

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"Non enim quæro intelligere ut credam, sed credo ut intelligam."—*St. Anselm.*

THE SANCTUARY,

A COMPANION IN VERSE

FOR THE

English Prayer Book.

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M. A.,

Author of "The Christian Life," "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c.

"Thy way O God is in the Sanctuary."
Psalm lxxvii. 13.

Second Edition.

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TO

The Memory of

GEORGE HERBERT,

Author of "The Temple,"

THIS ATTEMPT TO ILLUSTRATE

BY MEDITATIONS IN VERSE

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH LITURGY,

REGARDED AS A CATHOLIC WHOLE,

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

London, April 7th, 1855.

Prefatory Words.

"Mine House shall be called an House of Prayer."

I LOVE my Prayer-book, for it breathes
Of heaven and holiness to me,
And round awaken'd conscience wreathes
The echoes of eternity.

'Tis ancient, catholic, and true,
And gifted with a power sublime
That brings the spirit-world to view
By drawing back the veils of time.

Three bulwarks round the church are thrown
By Word, or Sacrament, or Grace,
And in our Liturgy we own
That each retains a glorious place.

Its hoary archives, too, unfold
How providence, by secret plan,
Hath counterwork'd the bad and bold
Who hate The Christ which humbles man.

From birth to death it peals a voice
Of warning truth or wisest love,
And consecrates that better choice
Whose treasures are enshrined above.

Dejection's sigh, devotion's tear,
The laud, the rapture, and the groan
Attending angels pause to hear
When guilt enclasps the mercy-throne,—

In this pure book of prayer may find
Some answ'ring note of guidance true,
Till Faith illumes the darken'd mind
By teaching more than prophets knew.

God of our Fathers! thus we lift
Hosannahs unto Thee and Thine,
And rally round that peerless gift
We dare not, unto death, resign.

Rather than sink religion down
In homage to some human creed,
Be *this* the churchman's hallow'd crown,
To follow where its doctrines lead,—

Which are the voices true and deep
Of God Himself in scripture heard
When o'er some echoing bosom sweep
The life-tones of that saving Word:

And, *next* to this, a Book we love
Whose living page of light unfolds
Truths which confess the Lord above,
Whom earth believes, and heaven beholds.

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THE SANCTUARY.

The Sanctuary.

Morning Prayer.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."—*Ps.* v. 3.

THE sacred hush of early morn
In hues of golden radiance born,
Seems like a silent worship given
By grateful earth to glorious heaven:

The elements, in placid rest,
Keep sabbath o'er creation's breast,
While conscious Nature half adores
The Lord to Whom devotion soars.

Round the lull'd ocean, sky, and air,
A dream-like trance broods everywhere,
And yet, of Him, to sense and soul
How eloquent the voiceless whole!

Now blooms the childhood of the day,
When light and loveliness array
The dew-eyed glance of each young flower
That opes its lid in garden-bower.

Glowing with omnipresent God,
And bright as if by Angels trod,
The vernal landscape, fruit, and field,
To Heaven their mute hosannah yield.*

But, wing'd by faith, let souls ascend
And with celestial Harpers blend
Their litanies, whose tone divine
Echoes the creed,—The Lord is mine ! †

Abroad, at home, on land, or sea,
Lift we, O God ! our lives to Thee;
And in calm thoughts of Thy blest care
Find dawning heaven in daily prayer.

Unconscious, through our helpless sleep,
Thine Eyes their watches o'er us keep,
While Mercy comes at matin hour
To give each pulse its waking power.

Soul of our Souls ! Incarnate grace !
Ere Day begin its destined race,
Celestial guidance, awe, and love
Breathe from Thy mercy-shrine above.

By Heaven unwatch'd, we cannot stand,
Since perils lurk on every hand;
Nor can we wind a human path
Whose bloom no hidden serpent hath.

Be Thou, dear Lord, our Sun and Shield,
To faith's adoring heart reveal'd;
In all we suffer, dream, or do,
For Christ and glory keep us true.

Morn, noon, and night, beneath Thy wing
A blessing, not a burden, bring,
If will and word to Thee incline
And welcome law as love Divine.‡

* Fruitful trees, &c. &c ——*praise* the name of the Lord. *Ps.* cxlviii. 9, 13. † Cant. ii. 16. ‡ Rom. xiii. 8.

Thus may we learn, ere time depart,
How Heaven is imaged on the heart;
While life repeats what lips declare,—
Obedience proves embodied prayer.

Lost in ourselves, in Christ re-found,
Thus move we through each duteous round,
And toil and task will channels be,
Like Sacraments, conveying Thee.

They live the best, who love the most,
And count that day a sinful boast
In which no care, or cross hath shown
God rules the will, and reigns alone.

Evening Prayer.

"Let my prayer be . . . . as the Evening Sacrifice."—*Ps.* cxli. 2.

ALMIGHTY Priest! in prayer to Thee
Are secrets Angels yearn to see;*
And duties are delights to all
Who Christ in heaven their glory call.

And thus, when toil-worn day is done
And meditative eve begun,
Devotion feels a mystic spell
To consecrate the sun's farewell.

Religion in that radiance glows,—
A deeper charm than light bestows
Of mournfulness, whose mild appeals
The heart approves, and conscience feels.

Nature is one mysterious plan
That moves in sympathy with Man;†
Her scenes are parables to thought,
With types of teaching wisdom fraught.

* 1 Pet. i. 12. † Rom. viii. 22.

Round hill and valley, sea and shore,
The leafy wood and forest hoar,
Cathedrals, cots, and village-plains,
A lulling sense of beauty reigns.

Thy truth, oh Lord ! in each we trace,
As inward law of outward grace,
And think, how bright this world can be
When all its glories mirror Thee !

Creation seems at vespers, now :
And saints, who in Thy worship bow,
While dying beams array the west
Commune with Nature's holy rest.

But, prayer and penitence are due
For all the sins our soul must rue,
And boundless guilt, Thy Blood alone
Can* whiten at the Judgment-throne !

A prayerless mood, at such an hour,
What is it, but a Belial-power,—
A blinding haze of self and sin
Which hides the demon-heart within ?

Then, dear the chime of evening-bells !
Whose music like emotion swells ;
And blest the pathways, meekly trod,
Whose windings seek the House of God.

All treasures in that Church abound
Where† Christ is heard, and pardon found :
And Souls, who would their Master see,
Await Him where He loves to be.‡

There may we nurse Devotion's awe ;
His Word receive as light, and law ;
And near, and nearer round the Throne
Encircle HIM Faith calls her own.

* Rev. vii. 14. † Matt. xviii. 20. ‡ Ps. lxxxvii. 2.

From thence return'd, in peace and prayer,
God of the hearth-side! meet us there;
And give to Thy belovèd sleep,*
Whose hearts full often wake, and weep!

Be each fond babe on mother's breast
In pillow'd beauty rock'd to rest;
And show the orphan's inward eye
Parental Forms beyond the sky.

O Thou! Who art the Slumberless,†
Protect our sleeping helplessness;
And be to saints that Spirit given
Who breathes on earth the balm of heaven.

The Order for Morning and Evening Prayer.

"The Morning and Evening Prayer shall be used in the accustomed place of the Church, Chapel, or Chancel."—*Prayer Book.*

BRIGHT-WING'D Adorers! who enwreath God's throne
In worship, awe, and wonder,
Waft from your choral heaven some kindling tone
To Saints assembled under
That Mercy-seat of Light above
Which ye behold in perfect love;
That from your liturgy our own may take
Echoes which keep regen'rate hearts awake.

Sinless *ye* are, but sinful clay are *we*,
Lisping our feeble praise;
Time is our home, but yours,—eternity
Amid th' empyreal blaze
Where Father, Son, and Spirit dwell
In glories unrevealable!
Yet, from the‡ Church angelic nature can
Learn mystic lore, by seeing God in Man.

* Ps. cxxvii. 2. † Ps. cxxi. 40. ‡ Ephes. iii. 10.

Still, in these outer-courts of Flesh and Time
Wall'd round by space, and earth,
Souls know but little of that chant sublime
Which suits their second birth;
While ye, whose cloudless vision eyes
HIM who became their Sacrifice,
Not through our media, distant, faint, or dim,
Laud the One Lord of Saints, and Seraphim.

But now, preluded by that gracious word*
From lips of Mercy spoken,
Our heart-toned litanies on high are heard
Most welcome, when most broken
By sobs and sighs, that intervene,
Confessing what the past hath been:—
And this, because a †priested God-Man there
Divinely consecrates the Church's prayer.

Approach we, therefore; but, with rev'rence due,
O'erawed by instincts deep;
And, on the brink of vocal worship, view
Visions which make us weep,—
Arising from remember'd years,
From harrow'd guilt, and haunting fears,
While pale contritions shudder from within
O'er the dread shadow of departed sin!

Maternal Guide! fond Mother of us all,
Blest be thy wisdom now;
Who, ere on Christ our adorations call,
The speechless heart would bow,
And by reflecting silence teach
Lessons mere language cannot reach;
While musing Sorrow introverts the eye,
And God, in gentleness,‡ seems passing by.

* Ezek. xviii. 27. † Heb. vii. 17. ‡ Psalm xviii, 27

The Sentences.

"Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities."—*Ps.* li. 7.

IN myst'ry o'er the myriad-chorded soul
The sightless grace of Godhead moves;
And, touching it with undivined control,
Evokes what tone His Will approves:—
Hence, hope and faith, and fear, with joy and grief, by turns
Responsively awake, as Man salvation learns.

And thus, by secret wisdom taught of heaven,
The Church, in her sublime appeals,
Hath to each mind and mood appliance given,
Which probes the heart, or conscience heals:—
In spirit corp'rate, yet, our deep-toned Prayer-book can
Echo the varied needs of individual Man.

And, ere the vocal liturgy begin,
A litany of silence now
Let Worship offer; and by faith within
Hear holy Sentences avow
Truths of selected tone, whose pure adjustment may
Meet all those mingled wants, with which men come to pray.

Solemn and silent, take we then our stand;
And as some vernal bower receives
A dew-born freshness, or the sunshine bland
Which decks the dawning grace of leaves,—
So let our waiting hearts adoring welcome give
To those great fontal Truths, from whence we learn, and live.

Darkness and doubt, formality and dread,
And with'ring apathy abound
Oft in frail souls, by some devotion led
Heaven's face to seek, on holy ground;
But, such in these high words may healing radiance find
Those sinful clouds to break, which overcast the mind.

God of our Fathers ! on Thy grace we call,
Whose nature and whose name are one,
And that is,—Love ! with light* embracing all
Of mortal race beneath the sun :—
Bid Life a living prayer of preparation be
For that transcendant hour, when heaven unveileth Thee !

The Exhortation.

"I pray and beseech you, ... to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace."—*Prayer Book.*

CREATION is a speech divine,
A vast Apocalypse of power,
A Sermon preach'd, O God ! on Thee, and Thine
In Earth's cathedral, ev'ry hour.

Magnificent, though mute to sense,
Such homilies from Land, and Sea ;
Yet, all are lectures from Omnipotence
Whose texts are truths on Deity.

And Providence Thy preacher is,
Whose pulpit fills all space and time ;
And, eloquent of varied woe, or bliss,
Harangues us with a tone sublime !

Around, within, beneath, above,
Nature's dim Bible ev'rywhere
Authenticates a dawning creed of Love,
Learnt by some lisping babe in prayer.

But, harshly-cold, our riper years
Are seldom touch'd by such appeals ;
And hearts, when sin hath shut the inward ears,
Seem deaf to what pure childhood feels.

* John i. 9.

And hence, the Exhortation rolls
With rhetoric divine, or deep,
A thrilling summons o'er baptisèd souls
Who yet in sin-made darkness sleep!

And be confession our reply,
Oh, Saviour-God!—for such is due;
Pierced by love-pangs, and with imploring eye
Look we to heaven, and inly rue!

The past and present none can hide,
Nor cloak the shrinking heart from Thee:—
Clear as the mote within some beam descried,
All souls are scann'd by Deity!

General Confession.

"We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep."—
Prayer Book.

WHEN some bow'd sinner, on his bended knees,
A guardian-Angel in confession sees,
He shades him with celestial wing;
And as that contrite pleader yearns, and cries
That Blood Divine may cleanse him for the skies,—
Watches the Soul thus worshipping.

But, if *one* heart can thus intensely move
Those wing'd Adorers, who but live to love,
And brighten o'er repenting Man,*
How are they thrill'd, when thronging myriads meet
In temple-courts, to clasp the Mercy-Seat
And cry, as Earth's redeemed can,

"Father of Souls! absolve Thine erring child,
To Self devoted, and by Sin defiled,

* Luke xv. 10.

Who far has stray'd from Thee, and Heaven;
To the green pastures of Thy Word, and Will,
Sheep of Thy flock and fold, oh! lead us still,—
Fearful, but yet by grace forgiven.

Read in the light of Thine all-searching Law,
What countless stains pure conscience never saw
These roving hearts of shame present!
Omission and commission, both are ours,
And oft have sacrificed anointed Powers*
And robb'd the Lord Omnipotent.

Healthless and hopeless, thus on Thee we call,
Equal in guilt, for equal mercy all,
Great Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep!
Thine is the merit, mis'ry ours, alone;
Till balm and blessing from Thy gracious Throne
Comfort the wounded Hearts that weep.

The Absolution.

"God . . . . hath given power and commandment to his Ministers to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins."—*Prayer Book.*

NO peace exists, except where pardon reigns,
And such, mere reason never saw;
Since all which legal Conscience gets, or gains
By questions put to perfect Law,
Is but the thunder and the threat,—
"Perish! or pay thy boundless debt!"

The sternness and the symmetry of Truth
Enthroned above compliant will,
Can neither bend to Age, nor bow to Youth,
But act their awful nature still;
For, God unglorified must be
If Truth has no eternity!

* 1 Cor. vi. 20.

That poem vast, that Parable divine,
Creation, with its gloom and glory,
Who can translate each sacramental line
Which shadows our redemption-story,—
Unless Faith's inward eye be given
To read on earth the scroll of heaven?

And, is not Providence a searchless maze,
Wherein all moral seekers find
Contrasted problems, which confound their gaze
Whose Scripture is the creedless mind,
When Cain-like* wisdom madly dares
To mock the sacrifice of prayers?

Can God forgive? And *are* we pardon'd men?
Behold! the question, deep and stern;
And, if absolved, by whom, and where, and when?—
Lord! in Thy Church and Creed we learn
Free pardon from atonement springs,
Which Calv'ry to contrition brings.

Amen.

"The people shall answer here, and at the end of all other Prayers —'AMEN.'"—*Prayer Book.*

LIFT we now the loud† "Amen"
In the Temple, where and when
The living Name of Christ is lauded;
But except a speaking heart
Echo what our lips impart,
Our worship is of soul defrauded.

In *that* word a world of truth
Is enshrined for Age and Youth,

* Gen. iv. 3. † See Jerome in 2 Præm. Com. in Gal.

Far deeper than all thought discerneth ;—
By it broad assent is given
To that Creed, in hell or heaven,
Sinner, or saint, for ever learneth !

'Tis indeed a boundless thought
With unfathom'd myst'ry fraught,—
Eternity is thus affected
By a tone that never dies,
But which soars beyond the skies
Howe'er by impious mock rejected !

Yet, if Life the lips repeat
When baptised Adorers meet,
And with their speech and soul assenting
Thrill some Angel on his throne,
When he hears the heaven-raised tone
From raptured hosts, or hearts repenting,—

Let no dread their worship chill !
God and Grace are present still,
And unto love will ne'er be wanting :
If our Will endure the Cross
Deeming sin our only loss,
The "*Amen*" loud let souls be chanting.

Deepen thus, the dreadless sound,
'Till the vaulted aisles rebound,
Nave, roof, and arch, with "Amens" thrilling,—
When the Easter of our soul
Bids the paschal thunder roll,
Angelic hearts with echoes filling.

Yet, once more, and still again
Lift on high the full-voiced strain !—
God's ancient Martyrs thus reviving
When their anthem'd worship soar'd
Unto Him their lives adored,
*Till earth with heaven in praise seem'd striving.

* Clem. Strom. l. 1, c. 7.

All the Church's book presents,
Creed, or Prayer, or Sacraments,—
What are they, but a Voice supernal
From those changeless Truths divine
Veil'd within the awful Shrine
Of Christ, Who is their Source eternal?

Hast thou heard the wave-tongued Sea
Hymning praise to Deity
With choral billows, vast and heaving?
Or, rude surges in their roar
When they beat the throbbing shore,
Both far and wide a foam-trace leaving

Or, in some poetic mood
Listen'd to a leafy wood
Roused by the whirl-blast, wild and rushing
Or, alone in vernal bower
Lull'd by its elysian power,
Been lapp'd in dreams, by fountain gushing?—

Not in each, or all is found
Such religion in their sound,
As Temples hear from lips repeating
In liturgic swells of song
"*Amen*," as it swells along,—
Timed by the heart's profoundest beating.

Ask not, if the aisles august
Where dead Immortals in mute dust
Under sepulchral pomp are lying—
Echoed are by such deep word?
Or, in village-fane be heard
A peasant-choir to Priest replying:

Let but heart-toned prayer reveal
What adoring bosoms feel,
And Saints with Seraphim are blending,—
"*Amen*" when Devotion cries
Till the angel-crowded skies
Reverberate that voice ascending!

The Lord's Prayer.

"The Minister shall kneel and say the Lord's Prayer with an audible voice; the people also kneeling, and repeating it with him."—*Rubric.*

AS roll the rivers to the sea,
So, human prayers subside in Thee,
Devotion's archetype for all
Who God in Christ their "Father" call!
And, e'en as Worlds a radiance draw
From *one* great Orb, which is their law,
So, in this model-prayer can Mind
A fountain-source of worship find,—
A light suggestive, which may give
An inward heaven * to all who live.

Ideal Type of truth and love!
Thy words are wings to waft above
The soaring Hearts, which nobly thrill
To crucify the flesh-born Will,
And would like sinless Angels be
Whose lauds resound eternally,
And yet, when *most* their glories shine
They view them in the Will Divine,
By doing which their *own* is done,—
Like portions of the Primal One.

Creation's Lord! from Thee it came;
And, offer'd in Thy pleading Name,
What is it, but the Filial Word
Before the Father-God preferr'd?—
A myst'ry of sublime appeal
More fathomless than man can feel,
Since, like Thy Person, in Thy Prayer
Both God and Man their truth declare;
And ev'ry tone therein that dwells
Some grace of Incarnation tells.

* Alluding to the Third Petition in Lord's Prayer.

Here, each for all, and all for each
By perfect words their God can reach;
For He, who knew the Church's life
Of sin and woe, of fear and strife,
Hath *here* epitomised for man
The vastness of that saving Plan,
By which the children of His grace
On earth may see Jehovah's Face;*
And, by such blest compendium prove
The token-smiles of tend'rest love!

Boundless, though brief, while calm, sublime:
Condition, space, and scene and time,—
All which Convention's law can bind
Around the heart, or on the mind,
Dies and dissolves in this blest Prayer!
Whose words are echoes ev'rywhere
Of want and weakness, faith and fears
Breath'd into sighs, or spoke by tears,—
Of all men need, or God can give
To souls who on His promise live.

The Responses.

"O Lord, open Thou our lips,
And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise."—*Prayer Book.*

GOD of the Soul! Whose grace alone
Can make it Thine internal throne,
Wing'd on Emanuel's† words, our hearts would now ascend,
And, ent'ring in behind The Veil,
Although by nature blind and frail,
With sinless Harpers there our lauding hymns would blend.

And hence, with antiphonal glow,
Back to the Priest from People flow

* 2 Chron. vii. 14. † Matt. vii. 7.

Pure versicles, which tone the worship of the mind;
That quicken'd thus the Church may be
By pleading Truth's variety,
And with harmonious love seek God in heaven enshrined.

But, Sin and Satan, guilt and gloom
In silence might our praise entomb,
Unless the Seraph come, and with his living coal *
The terror of our lips unseal,
And open them with burning zeal,
And bid our ransom'd speech in praises round Thee;

For, language *is* a gift divine;
And pardon'd men can most feel Thine
When Liturgies uplift, in Temples rear'd to Thee,
Adoring faculties which prove
The vastness of Incarnate Love,
To *us* in time reveal'd, but reaching through eternity!

Speed, Lord! and help the hearts which cry,
When sins, like slain Egyptians, lie,
Crush'd by subduing power of Thy victorious grace;
E'en as of old freed Israel's host
Soon as the Red Sea waves were crost,
Peal'd hallelujahs loud o'er Pharaoh's buried race! †

Fiends lurk behind, and foes before;
But Thine elect can more and more
High o'er this earth-bound scene an Ark of Refuge hail;
And while they chant their blended hymn
Can paraphrase the Seraphim,—
"Worthy the Lamb in Light! The Prince Who *must* prevail!"

* John vi. 6. † Exod. xv. 15.

Doxology.

"Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."—*Prayer Book.*

"GLORY to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"—
Ocean of truth! In Thy deep waves are lost
All souls which dare rebellious be;
Or, anchor'd not on Deity,
Would seek on thrones of earth-born will to reign,
And finite heaven by godless freedom gain.

Glory to One in Three, and Three in One!
Boundless Triune of BEING unbegun!
Creation, providence, and grace
Here find a sacramental place,—
Which is, to shadow forth The Name Divine,
Token and type of all in Thee, and Thine.

Hosannah! round the Universe there rolls
In three-toned echo for those heaven-taught souls,
Who from that eucharistic hymn*
Chanted by Glory's cherubim,
Catch wafted meanings, whose melodious sway
Soothes the harsh discord of life's perill'd day.

Ancient of Hymns! Creation's virgin prime
Heard from a starry choir† thy burst sublime,
Pealing on high, like paschal mirth
Rejoicing o'er the new-born Earth:
Such was it, is, and ever shall remain,—
The ceaseless worship of that choral strain!

All holy Consciousness of light, and love,
The Saints below, the Seraphim above,—
Co-equal in high majesty,
Eternal in full harmony,
A Three in One through heaven and earth proclaim,
And find the Truth and Trinity the same.

* Is. vi. 3. † Job xxxviii. 7.

Creed, Chant, Confession,—do not all and each
Blend in those words, and God to Manhood teach,
Which speak of Father, Son, and Spirit
Whom in the Church our souls inherit,
When, christen'd by His Trinitarian* grace
God calls His children an adopted race?

Thus, hymn we Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whose mercy gives far *more* than Adam lost,
And *now*, with echoing hearts adore
Those we shall laud for evermore:—
Time limits prayer, but praise eternal is,
The life of Glory, and the law of Bliss.

Venite.

"Venite, exultemus Domino."—*Ps.* xcv. 6.

HARP of the spirit! with exulting swell
Yield thy deep chords to ecstacy divine;
And, thrill'd with awe, yon throned Emanuel tell,
"Come we, O Lord! to worship Thee, and Thine!"

E'en as the shout which banner'd armies raise
When front to front their steel'd battalions meet,
Bids from each eye-beam flash a prouder blaze
And the roused heart with pulse heroic beat,

So let Thy soldiers, Lord! who now begin
A spirit-fight† with Fiends, or foes, on earth,
Wake ev'ry faculty of grace within
By one rich war-cry of victorious mirth.

"*Venite!*" chant we; 'tis the Church's own,
A living summons, which on David's lyre
Quiver'd of old with supernat'ral tone,
And *still* breathes all celestial hopes inspire.

* Matt. xxviii. 19.

† "Manfully fight under His banner," &c.—See *Baptismal Servic*

Prayer, praise, and preaching,—such the triple-charm
A saving Wisdom secretly applies
To all who, with devotion wing'd and warm,
Soar out of self, and seek their natal skies.

Great is our God! no miracle of thought,
Or thinking vastness of seraphic mind
Hath ever into perfect vision brought
His nameless glories, which are undivined.

Mind cannot span the measure of a Power
High o'er the highest world that rules, and reigns;
The pillars of the Earth upholds He ev'ry hour,
And in His hand † the Universe contains!

Daily Psalms.

"Then shall follow the Psalms in order as they are appointed."—*Rubric.*

WHEN o'er God's awful Book I bend
Perusing it in peace and prayer,
Blest PARACLETE! Thine unction send
That faith may find my Saviour there;
And feel the love and light of sacred Story
Are but the token-gleams of His incarnate glory.

But, though *each* page prove all-divine,
Profound as Truth's eternity,
And hence, as from a mental Shrine
Flow oracles which make us free,— †
If one pure leaf *may* wield a master-spell,
Oh! is it not where most Emanuel's eye-beam fell?

The golden eloquence of heaven
Falters before a theme, like this!—
That to the Saviour's heart were given
A healing balm and holy bliss,

* Is. xi. 12. † John viii. 32.

Counsels of love, and consolations deep
When homeless here on earth, our burdens made Him
weep!

Not from Himself as God derived,
But, forth from David's harp * He drew,
When Satan with His Manhood strived,—
Tones which declare how well He knew
That Laureate of the Holy Ghost, whose lyre
Anthems by God attuned enrapture and inspire.

At His last feast of paschal love
Our Lord a Jewish hallel sung;
And when He awed the heavens above
While on th' almighty Cross He hung,
From Zion's bard he took that awful speech †
Whose agonising depth no line of Thought can reach!

Nor paused He here: that parting breath
Which breath'd on earth the grand farewell
When God-Man died th' atoning death
Which rescued Earth from hate and hell,—
Faith listens, while it heaves a hallow'd sigh
Breath'd out of David's soul,‡ when Death seem'd drawing
nigh.

Priceless and peerless hold we, then,
That page Messiah loved to read;
For, long as earth has suff'ring men
The Psalms reply to human need;
And by sweet touches of melodious grace
Thrill every spirit-chord which vibrates through our
race!

All passions, principles, and powers,
Motions and meanings of delight,
Which rule us in religious hours
At hymning morn, or holy night,
On land, or sea, when social, or alone,—
These Lyrics of the Lord for each adjust a tone.

* Matt. iv. 7. † Matt. xxvii. 40. ‡ Luke xxiii. 46.

A mystic paradise of truth
Martyrs and Saints of olden time
Saw in each page for age, or youth,
And caroll'd it with love sublime;
Nor can the tongues of man, or angel, count
The comforts which have flow'd from this celestial fount.

No sigh the laden heart hath heaved,
No tear a drooping eyelid shed,
No fearful pang our bosom grieved
When Life has ponder'd o'er the Dead,—
But in Christ's Manual can devotion find
Some echo of relief to suit the aching mind.

Kings, Priests, and Prophets, all may there
The perfect heart of Jesu prove,
And hear it God to man declare
With beating pulse of boundless love!—
Such are the Psalms; where all which Lyre can be,
Is married into Grace for immortality.

Poet of Heaven! High-Priest of song!
Type of the Lord, in truth and grace,
Oh! that to Saints might now belong
The faith and fervour of thy race;
Then would their lives be living psalms of love,
And choral Earth repeat the chanting Heavens above.

The Lessons.

"Then shall be read distinctly with an audible voice the First Lesson."—*Prayer Book.*

HOW should we read His hallow'd Word
And be by God in language stirr'd
Up to rapt heights of holiness, and love?—
Oh, not by culture, proud and cold,
Nor by mere reason, men behold
Secrets where God unveils His heart above.

What, though no starry Miracle
Darts through the air a dazzling spell,
Nor thunders fill the throbbing earth with fear;
Nor wing'd Ambassadors alight
Fresh from their thrones, all glory-bright,
Till Falsehood trembles, as the Truth draws near?

Though seal'd* the Vision, and are dumb
Voices Divine, that used to come,
And through each hidden chamber of the heart
Awaken echoes, dread and deep,
Which woke it from its iron sleep,—
Dream not, from earth that God and Grace depart!

Poor martyr of the senses five
By faith against thy flesh-creed strive!
And meekly bend o'er yonder ancient Book:
An infant-grasp contains the whole,
And yet, thine everlasting Soul
Shall ne'er beyond its vast horizon look!

Once, undivulged and unreveal'd
Its mental essence lay conceal'd
In the hush'd deeps of God's unecho'd Mind;
But now, for Earth's elected race
In grand epiphany of grace
It shines in Scripture o'er redeem'd mankind.

In language garb'd, the Holy Ghost
Arrays Himself, to teach the lost,
And thus, approaches whomsoe'er He will;
But if thy soul be clogg'd with sin,
And treason nurse untruth within,—
What art thou, but the deafen'd adder,† still?

* Dan. xii. 9. † Ps. lviii. 4.

Te Deum.

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."—*Ambrose.*

O LORD, how luminous dark Earth can be
When Faith beholds it shine with Thee,
Whose viewless Presence, arm'd with vital power,
Irradiates each heart and hour:—
Sea, air, and ocean with "*laudamus*" ring,
"*Te Deum*," hark! the planets sing;
Each watching star that sentinels the night
Grows eloquent with throbbing light,
Till Souls below, with Saints above,
Complete the litany of Love.

And here, in this Ambrosian chant of praise
High o'er the heaven of heavens we raise
Heart, soul, and spirit, till we seem to blend
Our lauds with *theirs*, which never end;
But in eternity of chanting joy
Each faculty of bliss employ,—
Deep'ning above that coronation-hymn
Harp'd from the lyres of Cherubim
To One in Three, and Three in One
Infinite Essence unbegun!

Nine versicles of anthem'd praise we pour
Round the I AM our souls adore:
And, what a company with us shall meet
With songs to gird the Mercy-seat!
Apostle, Prophet, Saint, and Martyr there,
Angel, and Seraph,—more than words declare
Of Beings countless as the rays of noon,
Each chord of rapture now attune;
And cast their coronets before Thee,
Centre of uncreated Glory!

And oh! that these reluctant hearts of ours
Were not so loveless, with their powers;

Then would they "cry aloud," and louder still,
And yon supernal Arches fill
With lauding thunders of melodious song,—
By Angels, as they roll'd along,
Re-echo'd back to eucharistic earth
Enrich'd with their celestial worth!—
Thus would our lives religion be,
By praise return'd to Deity.

To *live*, is mercy! not a pulse, or breath,
But preaches His vicarious Death,
Whose Blood redeem'd us from that yawning hell
Justice unveil'd, when Adam fell:
But, never can mere finite numbers count
Of mercies our immense amount
Morn, noon, and night!—In all we hope, or feel,
The Trinity *this* truth reveal,—
Creation only by the Cross
Becomes a gain, and not a loss.

Hence, Lauds and Litanies alone can bless
Hearts which the Triune God confess,—
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost divine,
The True and Everlasting Trine!
And Him, who did not spurn the Vestal womb,
But rose refulgent from the tomb
To perfect glory in Paternal Bliss,
Ruling the world, by purchase His;
Thence to return, and from the Throne
Reward the Souls He calls His own.

"Number'd with Saints!"—not less, nor more, we as
To cheer us in life's weary task:
Lord of The Spirit! teach us how to pray,
As here we tread that narrow way
Whose windings by Thy sacred Feet were trod
When Earth beheld her weeping God:—
Our perill'd hearts secure from impious sin,
By law without, and love within;
"*Te Deum!*" then, our souls will cry,
And while we live, shall learn to die.

Benedicite.

"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."—*Prayer Book.*

IN creed, like Seraphim we soar,
In conduct, low as dust descend!
And, while our lips a God adore
Our wills pursue a godless end.

If thus discordant, life departs,
Why marvel that, the jubilee
Creation hymns round Christian hearts,
Is neither loved, nor learn'd by thee?

Untuned men are by Self and Sin
For those deep harmonies which roll
Around the list'ning ear within,
When Nature's anthem woos the soul.

But, oh, thou stern and songless Mind,
Hark! how the universal choir
Of chanting wave and choral wind
Rebukes the Heart's unechoing lyre!

Ungenial soul! the Church obey,
Thy canticle with Hers combine;
And echo back the ceaseless lay
All creatures sing to Love Divine.

Mountain and sea, with sun and moon,
Waters and winds, and frost and dew,
Night with clear stars, and sultry noon,
And young-eyed morning, bright and blue;

Lightning and cloud, and storm and calm,
Forests and floods, with ice and snow,—
From all, and each, a conscious psalm
Through earth's wide Temple seems to flow.

And, 'mid the worship of their praise
Let christian Levites, pure in heart,
With Priests and Angels, blend their lays,—
In perfect chorus taking part.

Creation and the Church united,
Hosannah! both appear to cry,
As if by Seraph-choirs invited
Their equal God to glorify.

While thus a *more* than music rolls
From vast creation's varied round,
Echoes awake in list'ning souls
Attuned to such ethereal sound.

God's universe a Poem seems
Written by His creative Hand;
And Faith, in her entrancèd dreams,
Each mystic tone would understand:

A throbbing lyre of holy love
The heart baptized for heaven should be,
Whose inmost pulse is heard above,
And thrills incarnate Deity,—

Flesh of our flesh! e'en from the same
His beating heart of love replies
To hymning Saints, who laud His name
And lift to heaven their asking eyes.

Benedictus.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."—*Luke* i. 68.

SOFT as the warbled flow of some unwritten line
Heard by a Poet's ear, when verse is most divine,
Swells the deep under-hymn of pious souls,
As in melodious hours, the heavenly-musing heart
By prayer and praise recalls the Goodness whic
Thou art,
God of all grace! Whose will the world control

But, high o'er all should soar the Soul's celestial lay,
And "*Benedictus*" chant for that almighty day
By hoary prophet in the Temple sung,
When by the Spirit moved, as Harbinger of grace
The new-born John was named, to "go before His face,"
On Whose redemption-smile the world has hung.

Dumb was the time-worn Seer; but at the radiant thought
That God's incarnate Light to this dark world was brought,
The mute became magnificent in speech!
And, like a torrent broke from his enraptured soul
An outburst of high song, whose heaven-born numbers roll
With truths beyond what quiring Angels reach!

But if the "Dayspring" thus by its pale gleam inspired
And with such fervid joy one Jewish bosom fired,—
Can *they* be dumb, who in the golden light
Of Love's consummate noon see ev'ry heart, and home,
And Mercy shield the paths where'er our footsteps roam,
To guard the faith and guide their feeling right?

Forbid it, pard'ning Grace!—so infinitely grand
That Uncreated Eyes *alone* have search'd and scann'd
Each height of wisdom, and each depth of love:
Salvation for the soul!—oh, Miracle divine!
Where all meridian beams in concentration shine,
Which burn and brighten in God's heart above.

Creation into Christ Atonement hath baptized,
Nor, out of this pure creed, can earth, or heaven, be prized:
And blest are they who *thus* the Godhead know;
To open duty call'd, or shrined in secret prayer,
Engirdled by dark grief, or clouded o'er by care,—
Around them gleams of Calv'ry ever glow.

'Tis not for self, and sin, or aught base Earth admires,
And flesh-born Passion seeks, to light its Belial-fires,
Our ransom from the bleeding Saviour came;
But, holiness of heart for man to have, and love,
Drew from His awful Throne the Lord of heaven above,
And nail'd Him on the Cross of bitter shame.

Hence, o'er regen'rate life this mottoed banner waves,—
"Freemen from Sin are Souls, but unto Duty, slaves;"
Behold! the Sign by which they triumph all
Who in the cross of Christ have crucified the world,
And when their human joys are into ruin hurl'd
Eternity a true Possession call.

Jubilate.

"Be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands!"—*Ps.* c. 6.

SHOUT! for the Lord is King
Enthroned in sceptred glory:
Enter His courts, and loudly sing
What swells through sainted Story,—
A lyric ecstasy by nations chanted
To whose converted hearts the light of Heaven is granted!

Not sinful needs alone
Find in the Church supply;
But hymns of each exulting tone
Like echoes from the Sky,
Her choral love hath graciously bestow'd,
To cheer lone pilgrims on through Faith's ascending road.

Of old, the priest-led throng
Felt in this thrilling strain
Their bounding spirits bright, and strong,—
Prolong it, then, again!
That thus in concert old and new may meet,
One Church of Saints to form, before God's mercy-seat.

Far Lands, and famous Isles,
All nations, tongues, and men,
Where sea-waves roll, or sunbeam smiles,
Join with us, where and when
Adoring myriads lift this lauding Chant
High o'er the echoing heavens, with gladness jubilant

Sense, Earth, and Time are joys,
The gods of carnal will ;
And Passion, 'mid their pagan noise,
Heaven's chaster voice and "still" *
Can seldom hear, which thrills a sainted Heart
That, meek and Mary-like, prefers the better part.

An unbreathed psalm within,
A wordless chant of thought,
Hosannah ! o'er some vanquish'd sin,
With melody are fraught,—
But, too etherial for Expression's lyre,
They tremble up to God, and tearfully expire !

Yet, through Thy Temple, Lord,
Divine contagion burns
When hymns that float upon Thy word
Act, and re-act by turns ;
Until, resounding like one blended whole,
Soars through the list'ning skies a myriad-voicèd Soul !

So be it, Saviour dear !
Creation's Lord and Light ;
Our fainting rapture's fallen tear,—
Make it an Iris bright
Which miniatures to all, who see by grace,
That Rainbow † round the Throne, Thy Church exults to trace.

Ransom'd by Blood Divine,
Why should we dread to sing,
And offer on Love's hallow'd shrine
The holocaust we bring ?—
Hearts which can quiver with Thy Name, and cry
"Oh, worship Him, ye Heavens ! in Whom we live, and die."

* 1 Kings xix. 12. † Rev. iv. 3.

Magnificat.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—*Prayer Book.*

THE Virgin-Mother of the Lord art Thou,
In Flesh array'd when Christ on earth was found,
Thou "blessed" One! along whose vestal brow
Beams more than Womanhood, with lustre crown'd,—
A radiance, Purity alone can see,
Cast from Thy Son, incarnate Deity!

Man cannot think, nor vocal Mind reveal
What deep religion of adoring awe,
High o'er all Women raised! 'twas thine to feel
When first thy faith the Incarnation saw,—
To whom *alone* of all the Sex 'twas given
Pure on thy breast to place the Lord of Heaven!

If, when by pale and speechless lips is felt
The flutt'ring pressure of a new-born kiss,
Emotions more than human seem to melt
The mother of that babe who brings her bliss,—
How can mere poetry of speech, or thought,
Be with the echoes of *thy* feelings fraught

When the first glance, or touch, or tone there came
From God as Infant, on thy soul and sense,
While loving awe beheld *that* sinless Frame
Whose weakness clad Omnipotence!—
Or, mutely gazing, on maternal breast
Worshipp'd and watch'd th' Eternal Babe at rest.

We, *with* our Lord are mystic One combined
But He, *from* her organically drew
Flesh of our flesh, in Which redeem'd mankind
The Second Adam of salvation view:—
Time and eternity, with heaven and earth,
Blend and embrace in such almighty Birth.

The awful grandeurs of the Virgin's lot
Our mental limits are too mean to hold;
Scarce in these hearts abides one holy spot,
But zeal impassion'd, or harsh reason cold
Mars what is *due* to her the Lord who bore,—
And yet, a Woman, Whom no Saints *adore*.

But wisdom grasps what faith has learn'd and loved,—
She, by conception, hath in Christ reversed,
And the dread birth-stain born of Eve, removed;
And from her sex, in travail-woe accursed,
Roll'd off the burden!—so that mothers, now,
Lift o'er their throes a heaven-illumined brow.

Fount of pure Blessings! which all worlds have blest,
Whose finite substance, infinitely raised,
Pass'd into Godhead, and became a Vest
Veiling Those Beams on which no eye hath gazed,—
A sackcloth'd Universe would fail to show
The full expression of our boundless woe

Had Earth been left without atonement, still!
But, from the Egypt of degraded sin
By holy Exodus of heart and will,
E'en from a manger, did the Lord begin
Back to their God a forfeit-race to lead,
And win by merit all the World can need.

The shaded Glories of Incarnate God
How awful, in meek loveliness, they shine!—
Shrouded by Flesh, as o'er the Earth He trod
He walk'd creation with a step divine;
And yet, so bland, a babe was once beguiled
And on "The Man of Sorrows" look'd, and smiled!

Begun by Gabriel, down the tides of Time
Saluting tones, in reverential love,
Prolong the echoes of that "*Hail!*" sublime,
Mother of Him the Heavens enshrine above!
Thou Handmaid of the Lord, in "low estate,'
Sinful,—and yet beyond all sinners, great!

Ave Maria ! Thee will souls revere
Long as one life-pulse in the Church remains,
And in "Magnificat" that Spirit hear
Who on the throne of Scripture rules, and reigns ;
And by "pure language"* of embodied grace
Symbols the God-Man who redeem'd our race.

Cantate.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song : for He hath done marvellous things."—*Ps.* xcviii.

PILGRIMS in a world of pain,
While we suffer, still we reign :†
Through a wilderness of woe
Onward as our marches go,
Oft may heave the inward sigh,
Sadly droop the sunken eye,
Haunting grief and harrowing care
Circle round us, everywhere,—
Yet, in heaven we have a King,
And beneath His banner sing
Jubilate ! Jubilate !

Lift we, then, our lyric song
Full and fervent, loud and long :
Hallelujah ! Lord on high
For the gotten victory.— ‡
Music is a gift divine
Dedicate to Thee, and Thine ;
Organ, trump, and raptured lyre,
Let Thy Glories now inspire,
Till our diapason blend
Far as Earth and Man extend,
Jubilate ! Jubilate !

* Zeph. iii. 9. † 2 Tim. ii. 12. ‡ Rev. xv. 2.

Seas which rock and mountain lave,
Viewless wind, and vassal wave,*
Floods that bathe the fertile Lands
Swell the choir, and clap your hands;
Rivers round the rolling world,
Storms, amid the skies unfurl'd,—
All of great, sublime, or glorious
Cite we now to chant before us
Jubilate! Jubilate!

Praise the Lord! again, again
Let our souls prolong the strain:
Victorious waves th' Almighty Arm
Shielding earth and heaven from harm;
Mercy, Truth, and Righteousness
Evermore the people bless;
While the ransom'd world around
Hear the wafted tidings sound
"*Salvation!*"—Jew and Gentile, both
Find it in God's awful oath,†
Jubilate! Jubilate!

Hail we, then, the Prince of Peace;
Blood Divine proclaims release;
Guilt in grace shall now depart,
Till the glow of each glad heart
Mirror back that righteous Sun,‡
By Whose radiance souls are won
Out of darkness into light,
With the beams of Godhead bright,—
Jubilate! Jubilate!

Children of the Cross are we,
Shout we, hence, our Jubilee:
Time may frown, and Flesh may fear;
Oft descend the heart-drawn tear;
Hopes depart, and homes decay;
All fond Edens fade away;
Sickness, anguish, grief, and pain
Over hearth and household reign,

* Ps. xcviii. 8. † Acts ii. 30. ‡ Mal. iv. 2.

But the Church will ever sing
Lauds to Her celestial King,—
Jubilate! Jubilate!

Nunc Dimittis.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word."—*Luke* ii. 29.

OH! to have watch'd his lifted eye,
Illumed with heaven-born ecstasy
When Simeon clasp'd the awful Child,
And, while he held Him to his heart,
Cried,—"Let Thy servant now depart
For he hath seen Thine Undefiled!" *

Encradled in his circling arms,
How mused he o'er those infant Charms
That priested Saint of hope and prayer;
And, while he hymn'd forth hallow'd praise,
Centred on heaven a prescient gaze,
And felt his waiting home was—*there!*

Brimm'd like a wine-cup full and flowing,
The gladden'd spirit, brightly-glowing,
In "*Nunc Dimittis*" over-ran;
Since, what to him were earth and sense
And all the dream-joys they dispense,
Since now he saw the Hope of Man?

Type, Promise, and Prediction blend
Here in their true eternal End,—
Christ to forecast, as Woman-born:
What Patriarchs yearn'd by faith to know,
What Prophets soar'd in heaven to show,—
He witness'd on this wondrous morn!

* Heb. vii. 26.

And yet, this centre-point of Time
Was mark'd by nought men dream sublime,
  Which rocks the earth, or rends the air:
A hoary Priest, with sainted mien,
Mother and Babe, alone were seen
  Assembled round the Shrine of prayer.

Thus, secret, silent, sudden, oft
In works below, or ways aloft,
  God moves o'er some mysterious line
Converging round Salvation's plan,
Decreed for everlasting Man
  In viewless depths of Will Divine.

And grant, O Lord! whene'er they kneel
Around Thine Altar, souls may feel
  Though all seems noiseless, lone, and still,—
E'en *while* they ponder, mourn, or pray,
Commission'd Angels wing their way
  Some hidden purpose to fulfil.

Barr'd in by sense, profanely-blind,
The world-slave with his sunken mind
  God's marching Host can never track;
But Saints, encamp'd along the skies
Can see seraphic Armies rise
  To hurl, or hold, His Thunder back!

The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
Bestow, O Lord! that life's career
  Inspired may be with inward awe,—
That welcomes through each tranquil hour
Thy Dove, in His descending power,
  Like that the sacred Jordan saw.

Yet, few to Thee, *themselves* dare give:
Earth seems so bright,—they long to live;
  The grave so dark,— they dread to die;
But, Simeon-like, Lord, let us see
A heaven of love in loving Thee,
  And calm would heave our closing sigh!

Clasp we but Christ within the heart,
And then,—"Lord! let us now depart"
Will deeply rise from many a soul:
With "*Nunc Dimittis*" our last breath
Shall waft us o'er the gulph of Death
To where no shades of darkness roll.

Deus Misereatur.

"God be merciful unto us; and shew us the light of His countenance."—*Ps.* lxvii. 1.

TAUGHT by heaven-lore, the Soul can see
A sacramental Type of Thee
Who art Incarnate Deity.—

When from a living throne of light
The Sun unveils his forehead bright
And melts the mournful shades of night,

Verdure and freshness, bud and flower,
Meadow and glade, with garden-bower
Array'd in Beauty's vernal power,

Spring from his fertile reign of beams;
And leaping wave, and laughing streams,
With all Creation's poet dreams

That Orb arrays with his bright spell:—
But, when the hues of Twilight tell
The regal Sun must beam farewell,

Pale gleams bedeck the ocean-brim,
And low Winds chant a vesper-hymn
Like tones from dream-heard Seraphim;

The Moon comes forth in meek array,
And o'er the dim nocturnal way
Reflects the glow of sinking day.

And thus,* O Lord ! Thy Church may shine
In radiance caught from Thee, and Thine,
O'er hearts and homes, with sway divine.

Since Thou, true Sun of Righteousness !
Art veil'd within Thy † cloud-recess,
Her office 'tis, to light and bless

Each empire, land, or lonely isle
With beams, which are Thy borrow'd smile,
And be Thy Mirror, for awhile ;

Till Thou again in glory rise
With radiant ‡ outburst o'er the skies,
And dazzle Earth's uplifted eyes !

Then, Lord of everlasting grace,
Bend Thou on us Thy mercy-face
And bid each there a Father trace ;

That, reconciled and calm'd by prayer,
Thy Church may far and wide declare
That Christ is All,§ and everywhere :

For, catholic is christian love ;
And all baptised for heaven above,
Lost in themselves, the Saviour prove.

And, may that scene Isaiah || chanted,
Soon to regen'rate earth be granted,—
When by Thy mystic Body planted

Gentile and Jew in oneness blend,
And from all hearts to heaven ascend
Salvation-hymns which never end ! ¶

* Rev. xii. 1. † Act i. 9. ‡ Matt. xxiv. 27. § Col. iii. 11.
|| See his Prophecies (passim). ¶ Rev. vii. 10.

The Apostles' Creed.

"He that cometh unto God must *believe* that He is."—*Heb.* xi. 6.

LIKE infant-birds, when first they soar and sing
And flutter upward with imperfect wing,
Mount the young feelings of a virgin Heart
To where, O Living Sun of Souls! Thou art.

Trembling on timid plume, they yearn to rise,
Nobly attracted by congenial skies,
Yet, oft they quiver with a downward fall
As though the earth would back their flight recall.

When thus the world our gravitation proves,
The heart sinks earthward to the soil it loves;
Till faith seems baffled in its lofty soar
And leaves the Man terrestrial as before.

Living "epistles,"* writ by God's own pen,
Whose lips say "*credo*," and whose lives, "*amen*,"—
How often thus the envious charms of Earth
Subdue th' attraction of their spirit-birth!

A distance of indwelling sin there lies
Between the "*credo*" which Confession cries,
And what we practise with regen'rate will
Whose law is,—"though He slay thee, trust Him still!

E'en to the last, mysterious life is found
A war of Principle, on Passion's ground,
Which sainted Heroes dare alone to face
When duly panoplied with inward grace.

As all things, save *itself*, our eye surveys,—
The world we scan, but not our own bad ways;
While bland Deception, with her blinding charm
Guides the veil'd progress of an inward harm.

* 2 Cor. iii. 20.

And thus, baptised idolators may be
In Temples, dedicate to Deity,
Who, while they glorify Jehovah's claim
Commit Self-worship in that awful Name.

Yet, not for this, reject that time-hoar'd Creed
For which the Church hath vow'd to burn, and bleed,
Or, grasp uninjured to her latest breath,
And enter with it through the gates of Death.

Type, or Deposit, Form, or Trust, or Rule,
Whate'er the name,—that Creed becomes a school
Where perfect doctrines educate the soul
And lead it God-ward, with a just control.

Quintessence exquisite of saving Truth
For rev'rend Age, or more impassion'd Youth,—
The pure aroma of a Book Divine
Where breathes the Spirit through each burning line,

Such is that Creed—whose apostolic Source
Affects the conscience with persuasive force;
And, when we hear it round our Temples ring,
Plumes the glad soul as with seraphic wing.

Oh! that our character and creed might move
In one sweet parallel of perfect love!
Oh! that those lips which utter, "*I believe*,"
Echo'd brave hearts, which ne'er Christ's banner leave!

Thou only Giver of faith's glorious heart,
Celestial Teacher of the Truth Thou art;
Impress our spirits more and more to feel
That Life must practise, what our lips reveal.

Such the Confession which our Lord approves,
The Scriptures sanction, and the Godhead loves,
Whose words embody what no speech can say—
A *living* comment on the Truth, and Way.

Creed of St. Athanasius.

"The Catholic Faith is this,—That we worship one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity."—*Athanasius.*

OH! say not that the Church's creed
Is harsh and haughty, cold or stern,
But rather, in each Symbol read
Truths which the Lord would have us learn:
Since hate, not love, alone conceals
What truthful language there reveals.

Nature seems Athanasian oft,—
Her guarded ways are most severe:
To earth below, or skies aloft,
What fencing laws define her sphere!
Infringe but these,—and they resent,
And make Man know his element.

Thus, Matter frames a creed for Sense,
And Science, too, her dogma finds,
And dares a shadowy faith dispense
To those who train their studious minds
By canons, which Creation hath,
To guide them through some devious path.

But, if the church of Nature *seems*
To symbolise a Creed and Code,
In vain the darken'd sceptic dreams
That Faith can have no certain road:—
As if religion were a plan
For making Truth the slave of Man!

Our Intellect on trial stands,
In thinking age, or thoughtless youth;
And when the heart by grace expands
To welcome in God's saving truth,
E'en then, the power of plastic will
Impresses creed and conduct, still.

Tyrannic Reason, hence, must bow,
And from the Bible learn her law;
And with confessing zeal avow
The truth, which Saints and Martyrs saw,—
That Three in One and One in Three
Image the awful Trinity.

Incarnate God, and God Triune,
The Persons, Three, the Nature, One,—
Doctrines with *this*, when not in tune
Are discords, in the Faith begun,
From whence flow errors, madly wild,
Sabellian dreams, and Sects defiled.

Yet, not by oral praise alone,
Absolving Lord of heavenly love!
We clasp Thy Trinitarian throne,
And lift on speech our souls above;—
Creeds are but breaths which die away,
Unless we practise what we pray.

Hence may Thy Priesthood, all-divine,
The Trinity to each impart,
And, while our names partake of *Thine*,
A temple build in every heart:—
In Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be Sin and Self for ever lost!

Then shall we learn, by love to know,
And not by science, coldly scan
What to the Trinity we owe
Of boundless mercy, brought to Man;
And, as we worship, more and more
Resemble Him our hearts adore.

Collect for Peace.

"O God, Who art the Author of Peace, and Lover of Concord."—
Prayer Book.

PEACE cannot live from Purity apart,
Nor find a temple in the fleshly heart:
But when affections chaste and lowly
The soul anoint, and make it holy,
A Saint becomes a living shrine
For deepest calm of Love Divine.

Yet, conscience, not condition, peace attains,
Since life is warfare with mysterious pains;
While, all around us, fiends and foes
Mingle, and multiply our woes,
And from the cradle to the grave
Christ's army must His banner wave.

In the dread language of the Holy Ghost,—
Legions of Angels, from the Lord's bright Host,
Camp'd round the warring Church of old:
But in the Prince of Peace, behold!
The blandness of that "better" way
Our Christian Zion shows to-day.

What, though we combat with some clashing ill,
The halcyon-breath of holiness can still
The fevers in man's restless heart,
And tranquillising grace impart,—
Serenity of soul within
Which broods o'er baffled self, and sin.

But, who interprets what is meant by "peace,"
Or weighs the treasures of that true release
When rolls away our legal curse,
And nothing in God's universe
Impinges on that secret Plan
Where "all things work" for pardon'd Man!

Sickness and sorrow, anguish, grief, and gloom,
All blended trials which precede the tomb,
Dread though they look, to carnal sense,—
Foil'd by a spell of faith, dispense
Their healing magic to the mind,
And work some charm by Heaven design'd.

While penance-fires of ever-during pain
Burn the pierced hearts where sins unpardon'd reign,—
Broods o'er each saint a mystic Dove,
Who shadows with the wings of love
That Spirit, with whose bosom-lot
A stranger intermeddles not.

God of such peace ! Thy lulling grace impart ;
Be to Thy Church, what in Thyself Thou art,—
"Lover of Concord," in Whose light
All "service" is a freedom bright ;
While grace and glory flow from Thee
To fill our vast eternity !

Perill'd we are ; but, panoplied with charms
Destined to keep the soul from sinful harms,
Saints enter on Life's battle-fields ;
And, cover'd by celestial shields,
They are not crush'd by earth, or hell,
But face them both, and fight them well !

"Hosannah !" then, to Thee, Thou Prince of Peace,
Never Thy sacramental Host will cease
Beneath Thy boundless throne to cry,—
On Whom our hopes for heaven rely,
And round Whose Form, as Priest, and King,
Adoring Worlds due homage bring.

Collect for Grace.

"Grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger."—*Prayer Book.*

GRACE is a gift Divine to man
When God Himself to us imparts:
Give *more* than this, not e'en th' Almighty can,
And *less*, would never feed our famish'd hearts!

Yet, little dream men, when they ask
For Grace to sanctify the Will,
How much in heaven their intercessions task
Whose answers perfectly that prayer fulfil!

What Angels neither have, nor need,—
Pardon by awful Blood procured,
Wrung from His heart Who came in flesh to bleed
And save a shipwreck'd world from God allured,—

The children of the Church inherit,
Born of free grace, baptised, and blest;
And, meekly looking to His glorious merit,
On His dread Sacrifice securely rest.

Such grace is dawning Christ within,
A type and prophecy of all
The wonders, which from boundless Love begin
To rescue earth from Adam's ruin-fall.

Without it, what is Man, at best,
But Godless culture, proud and vain,—
A self-made Idol, in false radiance dress'd,
Doom'd for destruction,* when the Lord shall reign?

Hence, pray we, God! for grace divine,
Whose inward reign is heaven begun:
And, prostrate at the angel-crowded Shrine,
Seek the vast mercies our Emanuel won.

* Is. ii. 18.

For ever, round the deep Unknown
Life flutters like a fearful thing;
Nor can we dream, before the day is flown,
How the crush'd heart with guilt, or woe, may wring!

New are Thy mercies, each fresh morn,
To us, from perill'd slumber brought;
And none are left to roam the world forlorn
Who think on Thee, as Thou* on them hast thought.

Ah! who can say, in helpless sleep
What viewless Fiends around us stand?
Or, when Morn smiles, how men would weep
Had no night-angels camp'd† on either hand?

But, Day brings danger more than Night!—
Without, within, a countless throng
Of tempting charms seduce us from the right,
And paint a paradise in doing wrong.

Father in Heaven! our Home above,
The soul defend with "mighty power;"
Brighten our darkness with Thy beams of love
And guard, and guide us, through each devious hour.

Thus, dreading nought which Man can be,
Pursue we, Lord, our destined way;
And, weak in self, grow strong by loving Thee,
Learning to live, the more we live, to pray.

"That which is righteous in *Thy* sight,"—
Here is the type, the master-test!
A faultless standard of celestial Right,
Which nobly shields us from the World's unrest.

Opinions are chameleon-hues
Cast from a creature's fickle heart,
But, when *all* standards we can dare refuse
Save that, which Thou by revelation art,

* Ps. cxxxix. 17. † Ps. xxxiv. 7.

O God ! *then* life becomes a hallow'd Thing,
A Liturgy of praise, and prayer;
And Saints, in deepest martyrdom, can sing
"Christ is my heaven, and He reigns everywhere !"

Second Collect at Evening Prayer.

"O God ! from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."—*Prayer Book.*

MEEK and lowly, meek and lowly,
Bend we now before Thy Throne :
Sad and slowly, sad and slowly,
All our sinful burdens own :
Hear us, Lord ! and to each heart
Virtue from Thyself * impart.

False and faithless, false and faithless
Though we prove in Life's vain scene,
True and scathless, true and scathless
All Thy Promises have been :
Though *our* faith has often falter'd,
Love Divine has never alter'd !

Source of blessing, Source of blessing,
Vital Root of heavenward joy !
While caressing, while caressing
Pleasures free from base alloy,
Let us, wing'd on plumes of love,
Hover round our Homes above.

All proceeding, all proceeding
High and holy from the heart,
Proves Thy pleading, proves Thy pleading,
Priest Almighty, as Thou art !—
Winning from Paternal Grace
Gifts surpassing † thought to trace.

* Mark v. 30. † 1 Cor. ii. 9.

Still array Her, still array Her
As Thy mystic Bride on earth,
And display Her, and display Her
Beaming with immortal birth,
That Thy Church in truth may be
Sanctified by unity.

Heaven-breath'd quiet, heaven-breath'd quiet,
Dove Celestial! now bestow;
Far from riot, far from riot
Onward may our footsteps go;
Till, at length, we reach the goal,
And in Godhead rest the soul.

Meek and lowly, meek and lowly
Kneel we thus before the Shrine;
Sad and slowly, sad and slowly
Supplicate the Heart Divine:—
Thou, Who art the world's release,
Rule and reign, as Prince of Peace!

Collect for Aid against all Perils.

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord."—*Prayer Book.*

"LIGHTEN our darkness!"—down yon placid west
The day is dying with a dream-like glow;
The babe creeps closer to its mother's breast,
And o'er the forest chilling eve-winds blow.

A mystic robe of shadow and of shade
Enwraps creation, in this pensive hour;
Garden, and grove, and every woodland-glade
Seem all pervaded with religious power.

Sea, air, and sky, as night-glooms onward steal,
Wind round the heart an interwoven spell;
And soul and sentiment alike can feel
A voiceless sympathy with Day's farewell.

Fountain of Radiance ! be our guardian-friend,
Whose smile almighty makes a noon of night ;
Whate'er dark perils may around us blend,
Let but *that* beam,—and all within, is bright !

Then will Thy spirit-rays of truth and love
Dart pure effulgence on each hour of prayer,
Till Faith shall realise her Lord above,
And hail the lustres which encrown Him, there.

Safe through this day of fever, care, and toil,
Thy secret Grace our peril'd life has kept;
And shielded, in the midst of earth's turmoil,
The hands which struggled, or the hearts that wept.

But now, as night-born dangers round us throng
In aidless slumber while these bodies rest,
Giver of Sleep !* to Whom our dreams belong,
May Heaven's own balm allay the ruffled breast !

Camp'd near each couch, let min'st'ring Angels be
To guard the sleeper, and defend his soul ;
While holy visions, sent from heaven and Thee,
Chasten the fancy with divine control.

All "perils" vanish, where Thy power doth reign ;
Darkness and danger prove unharmful things ;
Hell dares not tempt, nor Hate inflict one pain
When Slumber dreams beneath celestial Wings.†

Light, is Thy name, and Love, Thy nature, too,
Since, Lord, on each Thy Church must e'er rely ;
And, thus, in all Thou bid'st her dare or do,
Find perfect bliss in Thine approving eye.

Waking or sleeping,—boots it not, for those
Whose inward All is God by grace reveal'd :—
In harrowing labour, or in hush'd repose,
Their life is heavenward, in the Lord conceal'd.‡

* Ps. cxxvii. 2. † Ps. xxx. 7. ‡ Col. iii. 3.

"*Lighten our darkness,*" thus, we lift the prayer,—
Yet, light and dark are both alike to Thee,
Head of that Church, Whose home is everywhere
Where faith is vital, and the conscience free.

Collect for the Queen's Majesty.

LORD of all lords! and King of kings!
How can that Church unloyal be,
Who views in all majestic things
Some answ'ring Type, which tells of Thee

As God's Anointed, monarchs sway,
And in their sceptre, crown, and throne
Faith can discern a borrow'd ray
Of Him, Whom Saints and Seraphs own.

Thy charter'd Deputies they are
By Grace, and not by Compact,* given,—
Princes who rule in peace and war,
And have their title-deeds in heaven.

And should'st Thou, O mysterious God!
Let tyranny and torture rise,
And Despots, with an iron rod,
A sacred freedom sacrifice,

Our weapon shall be prayers, and tears,
Persuasion mild and moral strength,
With all by which our righteous fears
To kings are spoken out, at length.

But, far as hell be regicides,
Rebellion, blood, and lawless will!
Our model is The Crucified,
And crucifixion says—"Be still!" †

* Ps. xl. 100.

† See Filmer and Sanderson; also, a well-known Sermon, preached before the University of Oxford, Nov. 5, 1840.

Like plagues and earthquakes, fire and flood,
Whate'er the penal curse may be,
Bad Rulers are, to try the good,
And punish Earth's iniquity.

Through wicked kings, some wickedness
In justice oft stern Heaven declares;
And when *our* vices rankle less,
False Empires will be freed from *theirs*.

Prayer for the Royal Family.

"Fountain of all Goodness, we humbly beseech Thee to bless all the Royal Family."—*Prayer Book.*

SCIONS of a kingly race!
In whose features myriads trace
Futurity with awful joy,
Cold the hearts which gaze on ye,
While no pulse of sympathy,
Throbs to behold some princely Boy,—

Or regal Maiden, on whose brow
Diadem'd with beauty now,
A jewell'd crown may one day rest,
When her sceptred Hand shall wield
Empire over minds that yield
Allegiance, which The Lord* hath blest.

Youth begets prophetic awe:
Who its fair brow ever saw
Nor inly felt *some* prescient thought
O'er his spirit dimly cast,—
Shaping, when dread years have past,
With what a doom life may be fraught!

* We and all her subjects, duly considering *Whose* author she hath."—*Collect in Communion Service.*

Cottage-babes in cradle sleeping,
Orphan'd infants, wan and weeping,
  Each might thrill the soul of prayer
Did we ponder,—what a Soul
Fated for immense control,
  In weakness may lie shrouded there !

But, if thus the lowly can
Thrill the mind of thinking Man,
  How fearfully we gaze on those,—
Offspring of a royal Line,
Rulers by a Law divine,
  To whom the Isle-queen fealty owes !

Purest Fount of perfect Good,
By Whose word and will hath stood
  Firm, fast, and free, our public Weal !
Prosper, and enrich with grace
Princes of majestic race,
  And let them all Thine Unction feel.

May Thy Spirit each endue
With all motives, high and true,—
  Children who are dawning Kings !
Props, and Pillars let them prove
To each cause the holy love,
  O'ershadow'd by Jehovah's wings.

Ever may a virtuous line
Like the circling olive* twine
  Around the Sovereign's regal board;
And as long as Britain smiles
From Her triple-throne of Isles,
  Be each and all with blessings stored.

Nations unto Christ belong :
By Him strengthen'd, are they strong,
  From Whom the sceptred Empires draw
Principles which guard and guide
All which makes Britannia's pride,—
  Her civic Weal, by Christian-law !

* Ps. cxxviii. 3.

King of kings! and Lord of lords!
Sanction these adoring words
Our litanies intone before Thee;
Church and Crown, oh, let them be
Wedded in themselves, and Thee,
And *both* will brighten in Thy glory.

Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

"Granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting."—*Prayer Book.*

OH! that our World became one choral hymn
Chanted as by incarnate Seraphim,
Which, pausing never,
And deepening ever,
Mounted and mingled with those strains that roll
Round the heaven-Throne of Him, of all the Spring and Soul.

Oh! that accordant Earth, by Common Prayer
Her loving Oneness in the world could share,
And thus defy
That master-lie,—
That Creeds are choice, and Churches chance-made things,
Featured, and form'd alone from Man's imaginings!

Union is life, and life in union dwells;
Each works on each, by love's re-active spells:
But discord—death!
Whose serpent-breath
Envenoms with contaminating guile
The moral powers within, and makes them vain and vile;

Since deep in Godhead* true foundations lie
For that dread Sacrament of Unity,
Which binds us all
To HIM we call
Head of the "Body," in Whose life† each tone
Seems like an echoing throb, which thus repeats His Own.

* John xvii. 11. † John xiv. 10.

Heaven is all Love, and Harmony, and Law,
Symmetric Holiness without a flaw;
And, did we yearn
By love to learn,—
Intenser concord would each soul inspire
As flame meets answ'ring flame, and so, augments the fire!

All thrilling foretastes of millenial joy
Sectarian novelties at once destroy;
And where they reign
In harsh disdain,
Mangled and marr'd, just unities depart,
And heathen Self becomes the Satan of the heart.

Thee we invoke, then, Lord of grace, and gift!
And far above the heavens our prayer uplift,
That, more and more
We may adore
Father, and Son, and sempiternal Spirit,
And feel the Church is *One*, by Jesu's dying merit.

Blest Paraclete! from Whom pure unions flow,
More than Thy Self not mercy can bestow;
And less than Thee
Will never be
Enough, to fill the vast abyss which lies
In famish'd hearts that need what Christ alone supplies.

Final Blessing.

"Grace be with us all, evermore."—*Prayer Book.*

THE heart is harden'd through itself alone
By Passion's indurating law;
And, save from Godhead, who that living stone
Subdued and soften'd, ever saw?
Man forms the sinner; but, a Saint must be
A Spirit-birth, direct from Deity!

As Adam, once, from throned perfection fell
Down guilty depths of gloom, and woe,
So, from the curse of sin's commencing hell
Celestial ransom must we owe
To that true Life, which God and Grace impart
When seeds of Glory sanctify the heart.

Helpless in Self, but hopeful in their God,
Disciples learn their state to prove:—
So felt the sainted Martyrs who have trod
Those mystic paths meek Angels* love;
Christ was their All; and He is e'er the same,
To all regen'rate in His glorious Name!

Culture and science, art and boundless skill,
With all endowments Nature grants,
Are heathen,—if they leave the bosom still
A soil for those unhallow'd plants
Doom'd† to be rent from their disastrous root,
And burnt, because they bear an impious fruit.

And thus, Anointer of our inward Man!
By one vast prayer they compass all
Which in redemption's Trinitarian plan
Thy hidden ones their heirship call,—
When, grace, and love, and Fellowship divine
Priests for the people seek before the Shrine!‡

* Matt. vi. 10. † Matt. xv. 13. ‡ Numb. vi. 25.

THE LITANY.

1.

In its Idea.

"Then followeth the Litany, or General Supplication."—*Rubric.*

FROM God Himself, the Fount of prayer,
Have Litanies proceeded,
Where superhuman tones declare
What saint, or sinner, needed:
Thus did the Bard of Zion lift
His "Miserere"-cry;
And Daniel seek a pardon-gift
With face toward the sky.

And thus, of old, did Heaven command
Priesthood and people,—"there,
Between the Porch and Altar stand,"
And cry, "Jehovah! spare!"
E'en once, the weeping God-Man pray'd
His litany of tears,
While breaking heart and blood betray'd
The agony of fears! *

What, though no more Procession leads
A fasting, barefoot throng,
Sad nature and her myriad-needs
Yet to the Cross belong:
Still mercy is our master-want,
And helpless guilt the plea,
Nor lives a Soul, who should not chant,
"Be gracious, Lord! to me."

* Heb. v. 7.

And, glory be to Him Who gives
His Church both prayer, and praise!
That Liturgy, on which She lives,
Boasts of primeval days;
Since, not from East, or West, alone,
But cull'd from ancient time,—
It breathes an Apostolic tone
How simple, and sublime!

Here, Priest and People, both unite
Each audibly to pray,
While hov'ring mercies round them light,
To answer what they say.
And, could that Litany obtain
From God what there is pleaded,
Dead Paradise might bloom again,
And prayer be superseded!

Intensely-earnest, truthful, deep,
Impassion'd, chaste, severe,
Pathetic, as when spirits weep
And shed the God-known tear,
Embracing individual heart,
Yet, catholic as all,—
Humanity Itself takes part
When *thus* on Christ we call.

2.

Invocation.

"O God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."—*The Litany.*

THEE we invoke, Thou Father-God!
Thine erring Children all,
Who oft Perdition's way have trod
But now, their steps recall:—
Created by Thy faultless Power
We broke creation-law;
Nor can we name one conscious hour
Which no corruption saw.

THEE we invoke, Incarnate Lord!
Whose Blood almighty flow'd
And fill'd the wonders of Thy word
With all such death bestow'd:
Oh! did we live for Him Who died,
A shadow from His Cross
Would image forth the Crucified
In every scene, and loss.

THEE we invoke, in Godhead, Third!
From Sire and Son proceeding,
Who in Thy Sacraments and Word
When souls are little heeding,—
Art mystically there enshrined
As fontal Source of all
That soothes, or sanctifies mankind,
When they for mercy call.

Holy and undivided THREE!
And Three in ONE adored,
From guilt-born anguish set us free,
And be our sins deplored
As heart-rebellions, dread and deep,*
'Gainst Father, Son, and Spirit,
Like those which made Emanuel weep
When Earth despised His Merit.

Sadness and shame, and guilt and sorrow,—
Haunted by these we move;
But, Faith predicts a brighter morrow
Of calm and cloudless love.
Our pangs are great, yet Mercy reigns
Above dark nature's doom,
And out† of guilt a glory gains
Whose radiance fills the tomb!

Hail! Trinity of grace Divine,
The Sempiternal Holy,
Prostrate before the mercy-shrine,
Sackcloth'd with shame, and lowly,

* Luke xix. 41. † 1 Cor. xv. 55, 56.

Our litanies we lift on high,
And, by Thy Blood-drawn tears!
Oh, waft *some* whisper from yon sky
To lull tempestuous fears.

PRIEST of all priests! in flesh Who died,
That Man might live for ever;
God in our nature crucified!
Let sin, nor sorrow sever
That Body* of believing hearts
Who throne Thee as their King,
And, when this dying world departs,
Love's Easter-chant will sing.

3.

Intercessions.

"We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord God."—*Litany.*

MORE genial than the glorious Sun,
And wider than the Sea,
Those Litanies our Church begun
In hoar antiquity!—
No accent of sectarian mind
Contaminates their tone;
But in them throbs for all Mankind
A heart, like Jesu's own.

So greet we now, with boundless love,
Earth's family below,
And supplicate our God above
Alike for friend, and foe;
But still, the sacramental ties
Which bind the Lord's elect,
Prompt from the soul those deeper cries
Worldlings alone reject.

Lamb of Jehovah! Light of Light!
Saviour, and Son of God!
Still may Thy Church pursue the right,
The path Thy virtues trod:

* Isaiah xxvi. 19.

Govern, and guard, and inly guide,
And teach her "how to pray."
Who is the Body, and the Bride
Of Him, the Truth, and Way.

And may th' Anointed of the Lord,
Our Rulers, and our Kings,
Sanction their sceptres with Thy Word
And reign beneath Thy wings:
Thus will our Throne, and Altar stand
Co-ordinately blest;
And richly o'er a christian land
Heaven's radiant mercies rest.

And, next to Thee, but nearer Thine,
By supernat'ral law,
The Clergy, to that care divine
Cold prudence never saw,—
Commit we now; that all, and each,
In order and degree,
May practise what their sermons preach,
Like living Texts on Thee.

Give wisdom unto Power, and Place;
Ennoble all our Peers;
While Justice, panoplied by grace,
None but th' Almighty fears!—
Since Magistrates Thine impress bear
And are by Thee array'd,
A shadow of Thy Crown to wear
When Order is display'd.

And, may the darken'd and deceived,
Self-exiled from the Fold,
Turn to That Spirit they have grieved,
And yet, *their* Home behold;—
True Home of faith, Thy Church, O God!
The structure of Thy Will,
When martyr'd saints in meekness trod
Their way to Zion-hill.

Strengthen beleaguer'd Hearts which stand,
Shelter the wounded Dove,
And o'er Thy fainting Ones expand
Plumes of protecting Love:
Succour and soothe the desolate,
Allay the Widow's sigh;
Nor let lone Orphans meet their fate,
Without Compassion's eye.

The helpless babe, the mother's throe,
The dungeon'd captive's groan,
Whate'er the hue of mortal woe
Sickness, or health, may own,—
Head of the Church! Incarnate Grace!
To Thee we all commend;
And in the features of Thy face
See Father, God, and Friend.

Nor, be our deepest foes forgot;
Forgive each bitter wrong;
And teach the lore this world knows not,—
That love, not hate, is strong:
Lost in Thy cleansing Blood-fount lie
All feelings harsh, and stern,
And from the warning of Thy sigh*
Let Speech true wisdom learn.

But oh! of gifts the crowning all,
Thy Spirit, Lord! bestow;
Without it, Faith herself must fall
And weal become a woe:
While conscience slumbers o'er the sin
Veil'd in those depths unknown,
Where Satan, from the heart within,
In secret rears his throne!

O, Lamb of God! O, Lord of lords!
Saviour, and Sun of souls,
This litany of erring words
Ere into heaven it rolls,—

* Mark vii. 34.

Attuned by Thy perfecting love
Grant that each tone may rise,
And summon from The Heart above
What God to prayer replies.

4.

Deprecations.

"Spare Thy people! whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood."—*Litany.*

IF Man be want, and God supply,
And prayer unite the Two,
Then may our Church the soul defy
Her wisdom to outdo,—
In seeking what *she* hath not sought
'Mid the vast world of need,
From all in Godhead faith is taught
Through pard'ning Love to plead.

But, while the flesh-blind Sense believes,
To suffer, is the worst
Of pangs o'er which proud nature grieves,
And ranks that evil first,
The Church, endow'd with sight divine,
In sin, not suff'ring, sees,
When prostrate at the Christian shrine,—
What *most* requires release.

Lightning and thunder, plague and pest,
Sickness, and pain, and fear,
Whatever racks with deep unrest
Our spirit-life's career,—
Without, within, from friend or foe,
Amid that vast and varied all
Which makes the mingled sum of woe,
Men sad experience call,

Say, is not *Sin* the venom'd root.
The vip'rous source and spring
Of whatsoe'er, in flower or fruit,
Our aching hearts can wring?
So evil, that its boundless curse
Nor God, nor man, can change !—
Hell could not wish to make it worse,
If once allow'd to range

Uncheck'd in all its hideousness !—
And hence, O Lord of grace
We seek not now, in mere distress,
One beam from Thy bright Face ;
But *this* our yearning souls would pray,—
Freedom from awful sin !
While in the true and living Way
Our hearts pure triumph win.

Ah ! little boots it, what our doom
Of ever-changing life ;
Whether, in radiance, or in gloom,
In softness, or in strife
We onward to Hereafter move,
If pureness be our guide ;
Since all we need is heavenly Love,
And Jesus at our side !

And, Lord, without Thee, dark indeed
Life's burden'd lot must be,
Thou Balm alone to hearts that bleed
From wounds which none can see
But Thou !—Whose sympathetic eye
Irradiates the soul,
And brightens, when believers cry
For Thy serene control.

O, what is life in fallen Man,
But one collected sin
Against Love's everlasting Plan,
Without, or from within ?

And hence, we suffer, while we live;
To struggle, is to *be*;
And, nought our selves to Self can give
But lost eternity!

Now, by Thine Agony and Blood,
Thy Passion's bosom-groan,
By more than Angels understood
Who heard Thy garden-moan!—
Incarnate, tempted, crucified,
Buried, arisen Lord!
We glory in Thy wounded Side,
Thy Sacraments, and Word.

And through all destined years
Down to the brink of death,
In Thee we hide our solemn fears,
And with departing breath
This litany the Church will cry,—
"Deliver, Lord, and spare;"
And when Thy throne o'erawes the sky,
Oh! grant acquittal, there.

5.

Supplication.

"We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord."—*Prayer Book.*

WITH ardency, and not by Art
Which earth-born skill inspires,
Our Litany its closing part
Rolls through responsive quires;
Instinct with all that plaintive tone
By persecution's horde
Drawn from the Church, when left alone
To suffer for her Lord;—

Alone to man, and yet sustain'd
By Him, the Ever-Nigh !
When blood and battle round Her reign'd
And war-fiends revell'd by :
E'en then, while Rome's barbaric foes
Trampled an Empire down,
The Church in prayer to God arose
And won her martyr-crown.

The Crucified became Her Strength,
The Cross, a weapon'd charm ;
And by Love's chivalry, at length,
Was quell'd satanic harm :
Mighty through meekness, thus she stood
Miraculous by grace !
And proved how martyr'd virtue could
Rescue a perill'd race.

What, though the hour of blood be past,
Yet, militant on earth,
Her lot amid that world is cast
Who hates her awful worth :
Still must she weep, and fast, and fight,
And reap no placid rest,
But feel dejection's aching might
Burden her wounded breast.

Hence, lift we now, as once of old
United Martyrs did,
Those Litanies which often roll'd
From Saints, in caverns hid,
When, hunted there by blood-hound zeal,
Mangled adorers came,
And felt, as only Martyrs feel,—
His sacramental Name

Who, in the fire and flood alike,
As 'mid the Temple-calm,
Though Rage her direst terror strike,
Breathes omnipresent balm !—

That peace which Purity bestows,
The Halcyon of His grace,
Whose promise through portentous woes
Points to a heaven-bright place!

Thus, Lamb of God! dread Sacrifice!
For mercy still we pray;
Nor shall the incense-prayers that rise
Melt in mere breath away,—
But, pleading at Thy Heart, shall bring
Celestial answers down,
And prompt the saddest Hour to sing,
"The Cross shall win the Crown!"

Atoner for the World's vast sin!
Our ransom-Price is paid,
And all we bear, without, within,
When by Thy truth array'd,
Is fraught with victory to Faith,
Whate'er the doom may be,—
Whose heart can hear the Love which saith,
"Suffer, and follow Me!"

6.

Prayer for Mercy.

"That it may please Thee to have mercy on all men."—*Prayer Book.*

ADORABLE! yet unadored
Too oft is Thy transcendent Name,
O Thou! at Whose creative Word
Forth sprang this universal Frame.

Yet, mercy art Thou, measureless,
Beyond all span of thought to reach;
And through the Earth's vast diocess
Ten thousand Tongues that mercy preach.

Bright Orator, the burning sun
  Whose rays are eloquent of Thee
And symbolise *that* righteous One
  Who brightens dark eternity,—

Pale Vestal of the placid sky
  Encircled with each nun-like star
Whose throbbing radiance fills the eye
  Which museth on it, faint and far,—

These, with all the choral throng
  Which make yon firmamental lyre,
Harp to the saintly Mind a song
  Whose tones celestial truths inspire.

Thus, Ocean with her chime of waves,
  Meadow, and fruit, and wood-born flower,
Each lends a voice, whose meaning saves
  The heart from ev'ry creedless hour.

Yet, faintly such reveal Thy Name,
  Though whisper'd forth by sea, and air :
For God alone can God proclaim,
  And pardon guilt by answer'd prayer.

7.

Alternate Supplications.

"O Christ, hear us.
  Lord, have mercy upon us."—*Prayer Book.*

SINGER of Zion ! on whose harp there hung
Tones which inspired some dying martyr-tongue,
Now would our sorrowing Mother's prayer of sighs,
Wing'd on thy words, exclaim, "Help, Lord, arise !"

Pallid, and pensive, Mary-like in woe,
That Cross beneath, whence consolations flow,
Meekly to God she lifts her asking gaze,
Which seems to brighten with celestial rays.

Lord of the Church! as Thine uplifted Arm
Scatter'd of old the wounded Dragon's* harm,
Awake! awake! put on Thy strength, and prove
The deathless valour of redeeming Love.

Egypt, and Canaan, sun, moon, and sea,
Subdued by miracle, or, awed by Thee,
Yielded their vassal-powers, and changed their laws
To aid Thy people, and promote their Cause.

And, art Thou not Eternal, and the Same?
And bear *we* not Thy sacramental Name,—
Baptised† for ever into Thee, and Thine,
Bone of Thy bone,‡ by mystery divine?

Nor bonds, nor banishment, nor rack, nor ire,
The sworded despot, or the seven-fold fire,
Fraud, force, or falsehood, have prevail'd, O Lord,
To cloud her glory, or conceal Thy word.

The blood of Martyrs proved the Church's seed,
And show'd her noblest, in the hour of need;
While pangs enrich'd the radiance of her crown,
And life was grandest, when she laid it down.

Hence, to her homeless exile, Truth can bring
Chants learnt from Christ, Whose life was suffering,
And Litanies so deep, that Angels own
Earth teaches heaven§ by some mysterious tone.

And, when those sorrows, cloister'd in the heart
In which the rude cold stranger hath no part,
Sighless and speechless, are unveil'd to Thee,
Incarnate Lord of man's eternity,—

High o'er yon heavens ascends the soaring prayer,
Wafted beyond adoring Seraphs there,
And in Thine Attributes divinely-lost
Trembles round Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

* Is. li. 9.
† Matt. xxviii. 19 (compared with).
‡ Eph. v. 30.
§ Eph. iii. 10.

Grace to Sanctify Troubles.

"Strengthen such as do stand; comfort and help the weak-hearted."—*Prayer Book.*

AVIEWLESS breeze, on vagrant wing,
That like an air-bird loves to sing,
Or, wavelet laughing in the wind,
Are types of Youth's unthoughtful mind,
Hither and thither, with impulsive glee
Careering onward, where it wills to be.

But, soon will dawn a deeper hour;
And cool Reflection's calming power
O'er such delirium shed a ray
Which bids the heedless spirit pray,
While sin and sorrow to the inner Man
Preach the sad lore their blent experience can!

And, what *is* Man?—a pulse and breath
Which flutter into fleetest death;
Infirmer than the faintest thing
A harp of Sentiment can sing,
And, ever finding, like a sea of waves,
This broad earth cover'd with increasing graves!

"Pity and spare" the vile and weak,—
Such are the tones Thy Children speak:
In mis'ry, sin, and punishment
Our minute-lives are almost spent;
And thus we realise, O Father-God!
A blighted destiny beneath Thy rod.

In "trouble," be Thou *all* our Trust,
Rememb'ring, Man is feeble dust;
Deal gently with the Mind deprest,
That faith may learn this wisdom blest,—
Afflictions are the mystic overflow,
Dropt on the Church, from Christ's dread Cup of woe

And thus, if shaded life appears
To sadden, with evolving years,
While fast decaying, one by one,
The darlings of the Soul are gone,—
Still may we nestle, with confiding art,
Closer and closer to Emanuel's heart.

From pureness, comes divinest peace;
From holiness, the heart's release;
And in that boundless word, "*forgiven*,"
Are tones by grace attuned for heaven:
And God is ours, if we in God confide,
And stand erect, though Worlds should draw aside.

'Tis not, when fav'ring smiles alone
Fall richly from Thy radiant Throne,
Elected spirits love to fall
Low in the dust, and Abba! call:—
Not what Thou giv'st, but what Thou *art*, they love,
Whose graces ripen for the Realms above.

Hence, "evermore" and "evermore"
Children of Light their God adore;
And deepen'd holiness desire,
Though graven by affliction's fire:—
For, Christ and Cross must in communion be,
If from the First man seeks eternity.

PRAYERS AND THANKSGIVINGS,

UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For Rain.

"Send us, we beseech Thee,——moderate rain and showers.
—*Prayer Book.*

NATURE is christian to a christian eye,
Touch'd by regen'rate spells, from Christ which came,
When vast creation, from His farewell-sigh,
Felt a new life o'ersteal its giant frame;—
Since Nature's glories, through Man's primal sin,
Darken'd without, when Adam quail'd within.*

Hence Nature, Providence, and Grace combine,
Wheel within wheel,† their interblending powers,
And, by their threefold action form a shrine,
Where Christ is worshipp'd in memorial-hours:—
Creation and the Church can thus declare,
Each unto each, the life and law of Prayer.

And Thou, Who art the Cause of causes all,
King of the Universe, by God encrown'd!
Thy mercy freshens, through each rain-drop's fall,
The fruit and verdure of the fragrant ground;
While, o'er the clouds adoring hearts ascend,
And, shrined in glory, hail the sinner's Friend.

* Gen. iii. 10.

† Ezek. i 10.

Deluge and drought, the sunshine, dew, or rain
Are not contingencies, but full of God;
Each hath a mission, and the wisest gain
Lessons from all, when Science walks abroad,
Perusing Nature with religious eye,—
Divinely-conscious that her Lord is nigh.

But, if in showers man's atheistic heart
Forget the Fount, whence raining mercies flow,
Who does not dread Thee, when the clouds depart
And landscapes wither in a torrid glow,
Till earth seem iron, and the heaven like brass;—
Is there a Curse that can such doom surpass?

Then, parch'd and pining, droop all fruits and trees,
The meadows burn beneath a blasting glare,
While Nature sickens for the absent breeze,
And Life seems gasping in the pulseless air:
Creation dons the livery of death,
And dying Languor draws its heated-breath.

Lord of the atmosphere! in mercy look
Down on our Land, if thus chastised it be,
And once again bid every flowing brook,
In liquid warbles to resound of Thee:
While balm and beauty, as thy People pray,
With answ'ring freshness field and grove array.

And, bounteous Heaven! beneath Thy fruitful Word
Let barren souls be soften'd, and subdued,
Till each dead feeling, by devotion stirr'd,
Bound with new throbs of holy gratitude,—
Learning that wisdom heaven-taught spirits gain,
When God is reverenced in the gift of rain.

For Fair Weather.

"Send us such weather, as that we may receive the fruits of the earth, in due season."—*Prayer Book.*

INSPIRED by Angels seems the hallow'd air*
Of christian Temples, in some hour of prayer,
When bow'd adorers, meek and lowly,
With litanies, heart-deep as holy,
And plaintive accents of melodious love,
Mingle their Altar-chants with martyr-cries† above.

But, when pure tears, in penitential flow,
Gush from the heart for sin-avenging woe,
Angelic watchers hover nigh
And listen to each low-breath'd sigh,
Grieved when we sink, or gladden'd when we soar,
And love those Spirits most, who most their God adore.

Thus, not *alone*, pale Mother, art Thou, now,
Lifting to heaven thy supplicating brow,—
That He, Whose everlasting Throne‡
O'erawes the water-floods alone,
His olive-bearing Dove may gently send,
To signify, stern wrath may in soft mercy end.

Almighty! when Thy whelming torrents fall,
Palsied with guilt, our craven minds recall
That§ unrepeated judgment-hour
When shrieking Earth beheld Thy power,—
The drowning Carcase of a deluged world,
Sunk in sepulchral waves, by justice o'er it hurl'd!

But still, Thy Sacramental Bow could shine
And symbolise thy grace by hues divine,

* Chrysost. vol. ii. par. ii. p. 530. † Rev. vi. 9, 10.
‡ "The Lord *sitteth* upon the flood."—*Ps.* xxix. 10.
§ Gen. viii. 21.

Lord of the Sea ! Whose Ark did save
Elect ones from the billow's grave,—
Types of true souls hereafter, who should be
Kept* in Thy Holy church, baptismally by Thee.

And therefore, let Thy lurid clouds withdraw ;
Green make the soil, as that which Noah saw
When from his Ark the Patriarch went,
And, 'neath the sun-clad firmament,
In dripping brightness from departed rain
Watch'd the deliver'd Earth in verdure bloom again.

All weather bears Thy Will's resistless form,
Typed in the calm, or tokened by the storm ;
But, in the mild and mellow spring
Love hears a Promise murmuring,
In mystic echoes, which can never cloy,—
Sure as yon rainbow † smiles, no Deluge shall destroy

"The earth ; but, summer, heat and harvest, shall
My Name and Nature unto faith recall :"—
So be it, Lord ! and thus, from Thee
Both in Thy wrath, and clemency,
Our conscience, lesson'd by Almighty lore,
Creation in the Cross shall study, more and more.

Since, what is Nature, but a realm divine,
Where, in dread secresy, as in a shrine,
Father, and Son, and Spirit are
In everything, and everywhere,
Life, Law and Energy,‡ —a Trinitarian soul
Creatively § at work, to harmonise the Whole.

And, blest the Church, with more than Science fraught,
Who all her Children has sublimely taught,
What carnal tongues mere "nature" call,
Interprets God, the ruling All,
Since not a pulse, or principle of life,
With hidden Deity that is not sway'd, and rife.

* Rev iii. 20, 21. † Gen. ix. 13.
‡ See Ambrose in Comber. Rev. vol. ii. p. 316.
§ August. Epist. iv. 169.

And if that Lord, Who cloth'd a field-born flower
With more than glory, in its regal hour,
Shall sanctify each pensive look
We cast upon Creation's book,—
Then, fruit and verdure, rain and sunshine, may
Whisper through Nature's walks,—"Here, let us muse, and pray."

Dearth and Famine.

"Grant that the scarcity and dearth which we do now most justly suffer, for our iniquity, may through Thy goodness, be mercifully turned into cheapness and plenty."—*Prayer Book.*

SOME broken whispers of The Name Divine
Float through this fallen world of ours,
But, Conscience cannot into words combine,
Or, explicate, with all her powers,
What *mean* those whispers, when The Law is nigh,
And thunders, "*pay me!*" or, a bankrupt, die!

Oft, when Affliction's more than midnight-pall
Enwraps our destiny below,
Or, sight and sound forgotten crimes recall,
As imaged by judicial woe,—
From the dread heart of deep Eternity,
Comes Vengeance, clad with direst mystery!

Searching and sounding Thought's unpierced abyss
When Science gropes its way to God,
Who, by a mental path, perplexed like this,
The ground of sainted virtue trod?—
Alas, for Cain-like spirits!* who can dare
To find in reason, what must flow from prayer.

* Gen. iv. 3.

They stumble on, for ever, more and more,
In dimness, doubt, and secret dread,
Who will not God Himself in Christ adore,
And are not by His Spirit led;
Their church, Self-will, their Decalogue the same,—
How can such heathens bear the Christian name?

O! timely meek, and thus, made truly wise,
Child of the Church, Lord, let me live;
Anoint by faith our spirit's inward eyes,
And in Thy word those comforts give
Which neither blast, nor blight, nor famines reach,
Where'er they echo what Thy warnings teach!

Eden of Isles, though blissful England be,
Glory and Garden of all lands,
'Tis only while her children worship Thee,
Round her green clime that grace expands
From whence our wave-rock'd paradise can smile,
And prove, O Lord! Thy consecrated Isle.

The boundless Universe is but thy slave,*
Its Faculties Thy vassals are;
And in the womb, as in the whelming grave,
Both life and death obey Thee, there;
Famine and food alike from Thee descend,
By Wisdom fitted for some moral end.

Whether from rainless cloud, or cruel war,
The with'ring scourge of Scarceness come,
Truth sees in all those miseries that mar
The peace, and preciousness of home,
Not second Causes!—to the FIRST we soar,
Who holds creation's granaries in store.

Famine and dearth, dread God! Thy vengeance sent,
On Canaan's realm, and Egypt's clime;
When, curs'd by Thee, the parchèd firmament
Refused the rain, in fair spring-time:
'Twas thus of old, Thy penal frowns did fall,
And back the godless unto Heaven recall.

* Ps. cxix. 91.

But from thy lips, O lion-hearted Seer !
Samaria's cry for mercy rose ;
And, hark ! on prostrate Ahab's ear,
The answering rain-flood quickly flows :—
E'en *while* he prays, the blacken'd clouds dispart,
And all their freshness in full shower impart !

But, Thou art still the ever-changeless God,
Whose heaven Elijah ope'd by prayer,
And, while we tremble at Thy Judgment-rod,
Receive our Litanies, and "*spare*"
Thy punish'd ones, who in this trial-hour,
Adore Thy Goodness, while they dread Thy power.

Giver of food ! Thou art Almighty Bread,*
The Manna of immortal souls,
Deprived of Whom, the living are the dead,
Whatever fate such life controls ;
Celestial nutriment our spirits need,
And Christ is He, on Whom disciples feed.

Whatever dearth these famish'd bodies feel,
Food of the Soul ! if Thou be nigh
Thy Saints will bear it with heroic zeal,
And greet the death 'tis gain † to die,
For all who crucify the flesh-born will
And drink the ‡ Cup which Christ has deign'd to fill.

War and Tumults.

"King of all Kings, and Governor of all things—save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies."
—*Prayer Book.*

DEAD Empires, sepulchred in graves of Time,
Proud Hist'ry mantles with a pall sublime ;
But, underneath that shroud repose
What buried crimes, and hidden woes !—

* John vi. 55. † Phil. i. 31. ‡ Matt. xx. 22.

King of kings ! and Lord of Lords,
By Thine Own omniscient words
Embruted minds instruct this royal Truth to know,—
Empires, as well as souls, to THEE their safety owe.

Wafted and winged by supernat'ral love
Soars the ascending heart of Prayer above,
And, entering through yon veilèd * Shrine,
Visions within Thy Hands Divine
Church, and Country's mingled cause,
Freedom, Faith and holy Laws,
Thou Lover of all souls ! in Whose true light men see,
A kingdom's master-stength is christian purity.

Those passion-roots of desolating War,
Which germinate in havoc, fierce and far,
What are they, but a brood of Sin,
Sprung from a bosom-hell within?—
Pride and envy, lust of power,
Form the fiends which thus devour
All principles of Peace a God Incarnate came
To purchase by His pangs, and hallow by His Name.

What is false "glory,"—sáve a guilt disguised,
A murd'rous cheat, magnificently prized,
When rifled home and ruin'd shrine
With all the curse of war combine,
And the shrieks of Womanhood
Heard in harrowing solitude,—
Throng round the gory track, where Armies fought, or fled,
And crushing war-steeds stamp'd their hoofs upon the dead.

Go, when the rush and roar of Fight are past
And pallid moonbeams on the slain are cast,
Go, muse around the mangled heap
Who there in welt'ring havoc sleep,—
Youth and Manhood, as they fell,
Far from home, and loved so well !—
And, while you heave a sigh o'er many a sunken brow,
Think what their spirits feel, whose flesh lies mould'ring, now !

* Heb. vi. 19.

Blest Teacher ! who unteachest pride to Man,
In perfect harmony with God's own plan,
Mother of Saints ! thy meekness bring,
When War and Faction round us ring
Yells of fierceness, which betray
Passions in their fiendish play,
Come, with thy gentleness, celestial as refined,
And let our struggle be,—who *most* shall love mankind !

Blest Jesu ! in Thy Unity repose
All healing remedies for war, and woes :
Discord, and Strife, and reinless Will,
Calm'd by Thy chastening word, are still ;
Halcyon-dreams of holy bliss,
Vile Ambition's hope dismiss,
And ploughshares into swords transformed by Grace will be,
When Heroes are the Saints, whose souls resemble Thee.

Yet, Lord of Hosts ! if blood and battle come
And weapon'd Patriots fight for hearth and home,
While tented field, and bivouac,
The trumpet, steed, and victor-track,
Soldiers of the World delight
Who for crowns of conquest fight,
The prowess of the Church will prove, by ceaseless prayer,
As Joshua did of old,—true victory is, *there !*

Ah ! who can tell how oft the Child of God
In saintly paths by tranquil Virtue trod,
While Earth's loud clarions falsely claim
A vict'ry in some earth-god's name,
Dreaming martial courage can
Be a Providence to Man,—
High o'er the heaven of faith by secret prayer hath soar'd,
And from Jehovah gained the blessing thus implored.

Thy Saints, oh Lord ! true soldiers are,
Baptised for conflict, and ordained to war,—
But, *that* is fought the soul within,
Where grace subdues each hostile sin.—

Teach them, Saviour ! thus to be
Victors who contend for Thee,
And, vanquish by that Truth, which gains the World's release,
Whose perfect Hero is the Prince of Holy Peace.

Plague or Sickness.

"Have pity upon us, miserable sinners, who are now visited with great sickness and mortality."—*Prayer Book.*

ALMIGHTY ! in the midnight of Thy frown
Myriads are wither'd down :—
Walking in darkness, like a curtain'd Fiend
In power and presence screen'd,
Moves round our land a desolating Pest
No mortal cures arrest ;
Since, onward, in its blast and blight of death,
Sweeps His contagious breath !

Tremendous art Thou, sin-avenging God !
When thus Thy penal rod
Is darkly wielded o'er an Empire's sin,
While guilt's own lash within
Harrows the conscience with a secret scourge,
As Past and Present urge
Home on the heart, what Priest, and Seer declares,—
Thy People are not "spared" *

When truths are yielded to Rebellion's cries,
And faith in goodness dies,
Till loyalty from Church and Crown departs,
And Treason in base hearts
Fosters each faction proud Self-will approves,
And mad Opinion loves,—
To hail the Korahs, whose schismatic joy
Reels in the word—"*Destroy!*"

* See Collect.

Guardian of Holiness ! Thy frowns descend
On all who thus offend :
Plague, Pestilence, and Death, those awful Three !
So eloquent of Thee,
Proclaim Thy justice, and our guilt display
Clear as the Judgment-day ;—
For, though from man dread Judgments oft arise,
Yet faith *Thy* rod descries.

When cureless Pestilence, with scorching blast
O'er hearts and homes hath past,
Then, pangs are preachers ; and our graves reveal
Truths which the sternest feel.—
And grant, O Lord ! in such deep hour of dread
Thine Own elect be led,
For punishment to find a moral cause
Which indicates Thy laws.

Incarnate Healer of the sin-plagued heart !
Thy Paraclete impart ;
E'en as of old, the sworded * Angel-hand
Once paused at Thy command,
So, bid the terrible Inflictor now
Relax His deathful brow,
And in the mercy of thy pardoning word
Sheathe the Almighty sword !

Such precedents inspire the Church's prayer,
And seeds of promise are :
Atoned by David, if Thy People found
Their Lord with blessing crown'd,—
Not less, Jehovah ! shall baptised ones see
Some token-smiles of Thee,
Gleaming around them with irradiant love
Fresh from Thy Face above.

* 2 Sam. xxiv. 16.

The Ember Week.—First Collect.

"Guide and govern the minds of Thy servants, the Bishops and Pastors of Thy flock."—*Prayer Book.*

MYSTERIOUS purchase of Almighty Blood!*
Who, based on God's eternity, hast stood
Unchang'd in essence, since Emanuel's time,
High o'er all hate, by miracle sublime,—
We pray for Thee!

Church of the Lord! catholical and one,
Neither by Power, nor Policy begun,
No mere creation, framed by mortal will,
In sacramental might enduring still,—
We pray for Thee!

From everlasting in the Heart Divine†
Bride of th' Incarnate! was Thine awful shrine;
Loved by The Trinity, Whose counsels gave
All which mankind can sanctify, or save,—
We pray for Thee!

Here, in this creedless world of Woe and sin
Tempted without, and sorely tried within,
Hated, yet fear'd, while faction, scorn, and strife
Blend and combine to counterwork Thy life,—
We pray for Thee!

Long may these Ember-fasts intensely prove
A perfect witness of primeval Love,
Whose dateless birth in Time's religious past
Hath round their claims a consecration cast,—
We pray for Thee!

* Acts xx. 28. † Prov. viii. 23.

Thy priested Applicants of purchased grace,
Stewards of Christ, who back their Office trace
E'en to The Lord, from Whom it *first* began,—
Priest of all priests, th' ordaining Son of Man !—
We pray for them !

Counsel and comfort, guardian-love, and light,
In the true meekness of anointed Might,
Heroic purity, and hallow'd power
To baffle Fiends in their most fearful hour,—
We pray for them !

And Ye ! Successors by celestial law
To that Episcopate Apostles saw,
With links unbroken handing down the Chain
That binds the Present with the Past again,—
We pray for You !

Pastors for Christ ! that on no impious head
The spell of consecrating Hands be shed,
But with all wisdom, faith, and watching care
Deacon and Priest may binding vows declare,—
We pray for You !

Guard them, and guide them, Bishop of all Souls !
Whose living Unction heart and will controls ;
That, in the plenitude of each high gift,
The Church may ever Thy true Cross uplift,—
And pray * for them !

Here, while our low-breathed Litanies ascend,
Enter the Veil, and with hosannahs blend
Which deepen round Thy saint-encircled Throne,†
Pardon Thy people, who are called Thine Own,—
And pray for them !

Shelter'd, and screen'd within Christ's ancient Fold,
Still may Thy Pastors, Sheep and Lambs behold ;
And that Chief Shepherd endless worship give
Who died on earth, that man in heaven might live,—
For this we pray !

* John xvii. 9. † Prov. xiv. 3.

The Ember Week.—Second Collect.

"Replenish them with the truth of Thy doctrine, and endue them with innocency of life."—*Prayer Book.*

WISDOM divine, o'er-mast'ring * mortal sin !—
Here is true Hist'ry, when our souls begin
In Providence, by faith unroll'd,
More than man's will to there behold ;
And, while maintaining that our choice is free,
High o'er all human strife, discerns Theocracy.

Taught by that science which Thy Word illumes,
Thus can a Saint disperse those deepening glooms,
Which oft around Christ's home † below
Have darken'd with mysterious woe,
And seem, to sense, as though Destruction came
To banish from the earth the Brightness of Thy name !

Oh ! blessed thought, that with almighty spell,
Circles the Church His first-born prize so well,—
"*Head over all Things*" is that Love
Incarnate, on God's Throne above,
Beneath Whose will Eternity and Time
In full subjection bow, to aid His Cause sublime !

Bestower of all gifts, supremely-good,
Hence on Thy promise hath for ages stood
Thine order'd Church, where Truth and Grace
Regenerate our fallen race,—
Above mutation, policy, and all
The Antichrists of earth "a sure *progression*" call !

And now, while Apostolic gifts descend
As Priest and Levite round the Altar bend,
Mysterious Unction, Love, and Light,
To guide and govern each aright,—
Communicate to them, O Christ ! we pray,
And in each heart enshrine Thy Paraclete, to day.

* Ps. lxxvi. 10. † John xiv. 23.

In just gradation of a Threefold Line,*
Are those pure Orders, faith reveres as Thine,
Which through successive links referr'd,
We backward trace to that high Word,
Firm as God's throne, and like His promise, true,—
"As Me the Father sent, mine Heralds, send I you!"

And thus, anointed Almoners for heaven!
To whom, by sacramental law, are given
Most awful Powers, for Christ to wield,
Albeit in simple rites conceal'd,—
Yours may the Everlasting Urim be,
And in consistent lives, may Love her Thummim see.†

Replenish'd by heaven's radiant truth within,
And sanctified beyond prevailing sin,
Ambassadors! now speed ye forth
From east to west, and south and north,
In earthen vessels holding Treasures, far
Transcending jewell'd mines, which in creation are!

Grace is the master-gift of Love profound,
Peerless bestowal by the Godhead crown'd:—
Without it, each prophetic Gift
Will, Satan-like, the soul uplift;
And what in Pulpit noblest sermons preach,
The language of bad Life will sinfully unteach!

'Tis by a soul of purity and prayer
Lord of the Church! true Priests anointed are:
And, little heed such, where they hie,
If guarded by That sleepless Eye,
Within Whose beams of overwatching love
Saints are secure below, as Seraphin above.

* See Ordination Service. † Deut. xxxiii. 8.

Collect for Pardon.

"Let the pitifulness of Thy great mercy loose us."—*Prayer Book.*

BOUND and bleeding in that chain
Whose links are made of misery,
Rise our sunken hearts again
For heaven-born light, and liberty,—
To Thee, the sole Relief of spirits all
Who mourn for guilt, and Christ their Master call.

Not for weal, or wealth, we ask,
Or sigh for what mere worldlings seek;
While we bear Life's daily task
Our * strength is found in being weak,—
Strong in Thy grace, but weak, whene'er we trust
On human Pillars, which are based in dust!

Yet, a ransom, Lord! we crave,
Transcending all terrestrial gift,
E'en thy Sympathies!—which save
And up to Thee ourselves uplift:—
Home of the heart! and centre of each soul,
Heavenward attract us by such blest control.

In Thy Name deep glories dwell,
Whose nature † is forgiving love;
Mercies more than numbers tell,
Hover round Thy Throne above,
And wing their flight to this low world of care,
In wafted answer to the Church's prayer.

Thus, in that mysterious hour
When oft some bosom-weight of sin,
Burdens with a crushing power
Exalted thoughts which soar within,
Celestial Ransomer! unbind the chain,
Till holy Freedom shall the heart regain.

* 2 Cor. xii. 10. † 1 John iv. 8.

Not in sickness, gloom, or grief,
Disciples of the Cross can see
That which *most* demands relief
Besought from prayer-moved Deity:
For, christian sorrows lose their earth-made stings,
And, touch'd by faith, are turned to glorious things!

But thy people, Lord of Glory!
To Thee and Thine betroth'd* for ever,
When they bow in prayer before Thee,—
From all corruptions which can sever
Souls from Thyself, internal ransom seek,
And sacred Vengeance† on their errors wreak!

Pardon'd guilt will not alone
Capacitate the heart for bliss;
Purity must lend a tone
Before we reach a state like this;
Since, hell exists in nature, more than space,—
And is not heaven begun by inward grace?

Kingly Heart, and holy Mind,
Heroic Saints by hist'ry throned,
Who have most adorn'd mankind
In life and death, this doctrine own'd,—
Meetness for God from Christ's true merit flows,
And none reach heaven, in whom nought heaven-like glows:

Thou, whose property is Love,
On Thee we fix our lifted eyes,
Yearning for that Scene above,
Which dawn'd on David's visioned eyes,—
The coronation of the Holy Ghost,
Glory of feasts!—the final Pentecost!

* Hos. ii. 19. † 2 Cor. vii. 11.

Prayer for Parliament.

"We humbly beseech Thee, as for this kingdom in general, so especially for the High Court of Parliament."—*Prayer Book.*

THE captive Exile,* far from Judah's clime
Weeping alone by Babel's willow'd streams,
Must oft have pondered o'er Youth's golden prime,
When Fancy revell'd in her fairy dreams,
On vine-clad hills, or by that haunted Sea
Whose blue waves fringe the shores of Galilee.

Yet, nothing stern that songless† moment pain'd,
No angry shadows round each home-dream fell,
For, high o'er Wrong, this hallow'd doctrine reign'd,—
He conquers woe, who can endure it well!
Thus, truly meek, Faith spread her fetter'd hands,
Lifted in prayer for peace on hostile lands.

And, when the racking fires of Pagan Rome
Rent young disciples, limb by limb, to death,
Ere tortured Virtue soar'd to Jesu's home
In bleeding glory, and on martyr-breath,
Still, for the Commonwealth the Churches prayed,
And Christ's own Spirit parting souls array'd.‡

But, if for Governments, whose impious wrong
Convulsed the heart of Liberty, and Truth,
And crush'd the Right with vengeance stern, and strong,
Making a holocaust of Age and Youth—§
If for such Empire, temple-prayer ascended,
That heathen-law might be by Heaven defended,

No lagging spirit of reluctant vows
For *this* high Kingdom in the faith, shall rise!
But, bearing on our consecrated brows
The Sign baptismal, let us scale the skies
With soaring prayer, and seek celestial Light
To guide Britannia in her course, aright.

* Jerem. xxix. 7.
† Ps. cxxxvii. 4.
‡ Luke xxiii 34
§ See Tertullian, &c.

Lord of all Lands! to us a peerless Isle,
An ancient Ark of Liberty and Laws
By Thee is granted; and Thy guardian-smile
Has ever brighten'd round her perill'd cause,
Where Church and State make one incorp'rate Whole,
And both are balanced by a wise control.

Thus, do we supplicate, with soul intense,
Wisdom on high, to strengthen Church, and State,
And find in Deity that true defence
Which forms the good, and sanctifies the great,
And prompts his heart, where'er the Pilgrim roams,
Here to behold a paradise of homes!

Religion is the golden chain which binds
All warring powers and principles, in one,
Where meets the lowest, with the loftiest, mind,
Round that deep Centre, whence all Laws begun—
The Will Divine, by which true Kings alone
Can wield a Sceptre, or sustain a Throne.

Supreme of Councillors! Thou Saviour-God,
Wise by thy wisdom, let true Patriots learn
To tread those path-ways heaven-taught Sages trod,
And England's glory in Thy Grace discern:
So, shall Thy words her sacred watchmen be,
And Britain prosper, when approved by Thee.

For Rain.

"Send us, we beseech Thee—moderate rain and showers."—*Prayer Book.*

HARK! how the rain-drops with a silv'ry tone
Are on the languid flowers and fruits descending
While balmy freshness, from the fields new-mown,
With sudden bloom seems all the landscape blending.
And a green radiance from reviving grass
Sparkles, when swift the breezy air-wings pass.

A Hand Almighty, in a viewless course,
Hath softly glided o'er the teeming ground,
And summoned into beauteous life and force
Creative energies, which there abound :—
From the mean insect, to yon mighty Sun,
A new enchantment is from God begun !

Again the conscious brooks their anthems sing,
And wild bees hum within the blossom'd flower,
While young birds quiver on ecstatic wing
And sweetly carol o'er this rain-bright hour :
Around, beneath, one rich expanse of bloom
Hides from the heart, that earth contains a tomb !

O ! blessed answer to a church-breath'd prayer
When mercy-showers descend with stealing fall,
That parch'd creation and the pulseless air
Their genial freshness may for man recall ;
While, crown'd with plenty, glorious Harvest tells
The Lord is working with His myriad spells !

Nature in God, and God in Nature, too,—
Here is the creed which heaven-taught Science learns ;
All veiled causation ever gazing through,
Religion greets Him, and her Lord discerns
In the bright rain-gems which impearl the land,
Or, when the storm-clouds round His throne expand.

And, eyeless are we, more than blind and base,
Victims of flesh, enthrall'd with vilest power,—
Divinity if thus we dread to trace
Nor see Heaven smiling through this gracious hour,
Since the dark heathens could *their* Rain-gods own,
And gave to Altars a memorial-tone.

Thou teaching Mother ! in thy lore of Love
All nature proves a christian shrine to thee,
One vast cathedral, arch'd by skies above,
Where Saints and Angels blend their liturgy,—
Each, in due order, working out the plan,
Creation* ministers from God to Man.

* Heb. i. 14.

Lord of my Soul! when rain and sunbeams send
  Tokens of Thee, through forest, glade, or field,
Let Faith her anthems with Thy mercy blend
  And worship Christ, in His *own* world reveal'd:
Where men see "Nature," in a second cause,
She finds a Presence, which the soul o'erawes!

And grant, that on the prayerless minds of those
  Who feel the with'ring blast of unbelief,
Thy spirit-dews, by which Devotion grows,
  May drop, like latter rains that bring relief;
Till fruitless hearts, by fresh'ning grace restored,
Shall bloom with holiness, and bless The Lord.

For Fair Weather.

"Who in Thy mercy has comforted our souls by this seasonable and blessed change of weather."—*Prayer Book.*

THE primal Altar was a shrine of praise
  Erected on the sod,
When rescued Noah, with adoring gaze,
  Forth from the Ark of God
Came at command,—and saw the world around
  In deathful slumber bound,
But still, deliver'd from that penal flood
Whose waves of awful ire above the mountains stood!

In dripping brightness greenly shone the earth
  Where golden sun-gleams smiled;
As if Creation, like a second birth,
  No more by sin defiled;—
Fresh from the cradle of dread waters rose,
  And, safe from future woes,
Renew'd that radiance her young features wore
When Adam's priestly heart did *first* his God adore.

And, ever may this virgin-altar preach
Sermons of holy love,
To that true Church, whom vaster mercies reach
Than Noah saw above,
When the calm* Bow with curving beauty spread
A symbol o'er his head:—
For, what it preach'd, our Ark of grace enshrines
n sacramental depths, where Love with Life combines.

Fair weather from the fresh'ning North proceeds ;†
But, in these changes all,
When climate brings to man's perpetual needs
What men "fair weather" call,
The pure expressions of His perfect will
Creation-laws fulfill,
Whether by blast, or breeze, in cloud, or sun,—
Whom Saints and Angels crown the God-revealing One !

Now, while the howling blasts lie hush'd and still,
The blazonry of storms
No longer darkens o'er the cloud-veiled hills
In fierce and thund'rous forms ;
The whirlwinds fold their tossing plumes to rest ;
And ocean's waveless breast
Mirrors the sunbeam, whose incessant play
reaks o'er the dimpling tide, which heaven's soft hues
array.

God of fair Weather ! hymns to Thee we lift
O Thou ! That hearest prayer,
From Whom descends each atmospheric gift
Thy lauding People share ;
The plague of waters might we justly meet,—
But, on the Mercy-seat
Reigns that Incarnate Priest, to Whom we pray,
nder Whose calming gaze all tempests clear away.

And thus, an omnipresent Gospel dwells,
In symbol, or in sign,
Through vast creation, whose material spells
Image the Cross divine,—

* Gen. ix. 13. † Job xxxvii. 11.

Each, by mute eloquence, proclaiming Him
Whom Souls and Seraphim
With blended unity of praise adore,
And in Whose heart are shrined all blessings now in store.

The hush of Nature is a holy thing,
A calm which hath a Creed :
For, e'en as Tempests unto conscience bring
Mem'ries which make it bleed,
Typing the guilt these storm-clouds well present
That shade the firmament,—
So, in the balm and beauty of bright weather,
Christ and Creation seem by Mercy brought together.

Lyre of the heart ! let all thy chorded praise
Vibrate with lauding zeal ;
And unto Him, Devotion, lift thy gaze
In Whom *all* gifts reveal
A pardon infinite, by anguish gain'd
Upon the Cross blood-stained,
When He hung there, between the earth and sky,
While Heaven look down amazed, to see her Maker die !

Hence, awful are our mercies ! bleeding Lord,
When each by Scripture read,
Since they are mottoed by a mystic word
Which speaks,—" Thy Saviour bled !"
Bled to redeem what guilt to ruin gave,
And none prevailed to save,
But Love Incarnate, in Whose Person met
Merit and Manhood both, to pay sin's boundless debt !

And, e'en as Aaron on his raiment wore
Mysterious Bells, whose tone
Sounded, whene'er he went his God before
Under the mercy-throne,—
So, for each gift let Faith her harp prepare
And laud Him ev'rywhere,
On Whose vast merit hangs Creation's whole,
Not less the Lord of earth, than Saviour of the soul !

For Plenty.

'Continue Thy loving-kindness unto us, that our land may yield us her fruits."—*Prayer Book.*

WHILE the breezy woodlands sing
And the ripen'd corn-fields bring
Bending harvests, rich and rare,
Seek we, Lord, the Shrine of prayer.

What is Growth, in fruit, or field,
All which golden summers yield,—
But indeed a sacred Birth
Preaching God through all the earth !*

Verdant haunts, and vine-clad hills,
Freshness which the landscape fills,
Each can tune the harp of thought
Waking tones with wonder fraught,—

Wonder, that a sin-born race
Still behold Thy mercy-Face
Beaming down such radiant bliss
On a world depraved as this !

Did the foodless soil remain
Scorch'd by heat, or drench'd by rain,
Were our flocks and herds to fail,
And a famish'd Empire's wail

Heard to pierce yon deafen'd skies,—
Could we dare uplift our eyes,
Nor in all, pure Justice see
Vindicating Truth, and Thee ?

But in Christ, reveal'd Thou art
Pouring with paternal Heart
Peace and plenty, far and wide
Rich as Canaan's seer descried.

* Acts xiv. 17.

Eden of the Ocean, smiles
Thus our Queen of sceptred Isles,
Fair and fruitful, free and bold,
Such as poet-dreams behold !

Fountains, lakes, and lovely dells,
Woods and groves, with haunting spells,
Garden-slope and winding glade,—
Lord ! in each hast Thou display'd

Signs and symbols, that *Thy* hand
Hath adorn'd our wave-girt Land
With high gifts of heavenly power,
Linking Thee with scene, and hour.

To the Giver in His gift
Lauding worship thus we lift,—
Looking through each veil that lies
On each charm Thy grace supplies.

Let our soaring hearts ascend,
And their anthem'd praises blend
With Heaven's orchestra on high,
Echo'd through eternity !

Might the vast creation feel
What Thy words to us reveal,
Matter then, as well as Mind,
Would adore Thee, with mankind.

Living Christ of holy love !
Waft pure wisdom from above,
Faith, and feeling,—all which can
Raise and rescue sunken Man.

Lost in Self, but saved in Thee,
Let our bright'ning spirits be
Ever growing, more and more,
Like the Lord Whom they adore.

For Peace and Deliverance.

"All the world may know that Thou art our Saviour and mighty Deliverer."—*Prayer Book.*

BUT late, was heard the battle-roar
In boding echoes round the shore,
Peal after peal in hollow thunder telling
Tales of dread conflict, blood and death,
Which paled the cheek, and check'd the breath,
In many a widow'd Heart, and wasted dwelling!

Now, Heaven has sent benign release;
And in the balm of blessed peace
A christian Empire is profoundly learning,
That God the *only* Giver is
Of public, as of private, bliss,—
Though seldom thank'd by spirits undiscerning!

Oh! taught by Grace, and truly-wise,
Their spirit which in all descries
The hand of Goodness, and the heart of God:—
Such, everywhere His guidance feel,
Who fans within their fainting zeal
And bears them onward o'er Life's bleakest road.

O Thou! Who wert a Rock and Tower,
A Fortress in some fearful hour
When cannon-thunders round the ranks were rolling,—
Now, while amid the sad repose
Which many a tomb-shade o'er us throws,
Knells for the dead from solemn fanes are tolling,

Salvation's "Captain!" on Thy battle-Throne
We laud Thee,—as that Power alone
High o'er the clouds of savage war presiding:
Helmet and hawberk, sword and shield
To shelter from the havoc yield,
Except *Thy* Hand heroic souls be guiding.

When, buried in the Red Sea-wave,
The Host of Egypt found a grave,
  While marching Israel saw a billow-wall
On either side each warrior stand,
As on they move o'er waveless land,
  Guided by miracle which guarded all,—

Moses and Miriam sang that Song
Repeating time and truth prolong,
  Where grace and gratitude together meet;
While Deborah's fierce anthem fires
The soul with more than Earth inspires,
  As God in battle her brave numbers greet!

But, *were* we dumb, each Pagan shrine
Would thrill us into shame divine,
  For, in their blindness, conqu'ring Heathens praised
Some god, by whose celestial arm
Their hearth and home were kept from harm,
  And wreath'd due Altars, for their glory raised.

E'en thus, when Church and State were one,*
Religion graced whate'er was done
  Of great and glorious by an Empire's heart:
Monarchs uncrown'd, to worship went,
And praised the Lord Omnipotent
  While chanting myriads took the choral part.

At Agincourt, when Vict'ry waved
Old England's banner, when she braved
  The Gallic Charles with all his glitt'ring host,—
See royal Henry gaze on high,
With plumèd warriors, kneeling by,
  And hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But creedless men of colder days
Shrink from the angel-work of praise,

* See Hooker, *passim*.

Nor the dread Giver in His gifts adore ;—
Self, sin, and sense, combine to be
Their own consummate trinity,
Who dream it madness to aspire for more!

But Thou, Incarnate Source of truth,
Guardian of age, and Guide of youth,
Let pure disciples from Thy doctrine learn,
Both war and peace, and all they are
To consecrate by offered prayer,
And with bright fervors of devotion burn.

Hence, in lauding choirs of love,
Lift we our chants to Christ above,
From Whom descendeth earth's release,
Preached in that Church, by whose true heart
Infant of grace ! thou wert, and art
Baptised* for battle, and prepared for peace.

For Public Peace at Home.

"Heavenly Father, who alone makest men to be of one mind in a house."—*Prayer Book.*

WHEN Jesu walk'd the midnight-waves
That foam'd, and flash'd in lightning-glare,
Or, darken'd like devouring graves
On sea and shipmen, tossing there,

Nature obey'd her present God,
And crouch'd beneath His calming Eye,
As though she felt the feet which trod,
Belong'd to Him, who rules the sky !

* See Baptismal Service for Infancy.

But storms arise, of deeper swell,
And tempests of a darker sway,
Which in our mortal bosom dwell,
By Law, nor Reason, lull'd away.

Passion, and pride, and lust and sin,
With stern emotions, fierce, or wild,
All, in mad discord, mix'd within,—
How often have they man defiled !

And who, but He, Whose word and will
The storms of Nature's realm control,
Can say to spirits—Peace ! be still !
And calm thee down, tempestuous soul?

Men wonder, how the Ark contain'd
In perfect concord, brute and bird,
Under a ruling spell restrain'd,
And not in war and wildness stirr'd.

And yet, a miracle we find
Of higher range and holier law,—
When home is one harmonious mind,
By love becalm'd and christian awe.

All hateful tempests of the heart,
Which blacken there, with turbid gloom,
Sooth'd by The Saviour, thence depart,
And smiles of peace their reign resume.

The soul is hush'd beneath the balm
Till heaven seems mirror'd by its rest,
As moonlight, when the waves are calm,
Lies tranced upon the ocean's breast.

Deliverance from Plague.

"In the midst of judgment remembering mercy, hast redeemed our souls from the jaws of death."—*Prayer Book.*

THAT inward cowardice of palsied will
Fainting and faltr'ing, at the word, "Be still,
"Be still, and know that I am God"
Though sternly fall the Judgment-rod,—
The Children of the Church, O, Lord,
Whose heaven is in Thy holy Word,
Such cowardice, by faith's heroic spell
Have wisely master'd, and resisted well.

Yet, though endurance be the law of Faith,
When Pestilence hath ceased a clime to scathe,
Celestial hearts may sing and soar
And that dread Trinity adore,
Who in fierce judgment feel for Man,
Pursue on high Their mercy-plan,
And, while pale Empires draw contagious breath,
Deliver myriads from the jaws of Death.

Great God! it was indeed, Thy wrathful day
When in our strects unburied corses lay,
While gloom sepulchral, deep as dread,
O'er hearts and homes was thickly spread,
And chills of damping awe oppress'd
Each pulse that play'd in Sorrow's breast,
Till friends shrank frighted, if perchance, they met,
As though man wonder'd, man was living, yet!

But, if when sickness, fang'd with fearful pains,
Rends the worn flesh, and like a Demon* reigns,
And fresh-dug grave, and frequent knell,
The triumphs of destruction tell,

* Mark ix. 18

While sackcloth'd Guilt, with groaning prayer
Her litany of woe declares,—
When dies the Plague, and Pestilence departs,
"*We praise thee, God,*" sing all regenerate hearts!

Oh, blest revival! when the bloom and blush
Of health return, and in one glowing rush
Tides of enchantment seem to roll
Through each glad vein, with such control
That lip and limb, and heart and eyes
Are touched with new-born energies,
And earth and heaven that hue of glory wear
That beams and brightens through some answer'd prayer.

And yet, in such millennial glee of mind,
Fond mem'ry cannot leave the lost behind!
For blanks remain in home and heart,
And sorrows deep which ne'er depart,
While crowded graves, in churchyards tell,
How darkly frowns Almighty fell
On true affections, in their fullest power,
When God descended in His judgment-hour!

Thus, gladness hath a touch of holy grief
To shade the brightness of our blest relief;—
E'en as of old, the Temple-wall
Did to each time-hoar'd Saint recall
The vanished Shrine of other days
Reared to Jehovah's awful praise,—
So that, 'mid shouting joy, they wept and wailed,*
And mirth and melancholy, by turns, prevailed.

Hence, gracious Lord, this lauding hour perceives
A mental shadow for the dead which grieves:
Though brightning Mercy strew our path
Where daily life its duty hath,
Ghosts of gone joy around us float
And, mingled with each mirthful note,
Sighs from the deep of aching Hearts declare
The lost lies buried by affection, there!

* Ezra iii. 12, 13.

Deliverance from Common Sickness.

"It hath pleased Thee—to asswage the contagious sickness, and restore the voice of joy and health in our dwellings."—*Prayer Book.*

A FACULTY there seems in eye and ear,
From whence pure grace and harmony are known;
Without it, vast creation would appear
Devoid of beauty and deprived of tone.

And, as Proportion gives our taste a law
So, moral Sense must human action guide;—
Such was the truth each wiser heathen saw
Long ere the earth beheld the Crucified!

But, when we view Thine everlasting Cross,
Lord of this ruined world, by grace redeemed,
And strive to fathom our immortal loss
Had never thence atoning life-blood stream'd,

Reason and conscience are alike o'ercome
By such transcendencies of Love Divine;
O'er the dread Scene our faith and feeling roam,
And cry in wonder,—"All the Work is Thine!"

And now, when sickness, with contagious ire,
The blight consuming and the blast of pain
Have all subsided, and our homes respire
The pangless airs of perfect health again,

No trains funereal through our streets are led,
And dwellings, once where blinded windows told
Big tears were dropping o'er some anguished bed,—
Rejoicing inmates in their chambers hold.

God of pure goodness! may such pard'ning love
Be to our souls a ladder, whence to rise
On steps of mercy, till we pause above,
And worship Jesus with adoring eyes!

In the bright Easter of this blessed hour
Each lauding sacrifice thy Church would bring,
To Thee, by gentleness,* and not by power
Throned in the heart, as Man's Incarnate King.

Prayer for all Conditions.

"We humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men."—*Prayer Book.*

THE heart beats catholic in christian prayer
Whose tones interpret what our wants declare,
When soaring worship, sanctified by love,
Echoes the Litanies † and Lauds ‡ above.

The Root of Manhood is divinely One:
In God we terminate, what God begun, §
When back returns the spirit which He gave
And Christ was agonised from hell to save.

Such the pure brotherhood by scripture taught,
With truth and tenderness most deeply fraught;
While Providence by full expression seals
Each unity our blood, ‖ and breath reveals.

But in Thy Temple, Lord, may conscience learn
Profounder facts than reasoning Minds discern,
Who from Creation's homilies would read
Those saving lessons fallen spirits need.

By grace incorp'rate, with celestial span
Thy Church o'erarches universal Man;
For "*all* conditions" bends her suppliant knee,
And hallows each by sacrifice to Thee.

* Ps. xviii. 35. † Rev. vi. 10.
‡ Rev. v. 9. § Eccles. xii. 7. ‖ Acts xvii. 26.

Thou art the Bond, by Whose cementing ties *
Each sep'rate Member to the whole supplies
Secrets of strength, and sympathies which glow
With the deep fervours faith and heaven bestow.

This be Her creed! and then, though crush'd by wrong,
Yet will the Church in holiness be strong;
Arm'd with high gifts, whose quenchless life within
Subdues the universe, by conqu'ring sin!

Mother of Saints! to God and Angels dear,
Now for affliction let thy sacred tear
In soothing concord with the sad arise,
And speak of Sympathy beyond the skies.

On Soul, and Body, and their suffering all
Divine Consoler! let Thy Gilead fall,—
Drops of sweet balm, that make the will resign'd,
And heal the ulcers of a wounded mind.

And grant, O God! adoring Bliss that prays
In the bright Eden of unweeping days,
May be admonish'd; and from sorrow learn
Truths which the godless oft too late discern!

And ye, pale Miniatures † of Christ on earth,
Poor in false wealth, yet priceless in true worth,
Seek from the Church's prayer sublime relief,—
Whose heart is larger than the largest grief.

God of all glories! thus to Thee alone,
Though veiling darkness may invest Thy Throne,
Faith lifts her voice:—oh! grant some blest reply
Which proves Thee "Father," when Thy Children cry.

* Ephes. iv. 19. † Rom. vi. 5.

General Thanksgiving.

"We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life."—*Prayer Book.*

SHALL lauding Angels round the Throne
Unecho'd, chant their hymns alone,
Nor wake on earth some answ'ring tone?—
Hallelujah! glorious Lord!

Bright though they are in wingèd glory,
Who cast their coronets before Thee
Lamb, and Light of christian story,—
Hallelujah! gracious Lord!

Though purer, calmer, nobler, far,
Blest Angels than thy People are
Who fight in flesh the spirit-war,—
Hallelujah! worship'd Lord!

Still, never can seraphic Heart
In Thy redemption have *such* part
As they, whose *priested God Thou art,—
Hallelujah! perfect Lord!

Forgiven Saints can love Thee most,
Whose guilt has felt the awful cost
Of *That* which purchased back the Lost,—
Hallelujah! dying Lord!

Thus, lift we, then, our swelling laud
And choral anthems pour abroad,
Enrapt, sublimed, and overawed,—
Hallelujah! risen Lord!

Let all we have be hailèd Thine,
In one vast gift of Grace divine
Descending from th' Eternal Trine,—
Hallelujah! reigning Lord!

* Heb. iii. 1.

Eternity will ne'er recount,
Or, master the untold amount
Of mercies in Salvation's fount,—
Hallelujah! boundless Lord!

Safe in the Ark of Thy dread Hands
Creation firm through Calv'ry stands,
With all its host of seas and lands,—
Hallelujah! saving lord!

Transcendent Giver of all grace!
Sole Ransomer of Adam's race,
Unveil the glories of Thy Face,—
Hallelujah! thronèd Lord!

Let all with each, and each with all,
In endless gratulation fall
Low at Thy Feet, and loudly call,—
Hallelujah! crownèd Lord!

Life's holiness is heaven begun,
Whose Root is that Incarnate One
Of saints and souls the inward Sun,—
Hallelujah! pleading Lord!

From Sin and Self, oh! set us free,
That living hymns our lives may be
In time, as in eternity,—
Hallelujah! All in All!

THE

COLLECTS, EPISTLES, AND GOSPELS.

First Sunday in Advent.

"Now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son came to visit us in great humility."—*First Collect for Advent.*

HYMNS rise from earth, and from the God-made Sea*
Hosannah ! cry the conscious waves to THEE,
Lord of the living world ! whose word Divine
Decreed creation to become a Shrine.†

Sun, moon, and planet, to a priestly heart,
In this vast worship take a beauteous part,
While mystic cadence from each starry lyre
Joins the full chorus which THY works inspire.‡

And from that realm, where Providence for man
Unfolds high purpose, and pursues each plan,
And through the windings of our mortal will
Rules o'er each way, but leaves it freedom, still,—

Comes a true Voice, whose many-toned appeal
O'er the deep conscience must divinely steal,
Telling of goodness, wisdom, and the power
That leads the marches of each moving Hour.

But, eloquent beyond all earth-breathed voice,
Sweeter than melody to minstrel-choice,
Is thine, thou Mother of the Spirit-born !
Heard in the quiet eve, or waking morn.

* Ps. xcv. 5. † Rev. iv. 11. ‡ Ps. cxl. 5.

Voice of the Church! through eighteen hundred years
Rolling thy summons high o'er human fears,
Thy deepen'd echoes, with undying play,
Prolong that promise, "*Heaven shall pass away*

But I am with you!"—Lord of Truth and Time!
Thy word is certain, and our creed sublime,—
That power and permanence, and peace and grace
Claim Thy one Church to be their dwelling-place.

Second Sunday in Advent.

"With one mind and one mouth glorify God."—*Epistle for the Day.*

OH, speak to Man, that Man to Thee may speak
Thy sentences of calm,
Spirit! from Whom the wounded and the weak
Derive celestial balm:
For, taught by Thee, the Church prepares,
As martyr'd Cyprian's voice declares,*
Themes of pure wisdom, comfort, help, and aid,
Ere Worship be with echoing words array'd.

E'en the blind Jew, in Synagogues of prayer,
Ponder'd, *before* he spoke,
Stood like embodied silence there,
And then, devotion broke
Forth from his lips, in words which rose
To that true God his fathers chose:
Thus may he teach Irreverence an awe
For worship deeper than the Levite saw.

And, our own Mother, ere the full-voiced tide
Of blending homage rolls,
Her Children hath preluding tones supplied
To harmonise their souls;

* Cyp. de Orat. Dom.

And from that Harp of holy thought,—
Scripture, with heaven's own music fraught—
Borrows whate'er can soothe the awe-struck mind
While God in words descends to teach mankind.

With foot unsandal'd, thus the Temple seek;
God dwells on holy ground!
In Whose dread Courts the mighty are the meek
By faith of self uncrowned:
And, while the wafted chimes are pealing,
From the thrilled air descends a feeling,
A creed of Sentiment, which seems to say,—
Heaven brightens earth, when souls begin to pray.

Third Sunday in Advent.

"Grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy mysteries may likewise so *prepare* and *make ready* Thy way."—*Collect for the Day.*

ALONE God spans the gulph* 'tween sin and God,—
Then, Lord of Worlds! how far are we
From that true path by sainted Martyrs trod,
Whose radiance was eternity;—
By nature and by act, emotion, will, and thought
Each on his ruin'd soul Thy righteous Ban hath brought!

Contrite and calm, yet, in the lowest dust
Of piercing anguish, stern and deep,
Children of guilt, with o'erawed grief we must
Our sin lament, and inly weep,
To think what distance lies between the soul, and Him†
Around Whose glory-shrine bend wing-veil'd Seraphim.

Jesu forbid! impetuous Man should dare
Enter with harsh or hasty feet
Temples, where God and Angels hear each prayer
Offer'd before Thy mercy-seat:

* Luke xvi. 26. † Is. vi. 2.

'or, if the crystal heavens before Thee stand unclean,
What but Omniscience knows, how black some hearts
have been?

Incarnate Mercy! ere to Thee we raise
The mind, on soaring wings of speech,
Oh, teach us how to introvert our gaze,
And thus, the hidden conscience reach;
While thrill'd devotion hears, all prayerfully intense,
Those echoes of Thy Heart celestial words dispense.

And, with pure wisdom's providential skill,
Our ancient Mother in the Lord
Doth for the soul Her teaching work fulfil
By due gradations of the Word—
iturgically plann'd, to guide and govern all
Who in her creeds and chants on thron'd Emanuel call.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

With great might succour us; . . . . through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered."—*Collect for the Day.*

LORD of the Church! Thy priestly word
By Thee commission'd, charged, and blest,—
Grant, we may hear it; and, compunction-stirr'd,
Under the Cross have guilt confest.

None but the damn'd should cease to pray;
Crime may be hid, but not subdued;
E'en *now*, rehearsals of the Judgment-day
Enacted are, in solitude.

But, might we to that dread Assize
In secrecy of sin depart,
Myriads of Worlds, with their concenter'd eyes,
At length must read Man's open heart!

In light unroll'd, and read aloud,—
Who can anticipate their cry
When all which earth commits of unavow'd
First rolls along the list'ning Sky!

Atoning Priest, triumphant Lord,
Historian of the heart alone,*
Prostrate beneath the radiance of Thy Word
Now to the sinner let *himself* be shown.

Confession is Thy law of grace;
Without it, vain are sighs and tears;
And, pardonless, oh! who can meet that Face
Whose frowns are darker than our fears?

Long 'ere the summon'd dead awake,
Let penitence and prayer disclose
Those voiceless burdens which from conscience take
The calm, which Absolution knows.

Wash'd into whiteness by that Blood
Which streams from God's incarnate Son,—
Thus only, have the Lord's elect withstood
Terrors, that rise from hell begun!

So hear we, then, that voice of Love
Whose accents are of Cross, and Crown;
And while, faith-wing'd, we soar to Christ above,
Be ev'ry tower of Self cast down.

Pardon is peace; but, peace retires
To guiltless hearts absolved for heaven;
And, he who most to purity aspires,
Will find it in that word,—"forgiven."†

* Jeremiah xvii. 20. † Matthew ix. 20.

Christmas Day.

"The WORD was made flesh."—*John* i. 14.
"God was manifest in the flesh."—1 *Tim.* iii. 10.
"In HIM dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."—*Col.* ii. 9.
"Perfect God and perfect Man."—*Athanasian Symbol.*

JEHOVAH in our flesh array'd,
Eternity in time display'd,
The Virgin-born, of God the Son,
The Natures, two, the Person, one,
Creator, yet a Creature found,
Both crucified and glory-crown'd,
Oh, myst'ry dread! almighty plan
Where Man is God, and God is Man.—
Such Incarnation saints believe;
Implicit faith, not reason, there
Welcomes the truth their minds receive,
And worships it, in wond'ring prayer.

Hosannah! to this awful Day;
And, while we hear the heaven-born lay,
By hymning Angels sung on high
As shepherds watch beneath the sky,
Thy Church, O Lord! repeats the strain
Till,—Hallelujah! rings again,
And every heart becomes a lyre
Whose living chords *Thy* gifts inspire,
Who, on this solemn night did'st shake
The heaven of heavens, by Advent here,
And Love's eternal anthem wake
To carol in the coming year.

The centre and circumference
Of all thy Word and Will dispense,
O God! that Incarnation is
From whence our glory, and our bliss.—
The Root of sacramental grace
That sanctifies our fallen race,

Each mystery, mercy, and the plan
For granting peace to pardon'd Man,—
All these, and more, this Day of days
When God in human Flesh was shrined,
Kindle th' adoring Church with praise
Whose key-note is, redeem'd Mankind.

INCARNATE! through Thy life and love,
Already seems the Church above; *
For, in Thy PERSON, where Thou art,
The Members have a mystic part:
With Thee they hang upon the Cross, †
With Thee endure all earthly loss,
And from Thy glory-crowns of heav'n
Predestined rays to them are giv'n, ‡
Since Thou and they incorp'rate are
Combined in sacerdotal prayer,—
Offer'd by one HIGH PRIEST for all
Who on His bleeding pangs rely,
And both in life and death recall
Incarnate God, Who came to die.

Hosannah! Lord, and still, again
Hosannah! soars the wingéd strain.—
Thy Sacraments extensions are
Of what Thy gifts and graces bear;
And on this day, let paschal food
Feed with Thy Body and Thy Blood
Baptizéd myriads, who unite
Their worship in that wondrous Rite,
Where many grow mysterious *one*
By the true Person of the Son,
In Whom the Father's Image shines
With beams of uncreated glory,
Whence emanate those blessed lines
In which we read Redemption's story.

* "Made us *sit together* in heavenly places *in Christ* Jesus" (Eph. ii. 6).

† "I am crucified *with Christ*" (Gal. ii. 20).

‡ "There is *laid up* for me a *crown* of righteousness" (2 Tim. iv. 8).

Saint Stephen's Day.

"They stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."—*Epistle of the Day.*

OH! to have seen that trancéd eye *
Which mirror'd an almighty Form,
Descended from His Throne, on high,
To welcome with embracing arm
A martyr'd Saint from earth, whose soul was plum'd to soar,
Bright from its bleeding clay, with garland dipt in gore.

Oh! to have *heard* that dying breath
Float heavenward from his Christ-like heart,
Who, ere he fainted into death,—
"Receive my spirit! where Thou art,"
Cried to his risen Lord: and then, a pardon sued
For those incarnate fiends, with his own blood bedew'd!

Painter, and Poet, take your stand
And, ere the † angel-gleams decay,
Which o'er those features, pale and bland,
Yet linger like a twilight-ray,—
Eternalise the scene of that departing Soul,
And, far as genius can, reflect the wond'rous whole.

Fainter and fainter ebbs and dies
The life-pulse in yon fearless man,
While mission'd Angels from the skies
Are learning all such Watchers can
From Christ's first martyr, now, in kneeling grandeur there,
Lifting to realms of Light, his pleading eyes of prayer.

Wonder, and pray, but do not weep!
Calm as the brow of Jesu, seem
Yon features, ere they fall asleep,
As though he saw some beauteous dream;
And now, his last breath melts like music into heaven,
With one deep sigh enton'd,—"be their dread sins forgiv'n."

* Acts vii. 55. † Acts vi. 15.

Thus died he into glorious fame
First of that "noble army," Lord,
Baptized in blood, for Thy dear Name,
And martyr'd both by deed and word,—
Leaving the Church on earth a heritage of truth
Whose inspirations breathe of Apostolic youth.

Such deathless Blood is eloquent,
And consecrates that christian Host
Whose tortures are with glory blent,
And spake, with accents never lost,
Of "better things" by far, than bleeding Abel's can,
When crimson'd earth recoils from fratricidal man.

And, ever grant, O Lord of Saints!
Thy Proto-martyr pangs may be,
When nerveless mind, or courage faints,
Like clarions from eternity,
Haranguing heart and will with superhuman power,
That Heaven again may dawn on Faith's departing hour.

But, what are all the petty woes
Our depthless lives experience now
Amid the bowers of bland repose,
Where man forgets his primal vow;
Or, mid the grov'lling calm of never-glorious bliss
Sinks into sensual death, to gain a world like this?

Yet thy confessing martyrs, Lord,
Each pang and penalty foresaw,
As read they, in Thine awful Word,
To *suffer*, was a mystic law,
Morn, noon, and night, to them with persecution fraught,
That shaded life with death, and half its anguish wrought.

So lived, so died, those hero-souls
Whose death-pangs made the Church sublime;
And they, whose hearts such worth controls
Battle, like them, with Earth and Time,
And learn from Stephen's lips, what dying prayers can be,
When wafted up to heaven on words of charity.

The Martyr for his murd'rers pray'd,—
And well that prayer an answer found,
When he, beside whose feet were laid
The robes a bloody hand unbound,
By miracle transform'd, in echo to that prayer,
Cried, glory to the Cross! till none but Fiends despair.*

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

"The disciple whom Jesus loved."—*Gospel for the Day.*

A CREATURE on his own Creator's heart
Pillow'd in peace!†—oh! spectacle divine
What Muse can sing how wonderful Thou art,
Though David melodised the matchless line,
Since God and man are so commingled there,
That Poesy is awed, and trembles into prayer!

Youngest of those discipled by the Lord,
And His *beloved*, by eminence supreme,—
Long as the Church can read the deathless Word,
Still may her faith, in fond devotion dream,
Emanuel's Heart within his Gospel beats,
Where ev'ry loving word Its throb of love repeats.

From that blest region, where his head reclined,
Close to the spring of everlasting Grace,
St. John hath utter'd, to entrance mankind,
Truths which eternity will not erase,—
Tones of celestial power, whose deep control
Wakes into wond'ring awe the echoes of the soul.

"Passing the love of woman," chaste and pure
Glows the high zeal the friend of Jesus felt;
And, mild and maiden-like, his words allure
The yielding hearts their heaven-toned accents melt;

* 1 Tim. i. 15. † John xxi. 20.

And yet, at times, "The Son of thunder" speaks,
And lightning from the cloud of stormy language breaks!

But oh! the master-spell, is love divine
Born of the Breast Almighty, where he lay;
And, more than Seraphim beheld, alone
Our fallen world did gloriously display
When said the dying Saviour to St. John,
"Behold thy Mother there,—and, Mother, see thy Son!"

Woman! above all women raised, and blest,
From that dark scene of agony and dread
As home he took thee to thy shelt'ring rest,
How did he cling to what th' Incarnate said!—
How did he rev'rence, with an awful bliss,
And more than filial love, a dying charge like *His*.

And if, when living, to The Lord he clung
E'en like a shadow at His perill'd side,
Oft o'er those words his musing fondness hung,
The vestal Mother to that page supplied
Which pictures Jesus, as "The Holy Child"
Cradled in Virgin arms, adored, and undefiled.

Yes, long as pensive souls of peace and prayer
Yearn round The Cross, and near that Tomb, to be,
Where blending miracles of grace declare
Secrets* enshrining Man's eternity,—
Divinest magic round St. John will draw
Saints who can witness there, with tenderness and awe,

The parting radiance of Christ's earthly life.—
He last beheld Him in this world of woe,
Ordain'd in mercy to outlive the strife
His infant Church was doom'd to face, and know,
And preach, through seventy years, that saving Word
Which "He, whom Jesus loved," from Jesu's self had heard.

* 2 Tim. i. 9.

Close to the Cross, *he* saw * the Saviour die;
First to the Tomb, *his* holy fervour ran;
And, when he view'd Him on the vision'd sky
Unseal † the volume of Redemption's plan,
How did his echoing heart exult to hymn
The myriad-voicèd chant of choral Seraphim!

And Thou, Who art of Souls the inward Sun,
Here while we "tarry," let us dwell in Thee;
If soon, or late, life's destined course be run,
The motto of our faith is,—"follow Me!"
Not ours, but Thine, the future; dark or bright,
Enough for Saints to know, Thy secret will is right.

If exiled in some Patmos, sad, or lone,
Our God ordain that we must live and die,
Or preach, and perish, in far lands unknown,
With none to calm the heart, or close the eye,—
What matter, if, like John, we wait in peace,
And tarry, till He comes, our Glory and Release!

The Innocents' Day.

"Almighty God, who madest infants to glorify Thee by their deaths."—*Collect for the Day.*

THE meek-eyed darlings of His grace divine,
Who lisp'd in martyrdom Emanuel's name,—
Well may the Church their festival enshrine
And crown dead Infants with celestial fame.

Garlands of beauty, bathed in Jesu's Blood,
Their bleeding innocence of brow adorn
Who, ere they chose the evil or the good,
Left weeping Rachel in her woe forlorn.

* John xix. 25 and 26. † Rev. v. 50,

Nurslings for Glory, by their God reclaim'd,
Back to His Heart, their everlasting Home,
By guilt unblotted, and remorse unshamed,—
Welcomed in Christ, lo! sinless martyrs come.

Their palms were pains, whose early suff'ring taught
The future Passion of their infant Lord,—
Confessing babes, by martyr-likeness wrought
To mystic oneness with th' Incarnate Word.

They spake by Blood, what language could not speak,—
Firstlings of Grace, whose slaughter* proved a sign
How God in them could glorify the weak,
And round the cradle cast a spell divine.

Men gaze on childhood with unthinking glee,
Or vacant sentiment, which seems no more
Than laughing joyance, in its lightness, free
As sun-lit wave that warbles on the shore;

But, by the myst'ry of the Church embraced,
Children to higher spheres of thought ascend,
And on them, by no with'ring time effaced,
The blood-red shadows of the Cross descend.

As Christ received *all* children, when He took
One little trembler in His arms of old,
Casting on cherub-features that fond look
Love's inward eye by faith may still behold,—

So, in those sainted Innocents, which died
Under the slaughter-ban of Herod's sword,
Parents may see for ever sanctified
The pangs which link *all* infants to the Lord.

Touch'd by His Cross, ere yet by sin defiled,
Myriads of Babes, at Jesu's birth, were slain,
To prove, His death-pang vibrates through a child,
And infant-martyrs with Confessors reign.

* Ps. viii. 2.

Hence, weeping mothers in their childless woe,
Learn from dead Innocence, beneath the Cross,
When back to Heaven infantile spirits go,—
For God to suffer, is to gain by loss.

Sunday after Christmas Day.

'We, being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace."—*Collect for the Day.*

SUBDUED by no majestic awe,
Reason condemns what Seraphim adore;
And, challenging celestial Law,
Sternly demands, as heathen did, of yore,—
"To mindless babes* are mystic truths reveal'd
From perfect Angels by their God conceal'd?"

Water, and bread, and wine, *appear*
Bare elements, of weak and worthless sway;
But, Faith's own children can revere
The inward power these outward garbs array:—
Mysterious forms of many-sided Grace
Such types present to God's adopted race.

And, Sacraments themselves enclose
Such blended principles for mind, and heart,†
That each to moral bias owes
Exclusive doctrines, which themselves impart:
Duties, and bonds, and admonitions deep,
Memorials, hopes, and thoughts which make us weep,

All, all, to Sacraments pertain:—
But chief, as tokens of The God unseen,
These Rites assume their awful reign;
And, in the Church have most divinely been
An open witness of that secret Act
Whereby the Trinity our souls attract.

* "Which things the angels *desire* to look into" (1 Pet. i. 12). "He *revealed* them unto babes" (Matt. xi. 35).
† See Hooker on Sacraments.

For grace, in essence, lies conceal'd,
Which neither sense, nor carnal mind can view;
But, God an index hath reveal'd
Of what His sacramental Law will do,
Under a type, where sealing grace is given
To fit the spirit for its future heaven.

And Thou, of second Birth the sign,
Baptismal Font! whose consecrated wave
Sprinkles the brow with dew divine,
And bids it beam with light beyond the grave,—
Thee may we rev'rence, when Devotion's hour
From heaven derives the mystery of thy power.*

Soul of an infant! passive Thing,
In thy young depths can no repulsion lurk,
Nor can our worshipp'd Reason bring
Man's aiding will, to blend with God's own work;
And thus, *thy* second Birth we justly call
Pure Act divine, where Grace does all in all.

Vital, though viewless, is the germ
Baptismally by Christ implanted there;
Waiting, perchance, time's destined term,
When, quicken'd up by penitence and prayer,
God's hidden Seed will gloriously arise
And flourish toward its unforgotten skies!

By nameless laws, to man unknown,
Water and word may with the Spirit blend,
And what, as magic, men disown,
Eternal Wisdom may in secret send,—
Ruling the soul with Heaven's attractive sway,
Till "deadly sin" shall grieve that power away.

Coeval, thus, with conscious thought
The Church's heaven-born education is;
By faith, far more than science, fraught,—
The babe she fosters for angelic bliss;
And on the platform of baptismal gift
Erects the hopes which man to God uplift.

* "God . . . who didst *sanctify* water to the *mystical* washing away of Sin."—*Ministration of Infant Baptism.*

Regen'rate by the law of Grace,—
Behold! the bulwark of our Church's creed,
In whose deep fulness Love can trace
What more than satisfies Man's infant-need,
And, in the Prayer-Book find that perfect key
By which unlock'd our Liturgy must be.

And here, the standard, and the test
From whence true holiness is seen, and tried,—
Whether within thy votive breast
The Christ internal hath advanced, or died;
Since Vows baptismal, with a seal divine,
Gave thee to God, by sacrament, and sign.

And thus, the Pulpit finds a truth
According well with each liturgic tone;
Destined alike, in age and youth,
To keep the Church the Mother of her own,—
Where the first blessings which the God-Man gives,
Inspire the Sacrament by which she lives.

The Circumcision of Christ.

"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing."—*Prov.* xxv. 2.
"This is a great mystery."—*Ephes.* v. 32.
"Obedient to the law for man."—*Collect for the Circumcision.*

WEAKNESS of faith is want of power
In earthly type some heavenward truth to see,
When Christ, in God's predestined hour,
Descends by sacramental grace to thee,
Shrouding His Presence in such gift divine
With outward symbol, and appropriate sign.

Ere forfeit Eden felt a blight,
Or, Sin-defeatured Soul's primeval trace,
By dark'ning o'er with guilty night
What beam'd at first in Man's unfallen race,—
Ev'n then, a sacramental type and tree
Emblem'd to Faith far more than Sense could see.

Under a veil did Godhead choose
To hide some glories from the gaze of Earth,
And not by Heaven's immediate views
At once discover, in their open worth,
Almighty secrets, which pertain to HIM
Whose Throne is girt by wing-veil'd Seraphim.

And thus, a harmony we find
In all which Mercy condescends to do,—
Laws of proportion, which mankind
Might well consider, and revere them, too;
For, God Incarnate is the Root of all
In Heaven's benignancy, since Adam's fall.

When pale alarm disciples thrill'd
Of old, as once their risen Lord appear'd,
And with melodious accent fill'd
The air around them, by His voice revered.—
"Handle and see," His awful Goodness cried,
Your living Master is the same Who died.

And thus, in shroud material hid,
Doth grace eternalise the Saviour's tone,
And still our trembling reason bid
The Lord of Sacraments and Love to own:
"Handle and see," those pregnant Symbols cry.
His grace dwells here, Whose glory fills the sky!

A mental antichrist is Mind,
When Reason dares o'er Revelation mount,
And, with rejecting passion blind,
Disputes the channel which conducts the fount,
Whence Grace comes gliding in its lapse of love
Down to man's heart, from Christ's own Heart above

As God in flesh did condescend
Celestial glories to allay, and hide,
So the pure Spirit deigns to blend
The mercies, which to outward means are tied,
With elements of earth, and space, and time,
Whose weakness makes the Wonder more sublime!

The Epiphany.

"God spake in visions of the night."—*Gen.* xlvi. 2.
"This is that night of The Lord."—*Exod.* xii. 42.
"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—*Gospel for the Day.*

NIGHT is the true romance of time
When shaded earth and sky seem blending,
And Fancy hears that mystic chime
Seraphic Hosts on high are sending
From harps above, to heaven-tuned Minds below,
Whose echoing chords receive their raptured overflow.

Oft in the trance of this deep hour
The sightless Dead may hover nigh,
And o'er the Living wield a power,
We feel not, whence, and know not, why :—
Past years revive, and buried fond ones start
In resurrection-dreams from out the mourning heart !

Thus, laws *may* be, to man unknown,
Whereby the spirit-world is sway'd,
Whose spells are round a night-scene thrown
In garden, grove, or haunted glade ;
Where gliding Angels to and fro may steal,
On inward errand sent, and wing'd on plumes of zeal.

Moon, star, and silence, kindred three,—
Night is the hour when such prevail,
And touch the earth with poesy,
Or, bid our mental vision hail
The power and presence of Diviner Things
Than what coarse day-life views, or common Nature brings.

Now, waves and winds a sabbath keep,
The lull'd Creation seems to pray,
And in the hush of holy sleep
All wild emotions ebb away :—

Calmness of soul and chastity of thought
Melt through our being's depth, with pure religion fraught.

But, more than Fancy gives to Night
Are peerless charms which Saints admire;
And they, whose hearts respond aright
To all her dumb appeals inspire,—
Remember well, *what* hour Th' INCARNATE chose
For supplicating watch, and not for mere repose.

THOU Source and Subject of all prayer,
Benign Redeemer! grant that we,
When hymning stars on high declare*
That speechless Name which shadows Thee,—
Back to our souls Thy mountain-scene recall,
Where Night and Nature heard the praying Lord of all!

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

"Mercifully receive the prayers of Thy people which call upon Thee."—*Collect for the Day.*

E'EN to the inmost centre of the soul
Burning with shame, let men confess the whole
Of that vast debt to Law they owe;
And, while Emanuel welcomes prayer,
Be ours a Litany, inspired with—"*spare,*
And soothe our agonising woe."

Low in the dust, we thus Thy Name adore:
Thy ruin'd penitents to grace restore,
And bring them back to heaven and Thee;
So may the soul hereafter live, and shine
In law's obedience, and with love divine
Embrace reveal'd eternity.

How blest are they, whose filial hearts and true,
By Christ atoned, their sinful madness rue:

* Ps. xix. 6, compared with Rev. xix. 12.

And to the Priest Eternal bring
Burdens of guilt, or shame, or gloomy crime,
That darken hope, and agonize all time
With pangs which the remorseful wring.

Here doth the Church man's cheating world oppose,
And teach equality to friends and foes,
By proving,—*all* apostate are:
Wealth, rank, and splendor, whose seductive lies
The vain re-echo, and the vicious prize,
Vanish, in *one* confession-prayer!

And lift we, too, this lauding hymn of love
To Him, the Priest of priesthood throned above,—
That not with us, as once of old,*
The Priest *alone* within God's awful Shrine,
Presenteth prayer in secresy divine
Which none but Heaven and he behold.

Not in the bondage of dread Law are we!
But, in the fullness of the Gospel, free
Around a throne of Grace to stand;
And with the Priest our pleading voice to blend,
Finding in God our Father and our Friend,
With lowly heart, and lifted hand.

Sion, not Sinai, is the Mount where man
Enters within the veil of Mercy's plan;
And there, oh Lord! thy Church is found:
Sackcloth'd with grief, or, clothed with saintly zeal,
Charter'd by heaven-born right, Herself† to feel
Of Truth the pillar, and the ground.

* Levit. xvi. † 1 Tim. iii. 15.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

"Continuing instant in prayer."—*Epistle for the Day.*
"When ye pray, say, *Our Father*, &c."—*Luke* xi. 2.

WITH bended knee and bowing head
As oft The Prayer of prayers is said,
Till parch'd and panting spirits feel
The mystic Heaven-dews o'er them steal,
Time and eternity can meet
With Man, before the Mercy-seat;
And inward vision learn to view
That sacramental oneness true,
Which binds the Saviour and the soul
In Unity of love's control.

Adore we then, Incarnate God!
Who, when our world of graves He trod
And scatter'd blessings bright and fast
As beams from out the sun are cast,
And bore for Sin that awful curse
Which else had sunk the Universe!—
Before He drank His cup* of Woe
And drain'd it in death's overflow,
Inspired us, as the Truth and Way
Both how to live, and how to pray!

All graces, which our being calm;
All comforts, breathing inward balm;
All hopes, and consolations deep
In homes that wail, or hearts that weep,
The Saviour-God doth thus declare
Are promised by this boundless Prayer:—
Whenever said, or sigh'd, or wept,
Unflinching watch hath Jesu kept
O'er each by whom *His* words are given
Back to Himself, Who hears in Heaven.

A miracle of Speech thou art!
For, in Thee beats Emanuel's heart.
Thy syllables like pulses seem
To throb with all a Saint can dream

* John xviii. 11.

Of tenderness, divine and deep
Inspiring Him, Who lived to weep;*
And in Thy concentrated truth
Can hoary Age and lisping Youth
Find echoed there Devotion's whole,
When most it breathes, and burns with soul!

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

"Shew thyself to the priest."—*Gospel for the Day.*

OF old, the sacerdotal blessing flow'd
From Aaron's heaven-commission'd lips;
And on Thy Church not less shall be bestow'd,
Whose glories Law and Type eclipse,
And to that "better Covenant" belong
Based upon Him, the Stronger† than the strong.

Dove of our souls! blest Paraclete! descend
And bid the Priest Thy mouthpiece be,
That with his breath absolving grace may blend,
And what it saith, be signed by Thee;
While, inly-prostrate with a kneeling heart,
Devotion feels the Benison Thou art.

Grace from the God Triune!—what more than this
Can hearts enclose, or Christ bestow?
Here found St. Paul a paradise of bliss,—
The Heaven those highest raptures know,
When most his fervours into flame arise
And Love's farewell a final blessing sighs.

So be it, Saviour! with Thy chosen now;
Ere from the Temple-home they part
Bid Thy pure radiance‡ clothe each pensive brow
And threefold unction fill the heart,
That Saints may ever by communion be
Shrined§ in thy depths, unfathom'd Trinity!

* Is. xliii.
† Luke xi. 22.
‡ Num. vi. 25.
§ John iv. 13.

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers."—*Epistle for the Day.*

RULER Divine! in Whom alone
A Monarchy's foundations lie,
Ever around her ancient throne
God save the Queen! let patriots cry.

Though scepter'd with surpassing might
And shrined in more than queenly splendour,
'Tis God Who seals her sacred Right,
And Heaven which must on high defend her.

Replenish'd be the regal-heart
With gifts and graces, rich and rare;
While health and wealth their boon impart,
And blessings more than tongues declare.

Nor pause we here: for, Queens must die;
Truncheons, and crowns, and sceptres fall,
When death shall close a Monarch's eye
In that low dust which levels all.

Hence, for our Island-Queen we pray
That when her earth-bound reign is past
And Kings are judged at Judgment-day,—
Her Crown before the Lord be cast.*

God save the Queen! and guard her Crown
By all which Church and Creed can bring;
And ne'er let mad Rebellion frown,
Or Faction her dread peans ring.

Bulwark'd by loving Hearts which beat
With loyalty, from heaven derived,—
Thus may our Monarchs nobly meet
That strength by which the Land has thrived.

* Rev. iv. 10.

For, not in Arts, or Arms, or Skill,
But in religion, Patriots find
The Power* which guides that human Will
Whose motions bless, or blast mankind.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body."—*Epistle for the Day.*

GOD is our Want,—come then, celestial Grace,
Unction Divine, anoint Thy chosen race
Who, spirit-born,
Are not forlorn,
But, sacramental heirs of promised heaven,
And have the signs and seals of their adoption given.

Blest be that Church, who thus convenes us all
Morn, noon, and night, on Father-God to call;
With blended heart
To take our part
In orisons, where praying Martyrs found
Pure antipasts of heaven inspiringly abound.

Let but some "two, or three," together meet
In blended homage at the Mercy-seat,
And He is there
To answer prayer,
Who, not by numbers, but devotion, measures
The yearning faith which seeks for Love's almighty treasures.

"*Knowledge of Truth, and Everlasting Life,*"—†
Giver of both! oh, in this world of strife
While sin and care
Breathe everywhere,
Time cannot tell, but, only future bliss,
How limitless the soar of such high language is!

* Phil. ii. 13. † Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

Meanwhile, by speech, far wiser than we *are*,
Wing'd on such words, saints mount on plumes of prayer,
And in His name
Those blessings claim
Th' atoning Saviour for His people brought,
With all that God can give, how infinitely-fraught!

"The Spirit's Unity in bonds of peace"
Brings heaven on earth, the world's divine release:
Here is true wealth,
And hope and health,—
Highest of blessings which our hearts can share,
Which leaves them prayerless all, by thus exhausting prayer!

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

"What manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called *the Sons of God*."—*Epistle for the Day.*

"MERCIFUL FATHER!"—in that word
Thine Incarnation, Lord, unfolds
More than mere Reason ever heard,
Or, Science in proud search beholds.

O Thou! Who, when some contrite heart
By inward sigh ascends to Thee,
An infinite Compassion art,
Still, to Thy Church all-gracious be!

Her heart-cries have a tone which moves
The sympathizing Priest Divine,
Who more, perchance, such music loves
Than Angel-chants, before His shrine.

Rock, Shield, and Sun, of Souls art Thou,
The Church's everlasting Friend!
And faith would realize Thee, now,
And in Thy Courts devoutly bend.

Hence, not as worldlings supplicate
For time and wealth's decaying-things,—
Souls merely seek a brighter state
Than what this fever'd earth-scene brings;

Nor yet, for selfish calm we pray
Embower'd in some Arcadian spot,
Where pangless hours may roll away
Lull'd in soft dreams of life forgot:

But, *this* Thy yearning saints desire,—
More of Thyself to share and see,
And, glowing with celestial fire,
Anthem Thy Throne immortally.

Septuagesima Sunday.

"To humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart, *whether thou wouldest keep his commandments or no.*"—*Deut.* viii. 2.

"So run that ye may obtain."—*Epistle for the Day.*

AS Adam was in Eden tried
By limitation's triple law,
Which bade him see in Self denied
What self-indulgence never saw,

So we, who share his curse and crime,
A kindred process still prolong:
And, near six thousand years of time
Have never proved that process wrong!

Power, knowledge, pleasure—round those three
A limit and a law are thrown,
By which the Rights of Deity
To Conscience make their meaning known.

Self-will to Duty sacrifice,
Or, Duty for self-will forego—
Between them both probation lies,
By which we purchase weal, or woe.

Thus, Life one long temptation forms;
Scene, time, or change the heart assails;
And he alone resists their charms
Whose creed o'er circumstance prevails.

Probation is God's moral plan;
Virtue and vice from hence begin
To mould, or mar, the inward man,
By holy choice, or wilful sin.

The Will untried leaves Man unseen,
No character can such display;—
Nor saints, nor martyrs could have been,
Except they *chose* the better Way.

Hence, Trial proves the law of life,
Election is of Will the soul;
While, heavenward through mysterious strife
Mount we to HIM, Who guides the Whole.

And, is it not a boundless thought
Burden'd with doom'd eternity?—
By evil choice our hell is wrought,
In which to *suffer*, is to *be!*

O Thou, Who art essential Grace,
Spirit Divine, such faith inspire,
That we may run our destined race
In truth and love, which never tire.

Thus, shall the Saviour be our guide,
Whose life redeem'd the will to God,
And proved, by human Self denied,
Perfection was the path He trod.

Sexagesima Sunday.

"As a dream when one awaketh."—*Ps.* lxxiii. 20.
"The fashion of this world passeth away."—1 *Cor.* vii. 31.
"In weariness and painfulness."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THE shadows of this dying state
To fancy seem, as though they substance were;
Yet Scripture, searching mortal fate,
Predicts our glory to be gilded air.—
But, though impassion'd dreams might be
Embodied into bright reality,
Life's doom would still be overcast,
And leave the heart a Tantalus, at last.

Alas! that such dominion gain
These fruitless Edens of an o'erwrought brain,
Which grow on falsehood, and deceive
The Mind they dazzle, only to bereave.
Pilgrims of hope, and heirs of HIM
Whose Throne is circled by the Seraphim,—
How base we are, when earth-bred things
To this bad world enchain our spirit-wings!

Fortune and Fame, the laurel-crown
Of vast Distinction, in adored renown,
Each lauding Voice that lifts on high
Whate'er of gifts enchanted thoughts descry,
Combined with that far deeper bliss
Home, health, and friendship, add to life like this,—
What are they, but those minute-gleams
By sunset mirror'd on the rippled streams!

Would that, sin-blinded Souls might learn
That secret love, so mercifully-stern,
God teaches man by myriad ways
Through the dark windings of imperill'd days!—
This Now of Being is but shade,
In fleeting hues of circumstance array'd,

While, all excited Sense admires,
Faints like a dream-flash, which in gloom expires!

By sickness, pain, and harrowing woe,
By cups of anguish, fill'd to overflow;
By dark bereavement's dismal power
And the hush'd pang of many a martyr'd hour;
By inward griefs, by outward glooms
And teaching wisdom of ten thousand tombs—
Our Lord unwinds the World's deceit,
And brings the mourner to His mercy-seat.

O Thou! Who art the Light of Light,
Clad by Whose beams, our darken'd souls grow bright;
Thou mental Sun, insphered within,—
Shine on these hearts, and scatter every sin!
Each clouding spell, that shades our view
Of dread Hereafter, all divinely-true,
Dissolve; and through Thine healing rays
Kindle cold worship into fervid praise.

Like bubbles on the tide of Time
Flash the false glories, wordlings call sublime:
But, Grace can disenchant the dream
Which makes mock shadow like a substance seem.
Moulding our Will by plastic law,
And shading Conscience with a secret awe,—
Heaven's viewless Spirit to the soul
Restores the Saviour, by His blest control.

In our undying bosom wake
The throbbing instincts of Eternity,
And from each world-delusion take
The spells that stand between our soul, and Thee:
While, by Thy Sacrament of Blood,
We pray Thee, Lord! to be our perfect Good,
And learn, what Angels feel above,—
That Heaven, is holiness, and Godhead, love.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

"*Alone:* and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."
—*John* xvi. 32.

"They understood none of these things: this saying was *hid from them.*"—*Gospel for the Day.*

ALONE, O Lord!—yet, "not alone,"
Since oft Jehovah sends to Thee
Almighty whispers from the Glory-throne,
Attuned with His eternity;
And guardian-angels, poised on balanced wing,
Camp round Thy Soul, and anthem-worship sing.

But, moral loneliness was Thine:
And He, whose heart could echo back
In words that flow'd from Feeling's inmost shrine,
What Sorrow felt in life's worn track,—
Found this cold earth one echoless array
Of Spirits, turn'd from Him, and Truth away!

If tears an angel-cheek might stain,
Or heaven's deep calm be moved with sighs,
Thrills that approach to Love's celestial pain
Might well have touch'd the o'erawed skies,—
When God Incarnate, ere for Man He died,
Roam'd the bleak world, deserted and denied.

Weary and faint, and fasting oft,
More homeless far than beast, or bird,
On lake, or shore, or Syrian mount aloft
By awful musings inly stirr'd,—
Apart lived Christ, all unperceived by man,
And pray'd, and ponder'd o'er Redemption's plan.

Thus, thoughts were His divine and vast,
With meditations, high as holy,
And wordless visions, which have never pass'd
Forth from their finite melancholy,

But, shrouded lay within that mute recess
Where language could not reach their loneliness !

And, who can read how God-Man wept,
That, on His eye-lash hung a tear
When o'er the human spirit darkly swept
Dejection, woe, and inward fear,
Or, think the Saviour groaned, and heaved a sigh,
And scann'd the heavens with sorrow's pensive eye,—

Nor feel, how much of anguish unreveal'd,
Unveil'd, unheard, unknown,
Dwelt in the purest depths of pain conceal'd,
And left Emanuel's heart alone—
Alone, beyond all loneliness to be
Save in Thy Breast, embodied Deity !

Unshared were His perceptions deep
Of Nature, Providence, and Man,
And Secrets, which their sacred darkness keep
Since time and mortal thought began,
Glided and gleam'd along that perfect Soul,
Which bow'd beneath God's infinite control.

Ash-Wednesday.

'Create and make in us new and *contrite hearts*, that we, worthily lamenting our sins, &c."—*Collect for the Day.*

THE Man of Sorrows, in Whose tear
The Church can type her own career,
The God-Man, Whose profound extremes combined
Whate'er of glory and of gloom
His awful Person could assume,—
On Mourners stamp'd the name of "blest" mankind.

But, not o'er all sad Minds, which mourn
Like orphans in a world forlorn,

Have lips Almighty thus pronounced the, "bless'd;"
For, grief is oft a selfish chord,
Whose earth-tones can no proof afford
That God and grace have e'er the Will imprest.

The mourners, who "about the streets" *
Of thronging life the stranger meets,
Full often are they but proud Sin in tears:—
'Tis worldly sorrow, working death,
Which now intones their anguish'd breath,
And fetters them with darkness, and with fears.

Spent Minds, like these, none dare believe
Are purely blest, *because* they grieve,
Or pine, that earth no more their heaven supplies;
But blest are they, who mourn within
The rankling wound of venom'd sin,
Waking, beyond all woe, their soul-heaved sighs.

For, sin is that stupendous grief
Which, out of God, finds no relief,—
A tainting curse that cleaves to flesh, and soul;
And, so abhorr'd around The Throne,
The very Heavens † appear to groan,
And bow dejected at its dread control!

'Tis true, bland nature's tear-drops flow
To mark cold earth a churchyard grow,
While tombs rise countless as the waves at sea;
Sickness and sorrow, change and care,
And pale-worn features, ev'ry where
Reveal the hollowness vain life must be.

But, Zion's mourners grieve, and pine,
To think that Law and Love divine
O'er caitiff Man can wield such transient sway,—
How all the Trinity of grace
One bosom-sin will oft displace,
And give to passion's dream its boundless play.

* Eccles. xii. 5. † Jer. ii. 12, 13.

Such weepers mourn before the Lamb,
And cry, "Oh! wretched that I am!
Who shall deliver me, and burst my chain?"—
Their hearts are crush'd, and inly rent
To find what base alloy is blent
With that "fine gold," where virtue feels no stain.

For this, they blush, and burden'd lie;
In self-abhorrence, droop and sigh;
And, when they think on Jesu's awful groan,
Or, how the garden soil was wet
And crimson'd with His bloody sweat,—
Their hearts beat prayer, which Godhead hears alone!

'Tis here, a grief sublime appears;
And rays of glory light the tears
Of souls, which mourn for Heaven's almighty wrong:
Oh! then descends the Paraclete
And calms them with mild comfort meet,
And turns their sadness to victorious song.

Dejected Minds, who thus are blest,
By sealing grace may be impress'd
And bland and meek as Charity become:
Reflective awe and deep'ning prayer
The growing work of God declare,
And bid them pant for Heaven's unclouded home.

So, when these days of darkness cease,
And holy death shall bring release
From sorrow's gloom, and sin's intense alloy,—
How will they glory in that God
Who said, while earth's bleak wilds they trod,
That they who sow in tears, shall reap in joy!

First Sunday in Lent.

"Jesus . . . . tempted of the Devil."—*Gospel for the Day.*

DREAD father* of the lie first-born,
Dark victim of apostate will,
Who dared the thunder-blast of God defy
And earth with desolation fill,—
How did the Lord that Satan see alone
In darkness scowling on th' Almighty-throne!

And Love, and Law, and Life, were seen,
By God incarnate, in their essence true;
While all the mysteries which float between
Faith's present hope and future view,
By searchless wisdom were to Him disclosed
On Whose high will the universe reposed.

Alone in merit, and in might,—
So did Emanuel win the grace
Whereby the Spirit-born obtain the right
Which seals our God's adopted race:
And who, save He, could see with dreadless eye
Where, deep in God, salvation's fountains lie?

And thus, unechoed by mankind,
Cloister'd in spirit lived the Lord
In that hid sphere, where gazed no human mind,
Nor friendship breathed one soothing word;
By sinner bann'd, by saint not understood,—
A Saviour-God in mental solitude!

If ever heart unfathom'd were,
Or, grief a lone and lofty thing,
Say, was it not when Jesu breathed His prayer
Under cold Midnight's dewy wing
On some lone hill, while stars their vigils kept,
And Angels worshipp'd, as their Maker wept!

* John viii. 44.

Alone, too, was the Lord of grace,
In seeing *all* His Church would prove,
When o'er the heaven of His almighty face
Fell shades of superhuman love,—
Those outward symbols of diviner thought
Than earth-toned language into meaning brought.

Alone in life, in death the same,
So lived Incarnate God for man,
Who bow'd eternity, and Flesh became
To realise great Mercy's plan:
For all He felt, yet, no compassions won,—
His tears were many, but His smiles were none!

Second Sunday in Lent.

"The lost sheep of the house of Israel."—*Gospel for the Day.*

'TIS not, because Thou art creation's King
And, all the energies of wisdom Thine,
Prostrate in prayer, would kneeling Worship bring
A holocaust of hearts to deck Thy shrine:

But we, by purchase and by portion, are
Sheep of Thy fold, elected and redeem'd,
And in life's wilderness, when faint and far,
Bright on our path Thy pardon-smiles have beam'd.

"*Now*" is man's time; salvation's priceless now!
Divine Consoler, may we guard it well;
And to Thyself our lives *this* moment vow,—
They next may hover round the brink of hell!

Dread we, O Lord! Thine awful love to grieve
As once of old degraded Israel did;
Nor tempt Thee, in dark wilds of death to leave
Souls which pursue what faith and Heaven forbid.

Hush we the heart! "*Venite*" let us hear
Creation, Providence, and Grace repeat;
Till Christ receive us, and the soul's career
Be ever circling round His mercy-seat.

The church's Canaan is no earth-made rest,
No land of palm, or vine-clad hill, and glade;
But that *true* Palestine, where all the blest
In beams of glory are by God array'd.

Heaven is the father-land of christian souls,
The home, where all the holy yearn to be—
By faith, while flesh their present doom controls,
In fact, when time becomes eternity.

Third Sunday in Lent.

"Followers of God, as *dear children*."—*Epistle for the Day.*

BEND, Angel! from thy throne of bliss,
A living type to see
Whose pureness, in a world like this,
Partakes of heaven and thee:—

With lisping grace, and lovely awe,
God's infant kneels in prayer,
Looking, as if by faith it saw
What lips cannot declare;

For oh! that face with worship rife
Tells more than tones convey,—
Soft pulses of a secret life
Deep in the bosom play.

On earth, my Saviour once enwreath'd
Around a sinless child
His loving arms, and o'er it breathed
A blessing deep as mild.

And still, His breath of awful Love
So charms our inward ear,
That children seem to God above
Angelically near.

In vain would plastic Sculpture dream
It moulds such beauty now;
Or, poet-words reflect the gleam
That sanctifies thy brow.

For, earth and heaven around thee twine
A double charm, which glows
With more than marble can define,
Or lyre-born language knows.

How blest, to watch thy myriad ways
Of fawn-like grace and glee,
And call thee bright as vernal rays,
Or, sun-tints on the sea!

Or, hear the music of thy mind
In broken lisps of song,
Whose echo seems the spring-toned wind
O'er leaflets borne along.

Elastic as the vital breeze
Thy fairy motions glide,
With flexures of infantile ease
To each glad step supplied.

While golden locks in glitt'ring play
Like woven sunbeams dance,
And purer than the young-eyed May
Thy soul's ethereal glance;

And buds and blossoms, too, of thought
Betray their beauteous spell,—
Telling, that Christ within hath wrought
What Angels love so well.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

"We for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished."—
Collect for the Day.

UNSOOTHED by pardon, what is boastful life
When burden'd with remember'd sin?—
Gnaw'd by remorse, or gall'd with goading strife
How hell-like is the heart within?
Abroad, at home, awake, asleep,
Ghosts of dead crime around us creep!

A Nemesis there rules, which haunts the soul,
A sightless Fury none can see;
Whom neither falsehood, nor the fiends control,
Whose lash is lost eternity—
And that is,—*guilt!* beneath the curse
Of Him who sways the Universe!

Pris'ners of hope in Christ alone have found,
By His anointed Priests imparted,—
A threefold* pardon, which the Lord has crown'd,
To cheer the bruised and broken-hearted;
Whose sins, through penitence and prayer,
Absolving lips of Truth declare

On earth remitted, and in heaven the same,†
By charter'd Priesthood:—such the creed
Christ and His Church to contrite hearts proclaim,
When pardon is their public need,
Who in God's absolution find
An anchor for the guilt-toss'd mind.

O Thou! Whose Justice is "consuming fire"
With which accusing conscience glows,
Less than Thine Oath‡ could never love inspire
To feel, what rudest peasant knows,—
How, not in vengeance, but in grace
We most adore th' almighty-Face.

* See Comber, &c. † Matt. xvi. 19. ‡ Ezek. xviii. 32.

Thy Paraclete, and true repentance, give,
Fountain of all which faith imparts!
And, since we learn, precisely *as* we live,—
Be love the decalogue of Hearts,
Who in Thy law their wills employ
And find obedience perfect joy.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

"He that is of God, heareth God's word."—*Gospel for the Day.*

THE glorious Sun no man can see
Except his eye may sun-like be;
And thus, the Bible is not understood,
Unless a sympathy divine
The heart attracts for Truth divine,
And love, not learning, prompt it to be good.

But if they read with child-like awe,—
Diviner truths than Plato saw
Adoring peasants on their knees discern;
While Secrets, which were veil'd of yore,
And Angels study, more and more,
The infant-scholars of The Spirit learn.

Oh, peerless Book, for heart and head!—
Though thirteen years St. Basil read
Its saving wisdom, in the light of prayer;
And all of Creed the Church can know,
To guide her on through weal, and woe,
Flows from a Thummim, and a Urim, there.

Dungeon and cell, and martyr's den,
Whate'er has tried, or tortured men
By scorching fire, or persecuting sword,—
How have they borne them unafraid,
Those Heroes, whom the Lord array'd
And inly weapon'd with His matchless Word!

And she, of martyr'd saints the Mother,
Our guide to heaven, and not another,—
Free as the air the glorious Bible gives!
And, bless we God, that in this Book
The lowest of her children look,
And hear His voice by Whom creation lives.

Each Lesson, with maternal care
Adjusted well for praise, and prayer,
Long may adoring hearts in love peruse;
Until, from sin and self made free,
Our lives embodied scripture be,
And, when the Saviour calls, no cross refuse!

Holding His piercèd Hands on high
Before enthronèd Deity,
The God incarnate as our Priest prevails:—
Go, seek His interceding grace,
And in the light of That blest Face
Behold a Sympathy, which never fails!

If, *as* we live, the truth we learn,
And *as* we love, our God discern,
Spirit of Christ! Thy Word interpret all,—
Till scripture with divine control
Reign like a soul within a soul,
And, prove us, Children, when on God we call.

Sunday next before Easter.

"All Mankind should follow the example of His great humility."—
Collect for the Day.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—
Epistle for the Day.

THY ways, O Lord, are unlike ours,
Thy Thoughts surpass our own;*
And Angels, when they scan their powers
Fall, wing-veil'd, round the Throne.

* Isa. lv. 8.

Eternity Thine eyes peruse,
Omniscient is Thy mind;
And, what Thy will and wisdom choose
Is perfect, in its kind.

But we, by pride and passion stain'd,
Our Good no longer know;
And, when we dream the goal is gain'd,—
Have reach'd intenser woe!

And thus, empassion'd by false bliss,
In vain blind heathens thought
To image in a world, like this,
Those Models which they sought.

Our Centre true, they could not see
In aught the creatures bring;
But Christ, who show'd us Deity,
Unveils that holy Thing.

And yet, a paradox this wears
To men who walk by sense,
Which deep humility declares
The heart's sublime defence.—

Resistance seems a noble gift
To Reason's haughty view;
And Passions, which proud self uplift,
Re-echo it, as true.

But He, Whose will was crucified
Throughout His sad career,
Whom earth abhorr'd, and man denied
One sympathetic tear,

On bearing outrage, wrong, and hate,
This heaven-born lesson taught,—
That souls are not divinely-great,
Except, with meekness fraught.

Submission, tender, mild, and deep,
Not sullen, stern, or sad,

But gentle, as when Angels weep
While they o'erwatch the bad,—

Such the chaste virtue, Christ commends,
Believer! as divine;
And, if thy heart to Jesu bends,
That lovely grace is thine.

And Who, with such a just appeal
To injured souls could cry,
"Like Me, must true disciples feel
If doom'd to live, or, die?"

In Christ, the Lamb and Lion met,—
Their graces were combined;
And, blest are those, who follow yet
The path He left behind.

Monday before Easter.

"Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall *eat the passover?*"—*Gospel for the Day.*

OH! if indeed, the hunger'd mind
And thirsting heart for Jesus long,
Then, will they not meet nurture find
To nurse, and make religion strong?—
Incarnate God! such mystic food
Thine Own ordaining words supplied,
Which in Thy Body and Thy Blood
A banquet for the soul provide.*

Thy sacred Flesh, oh! let us eat,
And drink the awful Wine-blood, there,
While faith Thy bleeding Form can greet
Amid the swell of deep-toned prayer:—
The blast and blight of unbelief
Those famish'd hearts alone infect,
Who feel no pang of holy grief
When men such angel-food neglect.

* John vi. 54.

Soul of our souls! almighty Grace,
A sacramental life impart,
And, by some inward power, erase
Whatever dulls the deaden'd heart:
For holiness a hunger give,
And yearnings of intenser love
That we on Christ may learn to live,
Like daily Manna, from above.

In heaven abides no Sacrament;
Nor signs, nor symbols, there abound
When Glory with its full content
Shall each elected Saint have crown'd:—
Adorn'd in robes of radiant white,
They neither thirst, nor hunger more,
Who bask in beams of pure delight
With all their toils and trials o'er.

Around the Throne, in rich array,
Perfect and sinless are they now,
And in God's temple, night and day
Before that Shrine of glory bow.—
The Lamb Himself their food supplies,
And on His fulness they can feed,
Who follow Him with tearless eyes
Where paths to living fountains lead.

Tuesday before Easter.

"God will help me, therefore shall I not be confounded."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THIS world becomes a barren scene
To eyes of sunny Youth,
When vices have victorious been
And falsehoods vanquish'd truth;—
Where good men weep, and Virtue droops in shade,
And Minds of most heroic mould, are blighted and betray'd.

Thus, to pale martyrs of the Cross,
Distracted earth appears
An orphan'd realm, where pain and loss
Demand perpetual tears:
And, were it *all* which God for man decreed,—
Who would not, in despair, for widow'd Nature bleed?

But, soon will dawn a radiant Clime
Where sin nor sorrows reign,
Beyond the clouds of changing time
To shadow, or to stain,—
A bright eternity of balm and bliss
Where pangless Hearts forget a life so false as this.

And, let the full-toned anthem rise
In swells of grateful joy,
That Faith beholds with prescient eyes
What time nor tears destroy,—
A perfect life, compensative of all
Impetuous thoughts presume unworthy Heaven to call.

It was not thus, ere christian light
Arose on heathen-gloom,
For then, the soul, immersed in night,
Found life a living tomb;
Confusion reign'd o'er providence denied,
And, when of death it thought, the craven bosom sigh'd!

But now, a beam celestial plays
From out the page Divine;
And o'er the gloom of grief-worn days
What dawning glories shine!—
O'er ruin'd hopes descending to the grave
The banners of the Cross sublimely float, and wave.

Wednesday before Easter.

"There appeared an Angel unto Him."—*Gospel for the Day.*
"Ministering Spirits * * * for the heirs of Salvation."—*Heb.* i. 14.

CONFIRM'D, tho' not redeem'd, by Him,—
Lord of the radiant Hosts above,
Legions of loyal Seraphim
In Christ concentre all their love:
Thus, Saints and Angels both combine
To chant the praise of Blood divine.

And must we, now the God-man reigns
In regions where no senses roam,
Refuse to hear angelic strains
Float through the heart, and fill our home?
Have Seraphim *quite* ceased to walk
Man's world, and with our spirit talk?

'Tis true indeed, nor eye nor ear
Their Shape discern, nor know their voice;
But still, they haunt a human sphere
To make elected souls their choice;
And near, *may* watching Angels be,
Though nothing but blind earth they see!

Oh! never till the clouds of Time
Be rent by awful death from man,
And he from yonder heaven sublime
That scene recall, where life began,—
Will gather'd saints, in glory, know
What blessings men to Angels owe.

This earth is but a thorny wild,
A tangled maze where griefs abound,
By sorrow vex'd, by sin defiled,
Where foes and fiends our walk surround,—
Yet, does not dread Jehovah say,
Angelic Guardians line the way?

The precipice men rarely find,
No avalanche on them may fall,—
But, petty woes distract the mind
And take sweet temper from us all:
As some, by thickets are o'erthrown,
Whose feet escaped the crushing stone.

Mean trifles our true dangers make,
Weak'ning the spirit unawares;
And tiny griefs would often break
The heart unbow'd by pond'rous cares,
Did not our guardian-Angels glide,
And watch, unseen, the naked side.

Some pebble in our daily path,
The little stone we scarce behold,
A world of secret ruin hath
O'er which might trip the brave and bold,—
If no blest Angel's viewless arm
Shielded the soul from sudden harm.

And moods are felt, no words define,
When earth and heaven appear to meet,
While Faith half hears a Tone divine
From out yon orbs of Glory greet
Each praying heart, and placid soul
That echoes to such sweet control.—

Or, when some beams of holy Light
Around Dejection seem to play,
And from lone hours of suff'ring night
Melt half their haunted gloom away,—
Emperill'd souls those Angels see
Who hover by the bended knee.

Sickness and sorrow, too, may have
Ethereal Hosts, whom none perceive,
Whose golden wings around us wave,
When all alone men seem to grieve;
And, while we sigh, or shed the tear,
Their sympathies may flutter near.

Or, by some law, to Man unknown,
Their spells may o'er us act, and steal,
And strengthen Faith upon her throne,
When fury-passions make us feel
How Self and Sin would monarchs be,
And give the law to Deity!

Thus, human life from them may take
Some moral tinge, or mental hue,
Which, not till dust the soul forsake,
Elected saints will value true:—
Before God's throne, and only, *then*,
These Guardians will be thank'd by men.

Thursday before Easter.

"There followed Him a great company of *women*."—*Gospel for the Day.*
"There stood by the Cross of Jesus, *His Mother*."—*John* xix. 25.

ENCIRCLED by Christ's awful glory,
Her vestal radiance, faint and far,
Beams through some word of hallow'd story
Remotely as a virgin star,—
Whose quiv'ring brightness with uncertain gleam
Touches dark ocean's wave, or tips the wand'ring stream.

But, though we hail no "*Queen of Heaven*,"
Nor thrust a creature on His Throne
To Whom the Trinity have given
A right to reign there, all alone,—
That sainted Mary proved a second Eve
By contrast and by grace, regen'rate souls believe.

And, She endured that piercing "Sword"*
Which prophecy had o'er her waved,
And lived to view her bleeding Lord
By whose dread Blood herself was saved,—
Nail'd on the Cross, incarnadined for death,
And thrill the shaken Earth by His departing breath!

* Luke i. 35.

But when from mortal space and time
Th' ascending Christ his Form withdrew,
Bath'd in the depths of grief sublime,—
Can words reveal what Mary knew
Of voiceless woe, as Calv'ry's hour return'd
Back on her bruisèd heart, that still a SON discern'd!

And, what to her, but exile, now,
Could this cold life of care have been,
Since HE, Whom earth and heaven avow,
Had vanish'd from this weeping scene,
And she was doom'd companionless to roam,
Though shielded by St. John, in his Ephesian home?

Could Mary, in some realm divine
Of holy calm, or heavenly rest,
One throb of pain with bliss combine
In the meek shrine of her pure breast,—
She well might shudder, on God's throne to see
The "Handmaid" of the Lord, that Lord's own rival be!

O THOU! in Whom two Natures blend
By Incarnation's awful plan,
Not less in heaven, our human Friend
Than while on earth, a homeless Man,—
Teach Thine elect to worship Thee aright,
With garments wash'd in Blood, through Thine own radiance bright.

Souls need not fence Thy Mercy-Seat
With interceding Saint, or Virgin;
Nor, can it be for man unmeet
When Faith her solemn plea is urging,—
Directly on that Lord of Love to call,
Where God Himself enshrines the Church's all-in all.

Good Friday.

"We are sanctified, through the offering of the Body of Jesus Christ, once for all. * * * sins and iniquities will I remember no more."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THIS Day earth and heaven unites
By such bonds of perfect peace,
That* creation's heart delights
In atonement's blest release,
While our bleeding God declares,
Out of Christ,—the world despairs!

Foolish all false wisdom is,
If to merit heaven, it tries;
He who claims a power like this
Is ensphered beyond the skies:
Man, at most, can human be,—
What we want, is Deity!

Blessed Christ! embodied Word!
Thou alone art Life and Light;
Saints who have Thy truth preferr'd
Walk in peace, and worship right;
Thou alone, to sin canst say,
"I am Love, the Living Way."

Sun of Grace! oh, ever shine
Round our paths, where'er they lead:—
Midnight feels a ray divine
Breaking through the darkest need,
If we hear, when most dismay'd,
"It is I! be not afraid!"

Pardon, peace, and purity,
Gifts without, and grace within,
Love and light, that set us free
From the curse, and chain of sin,

* Rom. viii. 20, 21.

These, Emanuel ! Thou canst give
While upon Thy words we live.

Not a need, Thou canst not fill ;
Not a fear, Thou wilt not tame :
If, indeed, repentance will
Rest upon Thy glorious Name,—
High o'er ev'ry guilt and grave
Shall Redemption's banner wave !

Lord, then whither shall we go,
Save to Thee, our Refuge sure ?
Balm to each bereaving woe,
Who alone the heart canst cure,—
Turning sickness into health,
And, to want, becoming wealth.

Well of Comfort ! Vital Spring !
Other source we dare not seek :
Broken cisterns only bring
Mocking draughts, which make us weak :
If our souls would slake their thirst,
They must die, or seek Thee, first !

Saviour ! be our polar Star
Shaded by no sinful night ;
Shed upon us from afar
Living beams of holy light :—
When we reach our radiant Home
We shall know the way we come :

Easter Even.

"It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing."—*Epistle for the Day.*

HOSANNAH ! cry celestial Hearts
Whom persecution brands,
And bear, unmoved, infernal darts
When hurl'd by godless hands ;

'Tis thus, the soldiers of the Truth are train'd,—
Those heroes of the Lord, who heaven's own laurels gain'd.

By love, and patient suff'ring led,
More Christlike men become;
And, meekly while the path we tread
Which leads our spirit home,—
Our graces brighten, while they vanquish woe,
And saintly virtue springs from soils where trials grow.

And, do we not corruption feel
Our purest dreams assail,
While wounds which grace alone can heal
Make harrow'd conscience pale?—
But, these are cleansed by consecrated fire,
As persecuted saints more soaringly aspire.

When clothed with age, or clad with youth,
Whate'er life's era be,
Men glorify the force of truth
Who God in anguish see;
And prove, what strength His promises impart
Who, high upon His Throne, can hear the fainting heart!

In all things should the Church reflect
Her regal Lord divine;
And ne'er with sin, or change, or sect,
Her vestal charms* combine:
To suffer, is the privilege of love,—
In which the saints outsoar, what Angels do above.

Then, wonder not, if sighs or tears,
Or contumelious shame,
Inweave the web of perill'd years,
Nor God's deep wisdom blame;
But rather, in Earth's malediction see
A shadow of the Cross—endured, O Lord, by Thee.

Those peerless graces hearts require
To fit the saints for heaven,

* 2 Cor. xi. 2.

Are burnish'd by that sacred fire
To martyr'd anguish given :—
Love, faith, and valour, are the three which make
The stature of the Soul her full perfection take.

Easter Day.

"If ye then be *risen with Christ*, seek those things which are above."—*Epistle for the Day.*

"*RISEN with Christ!*"*—oh, radiant thought
That well may brighten through some angel-breast;
For, were its perfect influence wrought,
The World would realise sabbatic rest
From sin and guile, and all we find
To mar the halcyon of the mind.

When choral winds of April chant
And green Earth hymns a resurrection-song,
While gently o'er each new-born plant
Steal, like seraphic plumes, soft airs along,
Till balm and freshness sweetly blend
And through the soul their magic send,—

Say, is not each a Type which tells
Some moral lesson to each musing heart,
Where faith the Body's future spells
By language deeper than our lips impart—
In forms of Matter finding lore,
By saints in silence ponder'd o'er?

From Christ, man's Easter was begun,
In Whose ascension all the saints ascend;
Incorp'rate with Th' Incarnate Son,
They with Himself in vital union blend,
And, by that Sacrament are made,
The mystic BRIDE for whom He pray'd.*

* "*In baptism* ye are also *risen with Him*" (Col. ii. 12)

And from the Fontal wave there flows
A soaring virtue of celestial power,*
Which in the heart regen'rate glows
And opens Heaven on each adoring hour,—
Revealing to the inner Man
All that on earth such vision can.

Hence, is not Christ, as risen Lord,
By Pattern, Principle, and Power, our own?
While, in the heaven of His true word,
All saints become the sharers of His throne
Who, when He soar'd to Deity,
Said, "Where I am, my saints shall be."

O Privilege, beyond compare!
Ideal utmost of almighty Grace,
The paradise besought in prayer,
The last perfection of our pardon'd race,—
In heaven to have the risen heart
With Christ and Angels, taking part!

There, is the City pure of gold,†
Whose streets are jasper, gemm'd with gates of pearl,
More bright than poet-dreams behold;
Where neither sin, nor woe, nor passion's whirl,
Infect with their defiling stain
The Bowers where peace and pureness reign.

Such dwelling-place of Bliss Divine,
The central Home of sanctity and calm,
Within whose depths all powers combine
To heal the wounded heart with holy balm—
Why is it, that yon World above
So little wins the soul to love?

Alas! too oft, like earth-worms, we
Cling to coarse joys, by mean attraction bound,—
In time absorb eternity,
And with the Belials of base earth are found,

* "If we suffer, we shall also *reign with Him*" (2 Tim. ii. 12).
† *See* Apocalypse, *passim*.

When, true to heaven and Him, we ought
Soar Christ-ward, on ascending thought.

We barter privilege for sin,
Are moral suicides, through sensual bliss;
O'ercloud the dawning heaven within,
And lose our glory for a World like this—
A World which crucified her God
When once this vale of woe He trod!

Yet, is it but a mocking scene,
A gilded mis'ry graced with mantling smiles,
Where ulcerated hearts, I ween,
Rankle in secret, under gayest wiles,
And the loud laugh too plainly tells
What hollowness within them dwells.

"*Risen with Christ!*" if words have wings,
Ascended Lord, on *these* thy saints may soar,
And, where the hallelujah rings,
Of Thine own Chorus, Thee in light adore;
And, long ere time and earth depart,
Soar into heaven, by hope and heart.

Monday in Easter Week.

"Ye walk, and are *sad.*"—*Gospel for the Day.*
"Without father, *without mother.*"—Heb. vii. 3.

BUT one week past, and thou wert here,
A living, though a pain-worn creature;
And round thy couch, with quiet tear,
We stood, and watched each waning feature
But now, in light and bliss, to thee belong
The Saviour's presence, and the angel-song.

Departed Spirit! pure as kind,
That peerless gift, a precious Mother!

Our hearts with grief are almost blind,
And pierced with pangs we cannot smother:—
Thine orphaned children see their sacred loss,
And sink beneath the burden of their Cross!

If mercies brighten, as they leave
The shrines of love where they were dwelling,
How must our riven bosoms grieve,
While each to each is fondly telling
Maternal virtues, which were faintly scann'd
Until they left us for the Spirit-land!

A myriad spells of heart and home
Back to pale mem'ry seem returning,
And, when to girlhood's bower we roam,
Our souls with ancient dreams are burning;
Or, thrill beneath some love-awaking word
Oft in our maiden-prime of gladness heard.

We prayed around our father's bier
In pangs of hushed and holy sorrow,
And felt within that wordless fear
Which prophesies a sad to-morrow;
And when the sister of our souls departed,
Life fainted in us, as the broken-hearted:—

But oh! a *Mother* is a sacred thing,
Association's fondest centre;
Who shadows childhood with her wing,
And who alone, by love can enter
Into the deepest, purest shrines of thought,
Where infant mind the creed of heaven is taught.

And thus, we mourn thee, mild and meek,
In matron-softness, ever shrinking
From that proud glare bright worldlings seek,
And of thy God serenely thinking:—
Fresh joys may bloom, and radiant hopes may be,
But second mother ne'er can orphans see!

Still, vanished Spirit, thou art blest,
Bosom'd in peace, and blissful glory;

Sin cannot mar thy sainted rest,
And, when we think *who* went before thee,
Dear to thy heart, as thou to us hast been,—
The soul's Hereafter grows a household-scene.

There, is our meeting-place of Bliss!
The Home Divine, where, re-united,
Friends who have left a world like this
Mingle again their souls delighted,—
Mother, and daughter, sister, sire, and son,
In heaven renewing what on earth begun.

A few brief years of anxious life,
Of fev'rish care, or toilsome being,—
And then will come our parting strife
When we, from time and sorrow fleeing,
Shall view the Region of the awful dead,
And children follow where a mother led.

The grave! the grave! our hearts roam there,
And now, with Love's internal weeping
Would pardon seek, by sorrowing prayer,
From her in Abram's bosom sleeping,—
Should girlish temper, or unduteous tone,
Have ever pained the Spirit that is flown.

And, if the dead communion hold,
Or, with the living here, are blended,—
As martyr'd saints conceived of old—
Then, not for us thy love hath ended,
But round about us, though we trace it not,
May weave protection for our orphan'd lot.

And, Mother! if thy conscious soul
Still aught of mortal power retaineth,
Waft round our path thy pure control
As long as perilled life remaineth:
And oh, accept, what we present with tears,—
Regret for all we did to shade thy years!

In tender gloom and twilight-dream,
By meadow-walks, or moon-lit ocean,

Oft will thy featur'd Shadow seem
To haunt the heart's profound emotion:—
Move where we may, some instinct will restore
That form maternal, Time shall greet no more.

God of the motherless, and sad!
Life's bruisèd reed seems almost broken,
Since, how to them can earth look glad,
Whose brightest meanings must betoken
A blank,—which makes our orphan'd hearts to see
Like mother-love, no human love can be.

Tuesday in Easter Week.

"Open unto us the gate of everlasting life."—*Collect for the Day.*

THEY are all gone!—that sunny band of youth,
Who once our hearts and homes surrounded
With eyes of love, and lips of fearless truth,
And breeze-like step which gaily bounded.

Gone to that glory-world, let faith believe,
Where neither sins nor sorrows reign,
And the pure Dead, for whom the living grieve,
Heaven shall reveal in light, again.

They are all gone!—but still, each form and face
Our resurrection-dreams revive,
And oft unsepulchre each buried grace
That so entranced us, when alive!

Why are the dead, so mighty when no more,
Touch'd with a charm no words can tell,
When their deep voices from th' Eternal Shore
Come wafted with an inward-spell?

Perchance, they rule us by that mystic law
Which acts within *their* world of calm,
And gently soothe with sanctifying awe
The Hearts that need such holy balm?

Earth knows not why; but trees, and buds, and flow'rs,
Step, air, and mien,—a myriad things
By Time confronted in his casual hours,
Feature the heart's imaginings:

Some chord is touch'd by circumstance, and, lo!
Dead Years from out their tombs arise,
Till all we cherish'd, in this vale of woe,
Arrest the soul's enchanted eyes!

Thus live the dead; the lovely never die;
Social we are, when most alone;
And mem'ry, while it breathes a votive sigh,
Still proves the sainted past our own.

First Sunday after Easter.

"Glad, when they saw the Lord."—*Gospel for the Day.*

A MOTHER may her babe forget,
An exile ne'er his home recall,
Nor orphan'd child the hour regret
That reft him of parental all:

But oh, whate'er the scene, or clime,
Devotion may Immanuel see,—
Whose heart expanded over time,
And bled for our eternity!

Yes, sympathies intense and deep,
Surpassing all our souls contain,
Still through His breast, in glory, sweep,
And shall for ever glow and reign.

A sinless Lord, yet, touch'd in heart
With all which blighted moments bear,—
In heaven, O Priest Divine! Thou art,
A Man-God, with our feelings,* there!

* 3 Heb. iv. 15.

By gentleness, by grief and grace,
By depth of sigh and tears profound,
Faith views Thee, to our fallen race
In links of loving union bound.

Both heaven and earth in Thee combine,
In Whom that mystic Wound * appears,
Which gash'd in death Thy Form divine
And crimson'd it with gory tears.

Then, lay thy burden on the Lord,
Child of dejection! pale and lone;
Thou canst not sigh, by Him unheard,
Whose heart throbs human on His throne.

Second Sunday after Easter.

"Endeavour to *follow* the blessed steps of the most Holy life."
—*Collect for the Day.*

IF such Thy will, by wooded streams,
Or vales of blissful calm
Where the deep hush of holy dreams
Inspires unearthly balm,
And from green hills the gladden'd eyes
Look speechless hymns beyond the skies,—
If there embower'd, Thou wilt our lot to be,
Lord of the landscape fair! we glow to "follow" Thee.

Or, if Thy regal Word decide,
That cities throng'd and loud
Which billow with the restless tide
Of life's tumultuous crowd,
Should be our peopled deserts, where
Unechoed hearts conceal each care,—
Still may our souls, by meek compliance, find
The ever-present Christ, an anchor for the mind.

* Rev. i. 7; v. 6.

Love need not quit the humblest call,
But calmly work, and wait :—
Our safety dwells where duties all
Attend our mortal state.
Messiah did not die to give
Each heart the choice where faith would live ;
But, *this* He grants to all who seek for grace,—
The guidance of His truth, and glory of His Face.*

Yes, "Follow Me!" be this the word,
The motto of our lives ;
Morn, noon, and night, let such be heard
When sin, or Satan strives :
Should Passion rage, or Pride begin,
Or treason-banners rise within,—
In all we feel or fancy, do or dare,
Let Thy mild "Follow Me," pursue us ev'rywhere.

Great Captain of the meek and good,
Whose crimson guilt and stain
Shall never, through Thine awful blood,
Assail their souls again !—
In self-denial, grief, or loss,
In all we have of care, and cross,
Thy Hand of mercy out of heaven bestow,
And let us feel Its grasp, where'er our footsteps go.

Thy path was one of pain, and grief,
A sacrifice of love ;
Nor God, nor Angel brought relief
From bowers of bliss above :
We ask not, then, poetic fields
Where life all bloom and brightness yields ;
But this we seek,—a soul from murmurs free,
Whose heaven on earth it proves, in all to follow Thee.

* Ps. iv. 6, 7.

Third Sunday after Easter.

"A little while, and ye shall not see me."—*Gospel for the Day.*

ABIDE with us!"—why pray we so,
As if Disciples did not glow
With Thine own promise sure?
"Lo! I am with you, till the chime
Of Ages sounds the last of Time,
While earth and man endure."

Yes, Thou art "with us," in Thy word;
Thy Voice in sacraments is heard,
And prayer and praise reveal
How through the soul Thy blessings glide,
As o'er the heart's most gloomy tide
Thy radiant comforts steal.

Dejection, oft, but not despair,
In this tried world of woe and care
It may be ours to face;
Only, be Thou the sleepless Guide,
And, morn and night, with us abide
Till we complete our race.

We ask not, blissful calms to dwell
Around us with unbroken spell,
Nor seek a pangless lot;
But, by the breathing of Thy word
Be our faint bosoms freshly-stirr'd,
Nor sigh,—as if forgot!

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

"Slow to speak, *slow to wrath*; for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—*Epistle for the Day.*

WHEN first rebellion in the will began
And faith in God, to faith in Self, was changed,
Wild discord woke within the soul of man,
And headlong impulse o'er his being ranged.

For, peace expires, where purity is lost,
And purity by love to God begins;
Who calls him "Father!"—let him count the cost
And pluck the right eye from his bosom-sins.*

And none, with such a God-beseeming grace
Could weave heaven's garland round the tranquil Mind,
As Christ, who purchased for our forfeit-race
The peace divine, which lulls heart-torn mankind.

Lord of our lineage, and of saving calm,
When first from veil'd eternity He came,
A natal anthem o'er night's dewy balm
Sang the rich notes of His melodious Name,—

And *they* breathed, "Peace on earth! to man, Goodwill
While, ere He soar'd to His primeval splendor,
"Peace" was the word that hung soft music, still,
Round farewell-doctrine, so benignly tender.†

The first of blessings, like the last, is found
Thus by our Lord, as deepest and divine;
And, ne'er may calm and confidence abound
Till faith and feeling round this truth combine.

* Matt. v. 29. † John xx. 19.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

"Whatever ye shall ask the Father in my Name, he will give it you . . . . . ask, and ye shall receive."—*Gospel for the Day.*

PRAYER conquers scene, and space, and time,
Entreats no temple, and demands no clime,
But, like an omnipresent charm,
Can shield the saints from all corrupting harm:—
Howe'er remote from genial home
The surging waves of life may bid them roam,
Oft riven Friendships pray afar,
Each thrilling each, beneath some alien star.

Elijah, Moses, Jonah, pray'd:
And, how those heroes of The Spirit sway'd
Nature, and Providence, and Man!—
As though the movements of almighty-plan,
However fathomless they were,
Hung on the breathings of a human prayer;
Or else, that He, whose will is law,
Was sway'd in heaven, by what on earth he saw.*

And mark, thou prayerless Thing of dust!
If doubt, thy God, and reason, be thy trust,—
How Abram, that elect of heaven
To whom the Church's promises were given,
With sixfold intercession bent
Before His wrath, enthroned Omnipotent;
And, when the bolt was almost hurl'd,
By prayer held back His thunders from the world!

* Gen. xviii. 23—33.

Ascension Day.

"In heart and mind thither ascend, and with them continually dwell."—*Collect for the Day.*

CHILD of the Spirit! high o'er earth
While sin and sorrow have their birth,
The ever-dark, and ever-deep,—
Ascend the realms of radiant Glory
And worship HIM who went before thee,*
Where hearts nor sin, nor eyelids weep,—
Sursum corda.

Bad, at the best, this world appears,
And, moisten'd with memorial-tears
Besprinkl'd o'er uncounted graves;
But, Light of Light! and Lord of Lords!
Oh, breathe from out Thy living words
The truth which sanctifies, and saves,—
Sursum corda.

For, had we more than dreams infold,
Or Crœsus grasp'd, with all his gold,
And every sense entranc'd in joy,—
Unresting still the soul would be,
Whose full repose in Deity
Alone exists, without alloy,—
Sursum corda.

Mount heavenward, therefore, soaring Heart!
And let thine eagle-pinions† dart
Around Emanuel's priestly throne:
Incarnate Mercy, view it there!
The Source of praise, the Spring of prayer,
And in Whose life we live alone,—
Sursum corda.

* "I go to *prepare* a place for you." (John xiv. 2.)
† "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." (Isaiah xl. 31.

Giver of ev'ry needed Grace !
Lift out of Sin our sunken race
Free from the flesh-born chains of time ;
Let heaven our gravitation * prove,
And poise us in its perfect love
While centred in such calm sublime,—
Sursum corda.

The mental antichrist of man,
Apostate Science, often can
Darken our faith in doubt and dread,
But, if the soul be truly Thine,
Then, reason is Thy law divine,
And by *its* will, our *own* is led,—
Sursum corda.

Life-giving Spirit ! let Thy breath
Defend us from that inward death
Whose chillness o'er each grace would steal ;
And then, Thy Church herself will be
A sacramental Type of Thee,
Replete with innocence and zeal,—
Sursum corda.

And Thou, ascended Prince of Peace !
Whose awful Merit won release
From present guilt, and pangs to come,
Grant freedom, pure as Seraphs find,
Who worship thee with sinless mind
In heaven, which is our common home,—
Sursum corda.

Let Faith but once that Veil undraw
Which curtains what Thy martyr saw †
When dying into deathless fame,—
Celestial life will quicken, then,
And emulate those saintly men
Who chanted o'er Thy Cross and Shame, —
Sursum corda !

* " Amor meus, pondus meum." St. Augustine.
† See Acts, vii. 55.

And thus, amid those myriad charms
That work and wield their subtle harms,
The spirit down on earth to chain,
All scene for prayer a church will prove,
All consciousness a creed of love,
And around us swell the strain,—
Sursum corda!

Sunday after Ascension Day.

"We beseech thee, leave us not comfortless."—*Collect for the Day.*

SONGS in the noon of joyous health
When all around smiles weal, or wealth,
A festive world can often awaken;
But, when our bright-wing'd mercies roam
Far from the bowers of blissful home,—
The famish'd Heart pines all forsaken!

Sorrows, indeed, to us belong;
And more of elegy than song
Befits a race, whose unwept sin
Has grieved the awful God within.

But, hath not Christ a Bride on earth?
And, is there not a spirit-birth?
Or, must no choral anthems rise
By Seraphs wafted through the skies?

Oh, did we more rehearse for heaven,
To whom Redemption's harps are given,—
Prophetic gleams of future joy
Would brighten off each base alloy.

Songless men are, because they bow
Before some earth-god's sceptre now,
And mantle Time with deeper shade
Than providential nights have made.

Nor parentless, nor poor, is he,
Who in God's Father-name can see
The refuge each disciple hath
To shield him, in life's orphan-path.

The Word divine is starr'd with beams
Which radiate our blackest dreams;
Nor can our life confront a grief
On which *no* promise smiles relief.

But, fruitless prove these hearts of ours,
Like sands beneath the balmy showers:
From heaven and hope beguil'd away,—
They wonder, night subdues their day!

Yet Christ can dawn through woe and care,
Responding to each duteous prayer;
Nor feel we sickness, pang, or sorrow,
When HE arrays our bright to-morrow.

Whit-Sunday.

"We will come and *make our abode with him.*"—*Gospel for the Day.*

WHERE is my Saviour's earthly home
In which He deigns to dwell,
And sacramental Graces come
With their divinest spell?—

Creation's priests true poets are
Who sacrifice to Song,
And worship HIM, as everywhere,
To Whom their lyres belong.

Above, around, and all below,
Where crowding grandeurs thrill
The mind with reverential glow,
From forest, mead, or hill—

The Beautiful, the Bright and Fair
  Preach Christ to saintly hearts;
Or, waken that unworded prayer
  God's secret life imparts.

And, often round some cottage-hearth
  His wingèd mercies wait,
  ving to humble peace a worth
  Beyond imperial state.

But though an omnipresent Lord
  Faith ev'rywhere divines,
It learns from His revealing Word
  Where Godhead most enshrines

The riches of His grace for Man,—
  And *that*, the Church is proved!
Wherein He works Redemption's plan,
  By saint and martyr loved.

Where two or three together meet,
  Lo! in the midst is ONE
Who hears adoring hearts, which beat
  With life His Breath * begun.

Receptive of all prayer and praise,
  He counts each heavenward sigh,
And meets with sympathetic gaze
  The Souls which look on high.

And, by that Font of second Birth,
  Whose mystic waters gleam
With something more than soilèd earth
  Can understand, or dream,—

There, stands the Lord of viewless grace
  With His regen'rate spells,
A seed to sow, no eye can trace
  Till future saintship tells.

* "He *breathed* on them, and saith unto them, *Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*" (John xx. 22.)

His Home is in the Priesthood, too,
While that deep promise stands,—
"Go preach My Word, for which on you
I lay ordaining Hands."

But, if there be a Rite of awe
Where God's redemptive grace
Becomes, by preternat'ral law,
Incorp'rate with our race,

Say,—is it not that sacred feast,
Where Christ *Himself* imparts,
Under the types His chosen priest
Offers to feeding hearts?

Oh! Banquet of celestial bliss,
An Aliment for heaven,
Wherein the future Body is
By germs of myst'ry given.*

Thus, in His members, which are One,
By union with their Head,—
Is present God's Incarnate Son
Who once for sinners bled.

The Church is, thus, Emanuel's home,
His dwelling-place, and shrine,
From whence, if wilful error roam,
It forfeits hope divine;

While hearts, made wise in holiness,
Attuned by constant prayer,—
The Lord will beautify and bless,
And throne his spirit there.

* "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, HATH eternal life; AND I WILL RAISE HIM UP AT THE LAST DAY." (John vi. 54.)

Monday in Whitsun Week.

"Rejoice in his holy comfort."—*Collect for the Day.*

LIFE is a fever, Man a living thirst,
A Want unfathom'd, which no creatures fill;
And, less than Infinite but leaves him curs't—
Though, rich as Crœsus, yet, a pauper still!

But, glory to embodied Love! which came
Down from pure bliss, to suffer, bleed, and die;
On earth, compassion, and in heaven, the same,
Whose heart is echo'd by the Church's sigh;

As in our world of wasting grief,
The blinded vagrant and the beggar lone
Heard from His lip the music of relief,
And deep compassion in divinest tone,—

So, in far secresy of splendour, now
Heaven above heavens, enshrined in awful calm,—
Anguish to Him may lift the sunken brow,
And bathe her forehead in celestial balm.

Perfect in Manhood, as in Godhead, pure,
Still on His throne those sympathies remain
Which taught Him, once, man's trial to endure,
And the keen throbbings of terrestrial pain.

Thus, none are blighted, lonesome, and unblest,
Save moral suicides, whose crimes destroy
Creation's refuge and the sinner's rest,
By leaving Christ for some created joy.

Hence, may our lives a liturgy of love,
Lord of bright worlds! for our redemption be,
And learn below, that Secret * from above,—
No hearts are restless, which repose on Thee.

* Psalm xxv. 14.

Tuesday in Whitsun Week.

"I am the Door. . . . . I am come that they may have *life*, and that they might have it *more abundantly*."—*Gospel for the Day.*

ALL growth is God in mystery;
For who, in nature, or in grace,
The sightless Hand of Deity
In this deep work can rightly trace?

The mode, the measure, and the plan
Whereby the germs of heaven begin,
Baffle the boundless pride of Man
Seduced by intellectual sin.

Thus may it be, when infant-souls
Baptismally by Christ renew'd
Their sacramental Lord controls,
And works the inward grace He would.

The darlings of the Spirit seem,
To hearts with rude emotion rife,—
Unvisited by voice, or dream
That symbols more than mortal life.

They lisp, and prattle, play and smile,
As lovingly their dawning powers,
Embodied by some baby-wile,
Attract us in delighted hours.

But, soon will deeper shades begin
To mantle over brow and cheek,
And tokens of The Christ within,
Adumbrate more than lips can speak.

Ah! who can tell, *how* grace divine
Incorporates with early thought

That hidden spell, of which no sign
To Manhood's blunted mind is brought?

Enough for saints, this truth to know,—
That infancy to Christ was dear,
Who, when on earth, a Man of woe,
Bade faith itself *that* Age revere.

Thus, to the Font our babes we bring,
Assured that HE is present there,
And, under His almighty wing
Leave them to grow, in love and prayer.

Trinity Sunday.

". . . . Grace by the confession of a true faith, ... keep us *steadfast in this faith* evermore."—*Collect for the Day.*

OH! Time, beneath the blast of thy dread wings
While fleetly wanes the world we see,
God has retain'd some glorious things
To image Man's eternity.

Let Hist'ry take her meditative stand
And vision, in some dream sublime,
The wreck of all the Earth calls grand
In ev'ry age, and ev'ry clime;

O'er wither'd skeletons of haughty Realms
And ghosts of wond'rous Empires gone,
And Cities, which destruction 'whelms,
As centuries come rolling on,

Palace, and forum, temple, arch, and piles
Of Babylonian make and mould,—
O'er each and all, grim Ruin smiles
And sternly cries to man, "Behold!"

Genius and science, skill, and haughty lore,
Are fluctuation's mingled prey;
And what our earth-born tastes adore
Glide, like the homeless cloud, away.

Rome called the vassal-world her slave,
And fetter'd princes hail'd as friends,—
Yet, lo! in one remorseless grave
Her crownless majesty descends;

But o'er God's Church though eighteen hundred Years
Have swept their wings of blast and blight,
The Type unchanged *there* still appears
Of all our Creeds deem true, and right.

Empires and Kings, Dictators, Consuls, all,—
Each, in due turn, has fill'd the scene,
And then—left mere oblivion's pall
Mantling the spot where they have been!

But still, in order'd polity and law
A Miracle of changeless truth,
That Church, which Christ's own heralds saw,
Is bright with apostolic youth.

Her Government, in essence, still the same,
By threefold Ministry inspired,—
She firmly grasps her heaven-sprung claim,
With deathless truth and grace attired.

The classic Oracles of ancient time
In broken whispers now are heard;
Yet God's own authorship sublime
Embodies, still, His perfect Word.

Those Sacraments, which vital grace enclose,
Pure as St. Paul the Churches gave
Her Priesthood unto Faith bestows,—
Sanction'd by HIM, Who died to save.

Still, at yon Temple-porch, the Font divine
Is pregnant with mysterious power,

When, seal'd with Her baptismal sign,
New Births commence their dawning hour.

Lo ! where the Altar stands, devoutly kneeling,
The hush'd adorers bend to share
(O'erawed by *more* than mortal feeling)
Incarnate God, in myst'ry there !

And thus, she breathes her old liturgic spells
Caught from the soul of Eastern prayer,
Whose tone of supplication tells,
Thy heart, St. John ! is throbbing, there.

First Sunday after Trinity.

"God is *love*. He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."—
Epistle for the Day.

WITHIN yon radiant worlds above,
And, through the range of earth below,
Adore we omnipresent Love,
Which saints and seraphims exult to know.

A sightless Presence faith beholds
Which blinded sense declines to see,
And, wrapt in Love's protecting folds,
Lies passive on the Arm of Deity !

All order, beauty, grace, and light,
The harmony and heaven of Things,—
What are they, but reflections bright
Caught from those smiles the Sun of mercy brings?

Oh, were this Creed a living power,
A magic and a might perceived
To overwatch each peril'd hour,—
Less frequent had the Holy One been grieved !

Of love we talk; but, seldom *live*
The love which on our lip appears;
And thus to Self, indulgence give,
Oft unatoned though Trial's weeping years!

Yet, mid the scene of heart and home
He lives in God, in love who dwells,
And round him vocal blessings come
Whose inward-voice some revelation tells.

Thus, in an atmosphere of love,
A perfect saint becomes a prayer,—
Breathing on earth of heaven above,
And, tasting bliss no mortal tones declare!

In the wan smile of holy death,
Or, in the laugh of infant-glee,—
Since Time and Man commenced their breath,
Undying Soul! God's love hath shelter'd thee.

Thus, mantled by Almighty-wings,
And bearing His entrusted Word,
The Church her hallelujah sings
And chants the glories of salvation's Lord.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world *hate* you."—*Epistle for the Day.*

TO Faith, this world a vision seems
Whose architects are mocking dreams;
Each dazzling spell to Her has died,—
Christ and the Church alone abide.

When hearts with heaven are not in tune,
Shadows eclipse celestial noon,

Through wild'ring paths of sin they roam,
Far from The Cross, our central home.

But night becomes a noontide-blaze
When Sorrow lifts to Thee her gaze,—
Of darken'd souls, The living Sun,
Heaven of chaste hearts, Incarnate One!

O'er every pang experience brings
Some chant of hope Devotion sings,
When in His Church The Lord appears
And paints an Iris * on our tears.

And, come that "night," when pulse and breath
Ebb slowly into solemn death,
Still, round the grave, disciples hymn
Songs which entrance the Seraphim.

Breathe, Harmonist Divine! inspire
And tune our spirit's broken lyre,
Till, wakened by Thy magic word,
Floats music from each hidden chord.

For grace holds God's creative spell,
And miracles within it dwell
O'er flesh-born anguish ever soaring;
And tearful Souls, whom men disown,
To priests in heaven † are deeply-known
And watch'd by Angels, when adoring.

* "There was a *rainbow* round about the throne."—Rev. iv. 3
† Compare Rev. i. 6 with Rev. vi. 11.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

"All of you be *subject* one to another, and clothed with *humility*."—*Epistle for the Day.*

NO Christians have a Christ-like heart,
Except their moral tone
When call'd to bear life's bitter part,
Recall Emanuel's own.

Meek charity, that master-grace
The peerless type of heaven,
Oh, let it from thy creed displace
What cannot say,—"forgiven!"

Nor ever let the sun go down
Upon thine inward ire:
They cannot wear a Saviour's crown
Whom love doth not inspire.

Pure Lord of lowliness, and love!
Thus, make Thy model dear
To all who live for thrones above,
By bearing crosses, here.

Thy meekness hath its own reward,
Calm blessings line its path;
Without,—it keeps celestial guard,
Within,—what peace it hath!

The proud are poor, 'mid all the gold
Ambition's grasp obtains;
The meek are rich, though none behold
The beauty of their gains.

No acres may to them belong,
No scenes of garish pleasure,—
But yet they chant a mental song
O'er Truth's divinest treasure.

Then, Lord of gentleness, watch Thou
For ever at our side,
And, when we mark Thy wounded brow,
Abhorr'd be human pride!

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

"The sufferings of this present time."—*Epistle for the Day.*

A SILENT pang, a tearless woe,
A mystic sorrow none can see,
Haunts the cold depths of heart below
In many a child of Misery,
Whose face is silver'd with a radiant smile,
Making the gay world think, that all is glad, the while!

And shades of calm dejection brood
And hover round the unvoic'd mind
Of men, whose thinking solitude
Is unreveal'd to human-kind;—
Though seen by worldlings in their outer-life,
God and the Angels scan *alone* their mental strife.

The blood-red shadows of The Cross
Their inward visions daily view,
Who count that gain an impious loss
Which is not to their Master true:
Earth, scene, and time from HIM derive a spell,
Shading existence o'er with hues no words can tell!

It is not, that some morbid dream,
Or, sickliness of selfish thought
Has made our orb of being seem
With God-concealing darkness fraught;—
All which Heaven made, their creed divine can own
And hail redeeming Love on vast creation's throne.

But sin, and grave, and guilt, and tears,
And creedless hearts of crime are found;

And wither'd hopes and warning fears
Darken the brightest mood around;
While, yearnings for the Infinite and Pure
Far from this fading world their wingèd thoughts allure.

The infant smile of new-born Day
And choral joy of wave and wind
May symbolise each impulse gay,
That quickens in the happy mind,—
But, souls exist, who in life's gladdest hour
Are strangely overruled by some depressing Power.

E'en in the charm of social rooms,
When rings the laugh, and loud the glee,
Oft do they feel a sense of tombs
Subdue them, oh, how mournfully!
And in the pealing mirth of marriage-bells
Can hear those under-tones which sound like fun'ral-knells.

And, they have feelings none can know,
Tremors and thrills, no words define,
Transcending all the mimic woe
In painter's hue, or poet's line:—
The Grave, the Judgment, and Eternity,
By prophesy of soul their prescient natures see!

And oft, with such depression blends
An aching sense, how all departs,
Or, in some fever-vision ends,—
Men worship with impassion'd hearts;
While, bitterly before The Cross, they rue
How much of barter'd life has been to heaven untrue!

Then, gaze not with ungentle eye,
Nor coldly speak, nor harshly think
Of those who heave the unheard sigh,
And in their bosom'd darkness sink
Down to despair,—in some benighted mood
When baffled faith endures a more than solitude!

Heroes, and Saints, and Martyrs learn
From perill'd moments, dark as these,

A deeper lore than men discern
Who only live, blind sense to please :—
The tears of Jesus on the Church's heart
For *them* have left a trace, they would not see depart!

Dejection is indeed sublime,
When thus on wings of faith we rise,
And, soaring out of space and time,
Converse with Angels in the skies;
And in yon realm, where Love incarnate reigns,
That Jubilee rehearse, which breaks all mortal chains.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

"Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THE haughty coldness of inhuman Creeds
May scorn Compassion, shedding tears,
And blandly pouring over sorrow's needs
Those genial tones which soften fears;
And, Science may to selfishness ascribe
What soft-eyed Pity for the wretched feels;
But, heaven-born Virtue bears the heathen gibe,
Nor checks the tear that from compassion steals.

Behold the wisest, bravest, and the best,
The lofty-hearted, firm, and free,
On whose proud name an empire's glories rest,
Who guide the Land, and guard our Sea,—
No leaden calm of unimpassion'd mind
Their boast has been, or proved them brave;
But all pure links, connecting kind with kind,—
They deem'd them holy, and beyond the grave!

Men are not wise, because they cannot weep,
Nor basely soft, because they sigh
When those tear-fountains in true hearts that sleep,
Awake, and dim the sternest eye.
The sainted heroes, canonised by time,
And martyr'd hosts, who burn'd or bled,—

The wide Earth doth not deem them less sublime
Because they soothed the sad, or mourn'd the dead!

The perfect God, though passionless as pure,
Hath symbolised His awful Name
By deep emotions, which the heart allure,
And bend the Will before His claim:—
He speaks not only in the whirlwind-tone,
But, with the calm of cooling eve; *
And, oft holds back the thunders of His Throne
That dreadless minds may love Him, and believe.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

"As dying, and, behold! we live."—2 Cor. vi. 9.
"Dead unto sin, alive unto God."—*Epistle for the Day.*

A DYING body, with a deathless soul
Which is an undivided whole
Not to be tomb'd in that sepulchral clay
Where flesh abides the Judgment-day,—
Such is the burden of existence now,
More wondrous far than lips avow!
Thus, life in death, and death in life, are we,
Victims of time, yet charter'd with eternity!

Fetter'd to earth by chains of flesh, we live,
With destined organs, doom'd to give
Fruition to all faculties which bind
The outer-world to inner mind.
Creation's Laws with elemental sway
Encircle us, by night and day;
And, thus condition'd, human Bodies rise
To that due stature healthy growth supplies.

But, soon our culminating point is gain'd,
Where, full-toned Manhood once attain'd,
The gray-hair'd weakness of the flesh gives token
The bloom of life is inly broken;

* Gen. iii. 8.

Decays, dejections, and ten thousand signs
Reveal, how mortal flesh declines,
While creeping Age with stealthy foot comes on,
Telling the thoughtful heart, that Youth is gone!

But, in the *soul*, parenthesis, nor pause
Impedes those everlasting laws
Whereby accretions round the Spirit grow,
Which ripen it, for weal, or woe;
Whose pulse of consciousness for ever plays
Triumphant o'er all flesh-decays:
Change, scene, and circumstance, and Man,
Help to prolong what our first breath began—

And *that* is, character!—which cannot die,
But forms its own eternity;
The self-creation of our choosing will,
Preferring good, or seeking ill;
Where heaven and hell in principle begin,
According as there reigns within
The flesh-born Adam, or, that spirit-grace
Emanuel purchased to renew our race.

Behold, a contrast! Faith may call sublime:—
The body bends to laws of time;
But spirit lives an undecaying life,
With seeds of its hereafter rife;
And, more than awful seems our sleepless Mind
Which thus empowers redeem'd mankind,—
Destined to *feel*, with guilt or glory fraught,
And *think* for ever, with increasing thought!

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

"The gift of God is eternal life."—*Epistle for the Day.*

ETERNITY! eternity!
Though shadowless Thou art,
Thy mystic presence faith can see
Imaged within the heart,—

Thus mirror'd by the prescient mind
Whose felt hereafter awes
The soul with influence, undefined
By reason's formal laws.

Eternity ! thou haunt and home
Of worship, hope, and fear,
To Thee our inmost feelings roam
Far from this earth-bound sphere :—
Attracted by some hidden spell
That issues from thy centre,
A heaven we form, or frame the hell
Unpardon'd souls must enter.

Eternalised for weal, or woe !—
Such is the doom of Man ;
Lord, teach us what to Grace we owe
In that redemption-plan,
Where guilt and sin, alike subdued,
A perfect ransom meet,
And hymns of holy gratitude
Circle the Mercy-seat.

Eternity ! pale thought would dread
On Thee to dwell alone,
Apart from what th' Incarnate said
Who rules our spirit-throne,—
That where He is, the Church shall be
Incorp'rate with Her Lord :
Believing which, love welcomes thee
Unshrouded by His Word.

Thus, 'mid the aching wounds of time,
Eternity a balm
Breathes on the soul of Faith sublime,
Centred in inward calm.
Earth, space, and sense,—what seem they all
To Saints, who heaven-ward soar
And HIM their worshipp'd Treasure call, *
Whom Seraphim adore ?

* Matt vi. 21.

Thou Giver of celestial good!
Our everlasting Way,
In Whom the holy Church hath stood
Secure beyond decay,
Waft from Thy viewless mercy-throne
Spells of attractive grace,
That, more and more, true saints may own
This earth no dwelling-place.*

Our spirit-clime, our father-land
Blooms where Emanuel reigns,
And souls who *this* can understand
Surmount all time-born pains:
Angelic Watchers round them throng,
Stern death is mild release,
And Christ, the Stronger than the strong,†
Their paradise, and peace.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

"It ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THE world we see, and what we are,
Illustrates that accordance due
Which reigns, from insect up to star,
And hallows all we feel, or do,—
If thus our hearts delight to prove
How faculties their objects find,
And render life a hymn of love
To Him, who hath both worlds combined.

But, still there is a craving force
In appetites to sense allied,
Which nature, in its noblest course,
Hath never to the brim supplied;

* Heb. xi. 13. † Luke xi. 21.

Though charm'd and fed, they are not "fill'd,"
But, fever'd oft with discontent;
The cry for "more!" no joy hath still'd,—
Unrest is with fruition blent.

Though sumless orbs of beauty roll
In burning magic through the sky,
When mortal gaze commands the whole
For brighter longs the asking eye!
And, when we hear the tones that make
The sweetest heaven that sound can bring,
Melodious thirst they do not slake
For some diviner murmuring.

But, while both eye and ear demand
What no imperfect Sense enjoys,
Spirits, who under grace expand,
A bliss partake that never cloys,—
The bliss of hung'ring more and more
That "righteousness" may aye dispense
To sainted Hearts an added store
Of purer calm and innocence:

Behold! a hunger, and a thirst
Which God Himself will soothe, and slake,—
Ambition, by no fever cursed,
And hope, no blighting sorrows break;
Since, all those wingèd dreams that rise
And flutter round the World divine,
When heaven unveils its hidden prize
Will find far more than dreams combine.

Perennial glories, there, surpass
All which seraphic Minds desire,
Whom Angels with themselves may class,
With fervid hearts, for God on fire:
Of finite good alone who drinks,—
Such water will be found in vain,
And deeper want than passion thinks,
Will soon enkindle thirst, again!*

* John iv. 13.

The man who lives by sensual dross
  May banquet on some hollow bliss,
But yet, this truth his mind will cross,—
  I was not made for food, like this!
Hunger and thirst, they make the all
  Which carnal wisdom can create,
Whate'er encrowning words may call
  The glories which enwreathe the great.

From joy to joy, the jaded sense
  Pursues each worn and wearied path;
Though big may be this world's pretence,
  The mind eternal hunger hath:—
Within, what flaming thirst there burns
  Which all polluting draughts excite,
As passion, and supply, by turns,
  Fever the day, and fret the night!

But, Grace forms those, to whom is given
  A glorious passion fix'd on God,
Who breathe on earth the air of heaven,
  And tread the ground Emanuel trod;
Their creed and conduct are combined
  By unity of peace and power,
And mirror forth a saintly mind
  When darkness clouds the drearest hour.

They must be tranquil, who are made
  By God, the guardian of the blest,—
Of neither hell nor earth afraid,
  While panting for elysian rest:
Their hunger is a holy thing,
  Their bosom-thirst a painful bliss;
And lauding Seraphs shake the wing
  Of rapture o'er unrest like this!

What is it?—but to nobly pine,
  More Christlike in true love to be,
Or, body forth the Will divine,
  And heaven in all things ever see:
Till rectitude a nature grow
  And holiness the spirit's breath,—

And constant faith, in weal, or woe,
Adorn our life, and vanquish death.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

"All our fathers . . . . were baptised unto Moses in the cloud.
—*Epistle for the Day.*

'MID awful gloom when Moses brought,
The Law of fire and flame,
Eternal Duty then was taught
In dread Jehovah's name.

But, radiantly descendeth now
Deep wisdom from above;
For mildness clothes His gracious brow,
Whose ev'ry line is love!

It was not thus, the God of old,
Imperial Law declared,
When round Him pealing thunders roll'd
And red-wing'd lightnings glared.

The people shudder'd, like a leaf,
Amid their black'ning gloom;
And Conscience saw no just relief
Beyond, or in, the tomb.

But, bright the contrast now appears,
When the mild Lord of grace
From the green Mount dispels all fears,
By His benignant face.

The breeze, soft lyrist of the spring,
Was harping o'er the flowers;
And humming bees upon the wing
Enjoy'd their golden hours;

A vernal radiance threw its gleam
Of gladness o'er the hills;
While, rich as love-tones in a dream,—
The gushing of the rills.

And, like the season, so the Word
Was mild as Mercy's breath;
No curse was in His counsel heard,
Nor, doom of legal death.

Humility and meekness were
In hues of heaven array'd;
And He, whose life was living prayer,
Their perfect Type display'd.

All mental grace, all moral gift,
Whate'er men seek, or find,
Is blasted,—if it proudly lift
Or bloat, the conscious mind.

Contingent, finite, from the dust,
What Nothings are we all!—
For in the tomb, the proudest must
A worm his brother call.

All pride becomes a fiendish spark
Of hell, within the soul;
And He who dreads that region dark,
Abhors its least control.

The poor in spirit,—blest are they
Above the world who live;
Their wisdom is to watch, and pray,
And, like their Lord, forgive.

Nor seek they for Ambition's wealth,
Or sigh for world-applause;
But, calm in sickness, as in health,
To Heaven commit their cause.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

"He beheld the city and *wept* over it."—*Gospel for the Day.*
"Jesus *wept*."—*John* xi. 35.

TEARS on the eyelids of the Son of God!—
Almighty Weeper! let such grief-drops fall
Full on meek Hearts, who, where Thy feet have trod,
In faith can wander, and by prayer recall
The hallowing spells which haunt that sacred time
When Jesu wept, and tears became sublime.

Thrice did He weep; and from such threefold-source
A soothing charm the Church delights to draw,
As on she travels her presdestined course
In suff'ring meekness, or, in sainted awe,—
Bearing *His* Cross; and, where The Master went,
In calmness following, and with grief content.

Whether, thine olive-shaded bowers of gloom
Gethsemanè! adoring pilgrims seek,
Where the dark preludes of His coming doom
Convulsed The Saviour, till, with anguish weak,—
He drew Love's angel from a throne of light
By dread attraction, to endure that sight

Of weeping blood-drops! and sustain his Lord:
Or, if to Salem's guilty towers we hie,
To hear the cadence of each knell-like word
And mark the pathos of His pleading eye—
Still, in fond unity of flesh we find
One with our lot,—the Brother of mankind!

But, if on earth more eloquent than all,
A spot there be, where Man's sepulchral grief,
Hush'd into prayer, may pensively recall
A Balm celestial, which can bring relief—

It is, when mourners in their meekness pray
Beside that vision'd tomb, where Laz'rus lay.

There, wept The God-Man ! and with tears how true !
Intensely-human, from the deeps of soul
Wrung by compassion, and reveal'd to view,
For Earth to know,—that not by false control,
A christian Stoic in some iron hour
Need stifle grief, by superhuman power.

Oh, precious Tears !—significant of more
Than quiet Mary, or quick Martha thought,
Which flowed from Jesus, when His heart ran o'er
In tides of feeling, with emotion fraught,—
For ever and for ever, will dejected Awe
Bend o'er that scene my weeping Saviour saw !

Why wept He there, whose world-embracing mind
Encircled Life, and Death, and Destiny, and Man?
Far down, in sightless depths, all undivined,
Dreader than faith can search, or reason scan—
Perchance, His fountains of emotion lay
When tears said more than lenient words could say ?

Was it, that forfeit-Eden's blighted doom,
The sinning Adam, and the curse divine,
Corruption, pain, the ever-yawning tomb,
With all that guilt and anguish may combine,—
Mirror'd by Christ, before His mental eye
Pass'd in array, and thrill'd His heart, thereby?

Or, did the crime of Judah's unbelief
Weigh on His soul, prophetically sad,
And summon visions, whose unworded grief
No speaking vent but tear-born utt'rance, had ?
Or, some dread Future of our fallen race
Then did the inward Eye of Jesu trace ?

No answer greets us !—men, nor Angels give
Reply to what our yearning bosoms feel,
When voiceless Aspirations stir and live
And shadows of Hereafter round them steal,

Who ponder o'er the infinite To-Come,
And make eternity their spirit's home.

Yet, Lord of souls! may Thy dejection teach
Some hidden lore of heavenliness and love;
And Thy sad brow, with sympathising reach,
Bend o'er the hearts which most life's burden prove,
And need the language of almighty tears
To whisper, peace! and calm unchristian fears.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

"Some are fallen asleep."—*Epistle for the Day.*
"Within the veil."—*Heb.* vi. 19.

A WORLD there is, whose zone contains
Secrets and shadows none can see
Save God, whose boundless eye-glance reigns
O'er time, and through eternity,—
A Hades, where the holy Dead
Are by commission'd Angels* led.

Two worlds, indeed, to us belong,—
Matter and Mind to both relate;
Each wields a charm o'er weak and strong,
Which makes, or mars, our inward state:
But that pure Orb, where spirits dwell,
Hides, for the Saints, a master-spell.

Behind this outer shell of Time,
On which the ling'ring earth-stains lie,
Wait viewless Glories, more sublime
Than ever gleam'd on mortal eye;
And, one day, they will rend the veil,
And turn the boldest sceptic pale!

* "The beggar died, and was *carried by the angels* into Abraham's bosom."—Luke xvi. 22.

Men talk, as if *our* world of sense,
Of earth and sea, of moon and sun,
Enclos'd Divine omnipotence,
And were the *whole* His Hands have done !—
Cities and homes, and haunts and ways
Seem to absorb their sensual gaze.

Yet, is God's inner-world, unseen,
More wondrous far than all we view ;
And, though night-shadows intervene,
On faith it acts supremely true :
While from that world dread Nature draws
Her vital powers, and plastic laws.

Elect of heaven ! like saints of old,
A Samson of the spirit be !
Burst from the bondage which would hold
That sightless Region back from thee ;
And through those veils, which round thee fall,
Behold the secret ALL IN ALL !

Thus, not alone when Death reveals
To soul unbodied, Truths and Things
A carnal mind from man conceals,—
Will come that world God's poet* sings ;
'Tis present, *now !*—to hope and fear,
Around, beneath, for ever near.

God, and His Angels, there abide,
Acting by ways we cannot know,
When fiends of Darkness may have tried
To plunge our doom in endless woe :
And thrills of awe, and throbs of dread,
How often have they round us spread !

And, to that Spirit-world have gone
Those living-dead our hearts enshrine,
Whose saintly brows to look upon,—
Dark earth itself made half-divine !
Yes, *they* are in that Orb of rest
Where none can sin, and all are blest.

* *Vide* Ps. xvi, c.

Ah! who can tell, *how near* they come,
And hover nigh, on soundless wing;
Or haunt, unseen, Love's peopled home
Where faith for Christ is suffering?—
Formless, but still, in soul complete,
The dead can with the living meet.

Hence, walk with awe the realm of sense,
For, in God's secret world we are;
And from this *last* doth He dispense
That grace which rules our bosom-war,
When Mind and Matter, Faith and Sight,
Contend for their contrasted right.

Around us, Principles and Powers,
In viewless action, work and wind;
And through all circumstance and hours
They touch the heart, or tone the mind;
And, oft when souls are unaware,
Commingle with their praise and prayer.

That inner-World! though hid from Man,
With what a burst of beaming life
Hereafter will unveil its plan,
And be with rays millennial rife,
While risen Saints and Martyrs throng,
And chant Creation's easter-song! *

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

"He hath done all things well; He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."—*Gospel for the Day.*

CELESTIAL Birth! almighty Child!
In human semblance undefiled,
By Prophets vision'd, born to be
The Lord of man's eternity,—

* "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust. . . . The earth shall cast out the dead.—Isa. xxvi. 19.

Thou Sun of souls! embodied Light!
Within Thy beams the world is bright;
Where'er they smile, an Eden blooms,
And Earth forgets her myriad tombs.

Thy Voice is heard—and Anguish dies,
The Dead awake, and greet the skies;
Lo! Blindness melts in healing rays,
And mute lips ope in hymns of praise;
The famish'd on Thy bounty feed,
While myriads at Thy summons speed
Redeem'd from woe, and sin, and pain,
To see the lost restored again:—
"Peace on earth, to Man, good will,
Let the skies our anthem fill!"

"Awake, awake, thou ransom'd Earth!
And, blooming with a second birth,
In loveliness, awake, and shine,
Thy King is come, salvation thine!—
The winds are rock'd in holy rest,
The waves asleep on Ocean's breast,
And beautiful the boundless calm
O'er nature spread, like midnight-balm;
For lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice;
The Promised, since the world began,
To live, and die, for guilty Man.

"Again, again, the anthem swell!
For heaven *shall* burst the gates of hell!
A vision of prophetic years
Which travel on through toil and tears,
In all unroll'd, in wild extent,
Like ocean's surging element:
But, soon that darken'd scene hath past,
And rules the Lord, in light, at last!
The sunbeams of a sabbath-day
Around adoring myriads play;
From north to south, from east to west,
All pangs are hush'd, all hearts at rest:
Pacific homes, Atlantic isles,

Far as the vast creation smiles,—
The rudest spot which man can own,
Shall hail Messiah on His throne;
And lauding souls, by land and sea,
One Altar build, O God! to Thee,
While human angels * round it throng
To chant the sempiternal song,—
"Peace on earth, to Man, good will,
Let the skies our anthem fill!"

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Blessed are the eyes which *see* the things, ye see!"—*Gospel for the Day.*

As certain also of your *own poets*, have said."—*Acts* xvii. 28.

LIVING masters of the lyre!
Ye who feel celestial fire,
Priests, whose sacrifice are songs,
Poets!—unto you belongs
Privilege on earth to be,
(If your harps to heaven are true,)
Laureates of eternity,
Chanting more than Homer knew.

Magic, mystery, and might,
Such as charm our earth-bound sight,
From the ocean, sky, and air
Kindle poetry and prayer,
When, by inspiration fraught
Pure as God and genius bring,—
Bards in Nature's realm have sought
What no sensual harpers sing.

Hue, and harmony, and grace
Featured on Creation's face;

* ἰσάγγελοι.—*Luke* xx, 36.

Beauty, grandeur, love and light,
Beaming Day and dark-brow'd Night,—
To the Poets of the Lord
Sacramental ever prove,
Touch'd by that transforming Word,
Binding earth with heaven above.

Signs and symbols Nature hath
Scatter'd o'er her mystic path,
Like a wordless Bible, preaching
What no Science can be teaching
While, unread in heavenly lore,
She but scans what He has made,—
Seldom yearning to adore
God in His Own work array'd.

If in realms of heart and home
Fancy-dreams delight to roam,
Tinging all with hues of song
Which to poet-worlds belong,
Let your lyric numbers roll
With a cadence pure and high,—
Chanting His divine control
Watching man with sleepless eye.

But, how dread your boundless loss!
If beneath th' almighty Cross,
Strains of more melodious worth
Than attuned by choral Earth,—
Kindle no enraptur'd spell
To the praise of Him Who died,
Vanquishing both death and hell
On that Cross when crucified.

Priests of melody, and song,
Unto Christ your harps belong
In Whose glories faith can see
Hopes which fill eternity!—
Nature, Providence, and Grace,
Threefold while to man they prove,
Blend in *One*, to Whom we trace
All they hold of light and love.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"*Walk* in the Spirit."—*Epistle for the Day.*

BY heavenly likeness hearts discern
The secrets most divine;*
Since, as we live, so much we learn
Of Thee, O God! and Thine.

Those inward eyes of purity
By which the mind beholds
Ideal truths sin cannot see,
When God Himself unfolds,—

Unless we have them, vain is all
The science taught within;
Our creed, the World may holy call,
But, such proud wealth is sin.

And here, behold that peerless Law
Proving the Gospel's worth,
Beyond what sage or poet saw
When most he soar'd from earth;—

That Law is,—purity intense,
A chastity divine,
A sacred glow of innocence,
That keeps the heart a shrine,—

A shrine of holiness and power
Whence praise and prayer arise,
To seek what charms the dreadest hour
Demanding sacrifice.

* Ps. xxv. 14.

Then, weigh thy heart! disciple, keep
That central pulse of life,
Which even through mysterious sleep
Can throb with sin, and strife.

Unfathom'd, ever-active spring
Of deathless thought, and will!
To which time, sense, and motion bring
Perpetual good, or ill,

By Thee we live, and love, and hate,
The inward Man art thou,
Thy nature dooms our final state,—
And *that*, is forming, now!

Oh! watch we then, with jealous eyes
That world, where God alone*
Searches the secret thoughts which rise
Like shades before His Throne.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink."—*Gospel for the Day.*

A PASSION for imperfect good!—
Behold, what fosters pride:
While God Himself is thus withstood,
No idols are denied.

But, wouldst thou like the sainted be?—
From finite good retire;
And in the depths of Deity
Thy soaring thoughts inspire.

In humbleness of mind, believe
That true contentment reigns,—
Whose pleasures on the conscience leave
No shadows and no stains.

* Jer. xvii. 10.

Retreat then, O, earth-fever'd soul!
From broken cisterns fly;
For, couldst thou drink their blissful whole,
They still would leave thee dry.

The utmost in all creatures fails
A perfect lull to bring;
Since, when our purest dream prevails,
Unrest keeps murmuring!

Low as some weanèd child to lie
Before Emanuel's feet,
And in the guidance of His eye
To find a safe retreat,—

Like Him, to crucify the will,
As merciful and meek,
And each just orb of duty fill
Whene'er we act, or speak,—

Be this, disciple of the Cross!
The glory of thine aim;
And, though on earth thou reap the loss,
In heaven, perceive thy gain.

But, saith He not, that here below
Beatitudes begin
For all, whose hearts by meekness grow
Above the self of sin?

A kingdom of the mind *is* theirs
While yet on earth they bide;
And heaven seems dawning through the prayers
God's Spirit hath supplied.

Celestial Dove of grace! descend,
Thy gentleness impart,
Till faith shall build the "Sinner's Friend"
A temple in her heart.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"A dead man carried out. . . . . weep not."—*Gospel for the Day.*
"He being dead, yet *speaketh.*"—*Heb.* xi. 4.

SOFTER than moonlight o'er dim landscape stealing,
Is the faint presence of that mystic feeling
When Voices come, like resurrection-breath,
Ton'd with the tenderness of childhood's truth,
Or, touch'd with grief, or glad with glowing youth,
Serenely wafted from the world of death.

And now, as in the sepulchre of Time,
Toll'd to his grave by midnight's fun'ral chime,
Sinks the dead Year, we lift our hearts to Thee,
Timeless and changeless, an almighty Now,
Before Whose will the universe shall bow,—
The sightless Fountain of eternity!

Let tombs have tongues; and eloquence be heard
By listening conscience, more than spoken word,
While to the Present speaks the awful Past;
The longest-dead becomes a living voice,*
Whose wisdom cries,—"Make God thy glorious choice,
And with the peerage of the Saints be class'd!"

And, as with Abel, so can heaven-born Mind
Breathe through the Church, and still instruct mankind
From age to age eternal in its tone;—
Buried in flesh, but mentally alive
The battle-words of sainted Heroes strive,
And summon earth to be the Saviour's own!

Martyrs are miracles, whose voice controls
The grand episcopate of blood-priced souls,
Long as the clock of Time shall strike the hours;—
Though dead, they live, though dumb, they wield a speech,

* Hebrews xi. 4.

Whose tongueless accents unto conscience reach,
Ring through the soul, and rouse its dormant powers.

Peter and Paul,—oh, have they ever died,
Who, to the death, proclaimed The Crucified?
Preach they not still, with rhetoric sublime,
The Earth, their pulpit, and their audience, Man,
Far as God's diocess extends its plan,—
Sermons whose texts are oracles for Time?

Confessors, too, and champions for their Lord,
Eternity embalms each dying word
They uttered forth, from dungeon, stake, or fires;
Their tombs are altars, where religion prays,
And votive youth may consecrate its days
To deeds and darings, such as heaven inspires.

Baptised ambition is a god-like thing;
And wafts the soul, as on seraphic wing,
High o'er the selfish dreams of world-renown,—
For Christ to speak, when dust and darkness close
Round some dead martyr in his deep repose,
And pales the lustre of an Angel's crown.

And fameless dwellers, in some village cot,
By heaven remember'd, though on earth forgot,
With saintliness may so inspire a home,
That, greenly o'er them while the turf-grave lies,
Their pure example preaches from the skies
Truths, which o'erawe the erring when they roam.

And ah! how oft may voice maternal be
Like music, breathing Love's eternity,
Heard by the heart, in night-dreams of the dead
And so, immortalise with tender power
The vanish'd haunts of childhood's vernal hour,
That age forgets the cycles which have fled.

Nor, can the meanest Lazarus who dies,
Unwept, unknown, unwatch'd by human eyes,
An outcast-weed on earth's sepulchral wild,—
Speechless remain; because, *some* home, or heart

Took from *his* life a portion and a part,
That made it purer, or the more defiled.

And, warning Guides, whose wisdom breathed of love,
And spake below, what Angels think above,
How from the tomb their deathless words ascend!
Alive,—we heard them oft with rude cold ear;
But now, we prize them as sublimely-dear,
Till the heart echoes with the name of "friend."

Nor, is the Pastor sermonless, though dumb:
Still from his grave may preaching magic come
Far more resistless than his living breath;
And truths, that once were braved with impious mock,
Or, fell like sunbeams on a herbless rock,
Divinely sway him,—now they speak from death!

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

"There *one* Body, and *one* Spirit, even as ye are called."—*Epistle for the Day.*

AGES and empires, thrones, and throneless kings,
Science, and art, with all the Poet sings
Of grief or glory, pomp or state, depart,—
But Thou, fond Mother of the faithful, art

On earth a Miracle of during might!—
Pleading to Heaven for sacramental right;
Though rent by tyrant-wrong, and stained by sin,
True in thy centre to the Christ within.

Speak, Parent! then, to each rebellious child,
And homeward * fetch the fearful, and defiled;
Cry to dread Sacrilege,—God's wealth restore!
And melt stern Faction, till it "sin no more."

* "Fetch them *home*, blessed Lord."—*Collect for Good Friday.*

Thine is a Voice, would man but hear it well,
With more than music in its deepest spell,
Touching the soul through all its myriad chords
With love-tones, caught from dying martyr-words.

Soul of the saints! celestial Paraclete!
Open faith's inward ear, and make it meet
To listen ever, with a child-like awe,
And hear Thy language in the Church's law.

In fast and festival, or frequent prayer,
Breathe we, O Lord! Thy temple's solemn air;
Bow the bold heart, or, bend the suppliant knee
And thrill man's time with God's eternity.

Whate'er the truth our ancient Mother speak,
To curb the sinful, or sustain the weak,
To calm or chasten, to absolve or bind,
Sooth the wild heart, or help the wearied mind,—

Be ours the listening soul, and loving will,
By faith to learn what duty must fulfil,
E'en when to Discipline pale Conscience yields,
And proves by penance what the power She wields.

For, oh! her Voice, maternally the same,
Comes to each sainted heart with hallowed claim,
Speaking, at once, of holiness and heaven,
Yet, ever warbling with that word,—"*forgiven!*"

Church of our God! all life to Thee pertains,
Its hopes and fears, its pleasures and its pains,—
From dawning reason, down to very death
Thy words are quicken'd by Emanuel's breath.*

Believe, and do,—be this our wisdom all,
While through the Church we hear the Spirit call,
And feel, as onward years to glory run,
The accent varies, but her Voice is one.

* "He BREATHED on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost whosoever sins ye retain," &c.—John xx. 22.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Grant thy people grace. . . . . with *pure hearts* and minds to follow Thee the only God."—*Collect for the Day.*

AS local space the body holds,
So God the mind contains;
And who can dare, what He enfolds
To mar with impious stains?

He dwells in us, and we in Him,
The Temple of all souls!
And pure, as prostrate seraphim
Be all which Heaven controls.

For, if the ground by Moses trod
With sanctity was fill'd,
When erst the flaming bush of God
The o'erawed patriarch still'd,

Sublimer far, than thought can trace,
Is He, the all-divine,—
In Christ reveal'd, our dwelling-place*
And Soul-embracing Shrine.

Eternal spring of purity!
Descend, propitious Dove;
From heart-corruption make us free,
By turning law to love.

The blessèd are the pure, indeed,
And wretched, the defiled;
In whose dark bosom dwell and breed
Lone passions, fierce and wild.

* Ps. xc. 1; Acts xvii. 28.

By likeness only, souls can see
The glories heaven contains;
But minds that nurse impurity
Would feel them worse than pains.

For, purity is heaven below,
And sin, the hell of man,
While all eternity will show—
Will be—what time *began!* *

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another."—*Epistle for the Day.*

BASE passions are the serpents of our soul,
That bite, and sting to bitterness the heart,
And, where they wield their unsubdued control,
Angels and Grace from that foul den depart!

But, when these hearts atoning Blood makes white,
Soft o'er our spirit broods the mystic Dove;
Like the hush'd band who watch'd their sheep by night,
A "peace on earth," replies to peace above.

Then, like our Lord, magnanimous and meek,
Move where we may, our end is still the same;
Firm to Their vow, in all we do, or speak,
Our lives embody the baptismal name.

No longer, as the Lord of Hosts, and War,
Doth God the glories of His will unfold;
But, radiant as the lull of evening star
As Lord of Peace His pard'ning smile behold.†

And, saints on earth, resemble Him, in heaven,
Who help to circulate the calm of love,

* Rev. xxii. 11.
† Isa. xlvii. 4; Exod. xv. 3; 2 Thess. iii. 16.

And, by imparting what to each is given,
Prove their high lineage from the Lord above.

Makers of Peace! your task divine complete,
Two sever'd hearts in unity restore;
And bid mild harmonies of friendship meet
In homes to rule, where they have reign'd before.

For ah! how mournful, when two friends depart
Wider and wider unto distance stern,
While each one holds the arrow at his heart
And, but for pride, would lovingly return.

And, more than beauteous is a god-like word,
Breathing soft balm o'er that tempestuous hour
When some dark madness of the soul hath stirr'd,
Or, poison'd nature with envenom'd power.—

To stand between, like mediating Grace
And make two alienated minds agree,
Sublimes our being, and reveals the trace
Of true adoption into Deity.

And He, in Whom all unities reside,
Celestial Fount from whence communions flow,
Husband of Souls, who took His chosen Bride
And call'd it by the name of, Church, below,—

How can we love Him, if we dare to rend
By the rude harshness of sectarian will
That Mystic Body, where all members blend
And, by their harmony, due office fill!

How can we love Him, if *our* "Church" we choose
As pride, and reason and presumption sway?—
Defend us, Grace! from Babylonian views,
And teach us, not to argue, but, obey.

Be ours submission, Mary-like and meek,
Who love the path anointed martyrs trod;
Learning to crucify, what most we seek,
When Self would image a sectarian God.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

"Filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; *singing and making melody in your heart*, to the Lord."—*Epistle for the Day.*

NO Sabbath keep they in their praise
Who ring the heavens with glory-lays,—
Those lauding Seraphim, that ever cry,
"Thou holy, holy, holy, Lord on high!"

Ye Stars of Jesus! wingèd Creatures
Out-beaming all bright fancy features,
Would that *our* worship, like your own might be,
And time, an echo of eternity!

Oh, waft ye from love-chorded lyres
Some choral fragment, which inspires
Adoring ecstacies of song and soul,
Till, high as heaven our hallelujahs roll!

From nightless regions,* where ye chant
Hosannahs loud and jubilant,
May He, Who over saint and seraph reigns,
Kindle in us some Christ-adoring strains,

Which on the harp of holy Thought
Quiver, with awed devotion fraught,
And tremble up to heaven, in tones which speak,—
The soul is willing, though the song be weak.

Praise is the purest breath of love
Worship can waft to Christ above;—
Such, Eden's bower from sinless Adam heard
When God, within him, first devotion stirr'd.

* "There shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

But, litanies from man declare
Weakness, and want,—confessing there,
How guilty passions have our nature stain'd
And grasp'd the throne where once Jehovah reign'd.

And hence, to your unsilenced lays
Bright Choristers! our spirit raise,
That faith may listen, and your anthems learn,
Till echoing earth to heaven the strain return.

And, now abide, let truth declare,
Confession, praise, and contrite prayer;
But of that three, the greatest far is found,—
Praise to our God, by man and Angel crown'd!

In praise, the least, in prayer, the most
Our selfish aims can be, and boast:—
Glory divine our lauds alone confess,
But litanies, *ourselves* most chiefly bless.

With lives of prayer, and lips of praise,
So pass we our appointed days,
Since half the Angel but commences now,
And woe and weariness o'ershade the brow.

But, wait awhile, and we shall sing,
Melodious Angels! round our King,
And sweep that harp, no quiring Seraph can,—
Whose chords by faith are tun'd for pardon'd Man.

Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.

"*Strong in the Lord* . . . . . we wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the Rulers of the Darkness of this world."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THOUGH weaponless, to man, the Church appears,
Yet, in her weakness is she mighty, still!
And civil Tyrants have confess'd their fears,
When they approach'd Her, with consummate ill,

Finding, she hath a mystery and might,
Or, secret glory, which escapes their sight.

Money, and men, with subtlety and sway
Adjusted and array'd,—with these blind worldlings move
Whate'er impediments obstruct the way
Bewilder'd dreams of wild ambition love;
But Christ's own * Body !—*there*, they face a foe
Who seems to strengthen on the rock of woe !

But, *whence* th'enduring grandeur of this spell,
This obstinate sublime of love and law,—
Is, to mere earth-gods, more than speech can tell,
A something more than State-craft ever saw !
Hence, from collision with such magic, they
Shrink and retire, like darkness from the day.

Oh ! had their conscience but a creed divine,
Church of The Lord ! how soon would all be clear,
And prove what myst'ries fill that Ark of Thine,
Which daunt the tyrants, when they † draw too near,
Since faith, not sight, a true perception gains
Of that high region where the heaven-King reigns.

Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.

"Ye are of GOD, *little children*."—1 *John* iv. 4.
'He who hath begun a good work in you, will perform it, until the day of Jesus Christ."—*Epistle for the Day*.

CHILDREN, to faith, are sacred Things,
Tokens and types of purity
Under the Church's ever-brooding wings,—
When reverence their souls can see
Baptised in God's Own trinitarian Name,
And heritors of more than Angels claim.

* Col. i. 18. † Exod. iii. 5.

Yet, little can this Age of art,
Of science, culture, and proud skill,
In that deep mystery partake a part
Prophetic Conscience should fulfil,—
Watching young souls, which ripen into prayer,
Foster'd by hidden beams of heaven-light, there.

But, in our wonder-crowded earth
No marvels can so much reveal,
As infant-spirits,—when, through second birth,
They upward into glory steal,
Through sin and sorrow, weakness, toil, and strife
Ascending God-ward, with celestial life.

Sun, moon, and star, and sea and land,
The elements, and all they hold,
Have nothing in them so divinely-grand
As what infantine hearts enfold,
As, day by day, some charms of secret grace
Dawn into light, which Love alone can trace.

Precious as pure, the warbled hymn!
The first faint buds of oral praise;
And, like deep glances caught from Cherubim,
The looks devoted infants raise
When, gently lifting their entrancèd eye,
They worship Jesus, and believe Him, nigh.

Fancy and feeling, ne'er alone,
In childhood's depth and dawn can view
Those higher instincts, which the Church may own
And in them hail His presence true,
Who gives to nature, what no Flesh imparts,—
The vestal pureness of regen'rate hearts.

And, holy as parental love
To earth and time must ever be,
Unless anointed by a grace above,
And so, by faith from sin set free,—
What is it, but idolatrous delight
In mortal good, with God kept out of sight?

Child-loving Lord ! from Thee we learn
A sacredness to childhood clings,
And, in Thine incarnation can discern
What mercy unto manhood brings,—
When the dread Second of the Godhead deign'd
To suffer here, where sin and Satan reign'd.

The laver of regen'rate life
From whence baptismal waters flow,
Saviour ! forbid that our unhallow'd strife
Should change it to a fount of Woe,—
By impious mocks, whose doubting tones repel
Man from his God, and make earth nearer hell.

Still do Thine arms of wreathing love
Encircle infants, as of old,
When soaring hearts survey Thy throne above,
And on that Glory-seat behold
The Virgin-born, whose sacramental Word *
Round every cradle by the Church is heard.

Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity.

"Jesus Christ . . . . *shall change our vile body*, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."—*Epistle for the Day.*

THE dimness of the holy dawn
Round earth and sky was stealing,
And silence on the shaded lawn
Lay, like a solemn feeling;
But still, her watch, much-loving † Mary kept,
Gazed on the tomb, and while she gazed,—she wept !

Oh ! Saviour-God, and *where* didst Thou
Thy viewless Person hide,
When first Thy resurrection-brow,
By mortals undescried,

* "Suffer *little children* to come unto me," &c. Matt. xix. 30.
† "Her many sins are forgiven ; for she loved much."

Was bared triumphant in the breeze of heaven,
While throbb'd creation like a heart forgiven?

Who saw Thee with refulgent grace
Rise from Thy rocky tomb?
Or, look'd upon Thine awing face
Clad with celestial bloom?—
Scripture is dumb: enough for Faith to read,
"The Lord is risen," and alive, indeed!

Not when sabbatic rest began
Our new-born earth to bless,
And all was eloquent to man
Of light and loveliness
Was such a moment for mysterious thought
Like this,—with superhuman meaning fraught.

By virtue of our risen Lord
Stern Death himself shall die;
And, charter'd by His changeless Word,
Victorious saints may cry
Their "*jubilate*" o'er each human grave
Open'd by Love, which died the world to save.

Yet, pensive, pale, and all alone
The weeping Mary bends,
And, wond'ring o'er the vanish'd stone,
Her clouded eye-glance sends
Into the grave, with fearful hope to find
If still her Lord be there, in death enshrin'd.

But hark! angelic whispers sound,
Angelic Forms appear;
And gleam the sepulchre around
Glories,—which make her fear!
While each, with tone like music's lulling fall,
"Woman! why weepest thou?" is heard to call.

"My Lord is taken hence away,"—
Such the sad answer given;
And beams her eye with tearful ray
Beheld by God in heaven;

Then, pensively uplifts her downcast head,
Moved by the glide of some advancing tread.

There, shrouded in serene disguise,
The Lord of spirits stands!
But sorrow dims her yearning eyes,
Nor on His nail-pierced Hands
Nor wounded Feet, that lonely weeper saw
The sacramental prints of Love and Law.

So *was* it then; so *is* it now
Redeemer of all forfeit souls!—
Our creeds Thy Presence here avow,
But blinding sense controls
That inner-vision, which can realise
A living Saviour in some holy guise.

Near, but unview'd; when seen, unknown;
His very accent strange!
O Mary, art thou faithless grown,
Does grief thy soul derange?
"*Why weepest thou?*"—can such true speech recall
No thrilling mem'ries of thine All-in-All?"

Alas, how often in some hour of pain
Dejected spirits fail
To see Emanuel by the tomb,
Where most His words prevail:
The earth-clods mutter with so dread a tone,
A Saviour's "*weep not*" seems for ever flown!

But Christ hath yet a deeper spell,
A breathing from His heart,—
A word that none could speak so well
As when *Those* pure lips part
And whisper "MARY!" with resistless love,
That *once* absolved her for the realms above.

And how her spirit's inmost chord
That well-known "*Mary*" thrill'd!
Since, who could breathe it, like the Lord
Whose heaven-toned accent fill'd

Each hidden chamber of the heart within,
And smote pale conscience with remember'd sin !

O Thou, the Root of risen life,
If, Mary-like, we fail
To greet The Voice that lulls our strife
When grief and guilt prevail,—
Deepen Thy tones, till Love's melodious claim
Shall seem to vibrate with our very name.*

Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

"If I may but *touch his garment*, I shall be whole."—*Gospel for the Day.*

SHRINED in a sacrament, my Saviour lives
By all save heaven-eyed faith unview'd;
And there, beneath anointed symbols gives
Himself, to be our spirit-food :
Thus by that eucharist our hearts may see
Dwells in Shechinah there incarnate Deity.

Oh ! that prevail'd within my spirit now
Such voiceless awe of soul profound,
As once o'ercame me, when, with shaded brow,
Kneeling the Altar-rails around,—
A love which works by supernat'ral law
Proved to adoring mind, what science never saw !

For, cloth'd by matter, comes almighty Grace
Curtain'd in secrecy of spells,
With feeding mystery to form our race
By nourishment, that inly dwells ;
Till, strengthen'd thus by elements divine,—
This Manna of the Church may with our souls combine.

* "I, the Lord, which *call thee by thy name*, am the God of Israel."—Is. xlv. 3.

Yes, 'twas a moment, tender, awful, deep,
When *first* a virgin faith received
Mystical Food, which made it live, and weep;
While, fill'd with prayer, the soul believed
Under the symbols which accost the sense
An omnipresent Christ Himself doth there dispense.

No cold memorials, cautiously defined,
Dead emblems for the carnal eye,
Nor mere emotions to enflame the mind,
In this dread Banquet *they* descry
Who learn behind the shroud on God to gaze,
And realise by faith far more than sight displays.

In things Divine simplicity is strength
When man becomes a little child;
Learning that secret, all are taught, at length,
Who keep the Symbol undefiled,—
That not to mental force but meekest love
Descend those heaven-born truths, which draw the soul above.

The aching hunger of a foodless heart
Famish'd by guilt and gnaw'd by sin,
Is never soothed by what mere husks impart
While conscience yearns for Christ within,—
Not in the shade and shadow of a Name,
But livingly bestow'd, and felt through all our frame.

O Thou, of sacraments the hidden Seed,
Incarnate Presence! working all,
Eternal Nourisher in what we need
When most for grace thy members call,—
Open our hearts for Thine illapses true,
As dawning flowers expand, to drink the vestal dew.

THYSELF we want!—not less, nor more we ask:
Such is the Banquet souls require
To fit them here to face life's burden'd task,
And secretly such aids inspire
That Christ internal may be form'd, and fill
Each faculty men wield, with homage to His will.

And, what a pang it wakes of with'ring dread
When *first* Communion age recalls!
Or when we realise the holy dead
While faith before the Altar falls,—
And think how chill'd these time-worn hearts can be,
With soaring youth compared and young simplicity!

Lord! grant a praying zeal, whose pureness glows
With more than what from earth proceeds,
That in Thine Eucharist, where grace o'erflows
To meet our spirit's inmost needs,—
Each hoar'd Communicant again may find
In that high feast of heaven what *once* o'eraw'd his mind.

We are not wise, because experience learns
What crafty worldliness imparts,
Or, mere acuteness through proud culture learns
By hollow intercourse of hearts:
For sacred wisdom is a gift divine
No spirit can produce, except, O Lord! 'tis Thine.

They learn the Saviour best, who love Him most;
Taught by simplicity and prayer
Man's true religion, which the Holy Ghost
Shrines in that Church our creeds declare,—
Whose truths enclose a sacramental plan
For bringing heaven to earth, by weaning self from man.

Twenty-Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

"Israel out of the *north country*."—*Epistle for the Day.*

SISTER of Scotland! lift thy grief-worn face,
Arise, courageous be;
Not gloom alone, but glory marks the trace
Stern archives bear of thee;
Of old, quiescence for thy strength has been,—
But now, awake! and thrill the world's great scene.

Widow'd of pomp and shorn of stately power
Thy mitred Fathers are;
But He, who seal'd with sanctifying dower
Their consecration-prayer,
Still to the church of Caledonia's clime
Grants the true wealth of apostolic time,—

A creed of principle! that Christ-born Thing
With prowess calm and high,
Which baffles hate and all harsh tyrants bring
Fierce zeal to crucify:—
True to God's covenant, thy martyr'd soul
Faced the dread anguish, and absorb'd the whole.

Thine was a trial, worse than battle-shock
Like what Culloden saw;
E'en the slow waste of man's consuming mock,—
The bane and blight of Law,
Whose with'ring cruelty of cold disdain
Frets a fine spirit more than martyr's chain.

For oh, when Persecution's rage appears
In faggot, blood, and fire,
Religion watches through applauding tears
Faith's hero thus expire:
Such death is grandeur; and each dying tone
For truth becomes an everlasting throne.

But, Scotland's Church in silent meekness bore
Her pangs of buried grief;
Unlike false Zeal which took the field of yore
And fought for stern-relief;
Wearied and worn, in exile far away,
She wept, and worshipp'd in that awful day!

Yet, not for Her hath poet struck the lyre
Pure martyrdom to praise;
Battle and blood can pæans loud inspire,
But none could anguish raise,—
Voiceless, intense, when hearts with pangs were wrung,
By angels number'd, though by bards unsung.

Sister of Scotland! 'twas indeed an hour
Of agony and gloom,—
Erastian hate and antichristian power
Yearn'd to contrive a tomb,
Where Church and Cross and sacramental Rite
Should bear the blast of persecuting might.

Then, was thy triumph! when thy Prelates stood,
And drank the cup of woe:—
Imprison'd, faint, in widowhood
Thou didst not faith forego,
But, bind the Cross still closer to thy breast,
And follow paths a Saviour's feet had press'd.

For this, both Time and Truth shall laurel thee
With wreaths of more than glory;
And creedless Legislation blush to see
The brand she wears in story,—
Dreaming that mortal power a Church can make,
And what Christ founded, impious Falsehood shake!

E'en now may pilgrims from their southern home
In glens of Scotland find
Symbols and signs, where'er they haply roam,
Which bring that age to mind
When fierceness, clad in Cameronian form,
Yell'd in the fray, and rous'd the bloody storm.

Altar and Temple, plunder'd, rent, defiled,
The scatter'd flock no more,—
Bann'd from their soil, went husband, wife, and child
To seek an alien-shore:
While oft beneath the cutting winds of heaven
Some infant to the Saviour's arms was given.

"Cast down, but not destroy'd," thou still art left
Shrine of the hoary Past!
Changeless in creed, although of power bereft
By persecution's blast:
And time-worn prayer-books by their tear-marks tell,—
The hearts they solaced, learn'd to love them well.

When Albion in barbaric darkness lay
Cover'd with pagan-cloud,
Thy sea-girt convent sent the primal ray
Which broke Northumbria's shroud;—
O'er Dane and Saxon pour'd celestial light
And saved half Europe from sepulchral night.

That wave-rock'd nursling of the Hebrides
Whence thy first Abbot came,
Hath islanded with grace the northern seas,
And fill'd with more than fame
The sacred gloom of that monastic Shrine,
Where still some halo from the past is thine.

Like wrecks of glory, mute and mournful fade
Cathedral tower and spire;
And calm dejection haunts each cloister-glade
Where rose the pealing quire:—
Tombs of dead ages, thus thine Abbeys stand
Whose very ruins consecrate a land!

Sister of Scotland! lift thy grief-worn face,
In Christ victorious be;
Not gloom alone, but glory tracks the trace
Stern archives bear of thee:
Bid temples rise, and shrines of prayer abound
Where ancient Faith with martyr-wreaths was crown'd.

Saint Andrew's Day.

"Jesus . . . . saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, and he saith . . . . Follow me."—*Gospel for the Day.*

THE world knows least its greatest men,
Their records are on high,
But where they liv'd, or, how and when
They laid them down to die,
Rests oft conceal'd from that recording fame
Blind earth-gods call the glory of a name.

And in this dwells a wisdom deep
To solemnise our thought,—
A truth which bids Ambition weep
If we have basely wrought:
For, crowns and conquests God's elect despise,
Whose angel-worth seems copied from the skies.

Thus holds it with that Saint who came
To Jesu's village-home,
The first that bore disciple's name
And bade his brother come
Like him, to gaze upon the Lamb of God
And follow where His guiding footsteps trod;

Since o'er that night a veil is thrown,
Screening in silence there
All which Tradition would have known
Of penitence and prayer,—
Of calm enquiry, or celestial word
That thrill'd St. Andrew, by devotion stirr'd.

Yes, he who was the primal guest
Beneath Messiah's roof,

By whom enquiring Greeks were blest
(While others shrank aloof)
In seeing Jesus on that festal day
When pilgrims sought old Salem's walls to pray,—

Is fameless in the roll of men!
Nor on God's mystic page
Mark we his shadow rise again
For musing saint or sage,
Except to bring a lone and shrinking "lad"
Blent with the crowd, who loaves and fishes had,

Before his Lord,—that Christ might feed
By miracle the host.
Thus learn we what the wisest need
And angels value most,—
How oft the nearest unto heaven are those
Of whom the loud-voic'd world but little knows!

Poor victims they of time and sense,
Whose glories must arise
From what mere lips of clay dispense
Or lauding sinners prize!—
How can the wisdom which is born of earth
Weigh the true measures of immortal worth?

Oh rather, like St. Andrew, be
By secret virtue great;
Resign'd, if God reserve for thee
That first Disciple's fate,—
In exiled loneliness to preach and die
And mount to glory on the martyr's sigh.

Lord of our souls! by this we find
'Tis not through outward fame
The moral saviours of mankind
Eternalise their name;
Since oft in secrecy of love retir'd,
For heaven they toil, by heaven alone inspired.

Far from the rush of public strife
In hearts and homes serene,

The hidden and the heavenly life
Of Saints hath ever been
That salient impulse, on whose virtue wait
The master-elements of Church and State.

Nor may we mourn because our God
Thus for high worth decreed,
That Minds who most this way have trod
And lessen'd mortal need
Should often vanish into fameless gloom,—
Unheard their country, and unknown their tomb.

But rather let disciples learn
To conquer self and sin;
And thus a higher law discern
By which our souls begin
To work like Angels, who in secret move
On countless errands of celestial Love.

True glory is what God decrees,
By faith's obedience done;
While they, who earth-blind man would please,
Forget that awful One
Who wrapt his Godhead in a robe of clay
And died in * darkness from the earth away!

Saint Thomas the Apostle.

"Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy hand . . . . and be not faithless, but believing."—*Gospel for the Day.*

FOR praise, for charity, and christian rest
Pure festivals of holy Church abide;
And times have been, when saints who loved them best
Found there some deepest yearning gratified.

* Luke xxiii. 44.

Like garlands they festoon'd the blood-red past
When hero-spirits dared for Jesu die ;
And martyrs, now with human seraphs class'd,
Look'd into heaven with Stephen's lifted eye.

Thus from the court and city, camp and field
Hymning Devotion with glad myriads came
High Lauds for some heroic Saint to yield,
And sun their hearts in His resplendent name.

A death in Jesus was a birth-day, then,
Till martyr-tombs like Altars came to be
Where the dead ashes of undying men
Seem all instinct with immortality !

Nor let St. Thomas be the last or least
Of laurell'd Memories to churchmen dear,
When call'd to celebrate each time-hoar'd feast
Ranged in the cycle of our christian year.

Of doubting heart but not of double mind,
His love intenser, than his light was keen,—
Christ hath ordain'd him to instruct mankind
By warning type of what the best have been.

Sway'd by blind sense, his inward eye became
Clouded and closed against that World divine,
Which dawns on conscience, but whose deepest claim
Is oft resisted, if the will incline.

And yet, the Apostolic choir he graced
By zeal impassion'd, whose heroic glow
Death rather than desertion nobly faced,
Nor fled from danger * in the night of woe.

By gentleness the Saviour made him great,
Rebuk'd the sceptic, but the saint restored ;
And, how we glory, when high words narrate
His heart seem'd bursting with,—"*My God and Lord !*"

* John xi. 16.

When Thou, Emanuel, didst Thy wounds unveil
And stand before him, palpably confest:—
So may *we* learn forbearance with the frail
Whose minds are rocking with profound unrest.

All doubt is human, but true faith divine;
And such, at length, that martyr'd saint inspir'd
Whose life, oh, Lord! became for Thee and Thine
A ceaseless pilgrimage of love untir'd.

O'er desert, sea, and many a torrid waste,
Though Parthian wild and India's idol-shore
Wing'd by devotion,—see St. Thomas haste
And die the death his Master did before.

Love was his light; and thus, dear Lord, may we
Gain by pure hearts that evidence sublime,
Which makes the Secret of eternity
Absorb the senses, and subdue our time.

For, holy love is like a gracious death
In which the Adam of the flesh departs,
Till the new creature, with aspiring breath,
Pants for the Home of all regen'rate hearts.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

"God . . . . through the preaching of St. Paul, caused the light of the Gospel to shine throughout the world . . . . we having his wonderful conversion in remembrance."—*Collect for the Day.*

MARTYR for Christ and miracle to man,—
If ere conversion by its glory can
Irradiate the clouds which roll
In lurid darkness round the soul,
It is, when saints with raptured glow recall
That lion of the Church,—the lofty-minded Paul!

Culture * and cruelty in him combined
At once to fascinate and awe mankind;
And thus, made fierce by flaming zeal,—
Nature and Grace can thence reveal
A teaching contrast, where the Church can read
Much that excited souls in some dark moment need.

Here is a Witness, with whose truthful light
The gospel puts the infidel to flight!—
Struck by a miracle, the maddest foe
Who ever dealt a murd'rer's blow
On christian virtue, suddenly outcries
"What must I do, O Lord!" and lifts his scalèd eyes.

Robed in a Vesture of incarnate beams
Dark'ning bright noon with supernat'ral gleams,
The persecuted Lord appears
And pours on his appallèd ears,
Like muffled thunder heard on midnight-sea,
Tones which in Hebrew said "Why persecut'st thou *Me?*"

And never did God's miracle of grace
With more divinity reveal its trace
Than in the contrast, thus beheld!—
When bigotry, by mercy quelled,
Sank into softness, while the blinded Paul
Thrill'd the admiring Heavens † with adoration's call.

Three years, an eremite of weeping prayer
Hid in Arabia's wild,—the Spirit, there,
By Voice, and Vision, and by ways
Screen'd from the search of mortal gaze,
Instructs the convert with celestial lore
And lifts him up to heights, Saint never scaled before!

But when, at length, to Salem's home return'd,
How keenly in him must his heart have burn'd
As on the blood-tinged gates, ‡ perchance
He fixed his aw'd and mournful glance,

* Acts ix. 1. † ix. 11. ‡ vii. 58.

Where, three years since, the martyr'd Stephen cried
"Forgive them, gracious Lord,"—and into glory died!

Or when the flashing dome of that dread Shrine
Whose very air once breath'd, to him, divine,
Rose dawning on the distant sky
Before the Convert's tearful eye,—
How thrill'd he now to learn his God had been
The Antitype in flesh of all that Temple-scene!

And, what to him, are time, and scene, and earth,
The vaunting nothingness of blood and birth; *
The pomp, the princedom, or the smiles
By which a Belial-world beguiles
The victims who on sensual good rely
And find no blissful heaven, but that beneath the sky?

"To live is Christ,"—behold, a master-spell
Whose power eternity alone may tell!
These were the words, by which array'd,
That hero of the Cross obey'd
The charm they wielded, till his dying breath—
The glory of his life and grandeur of his death!

Man's inner-world his diocese became
Through which he heralded Messiah's name;
Nor earth, nor hell, nor sword, nor fire
His superhuman zeal could tire,—
Unhasting and unresting like a star
Whose moving lustre fills deep midnight from afar.

And in the Lord, his children are not *we*,
The island-Church, catholical, and free?—
As Gentiles, on this festal day
Lord of the conscience! unto Thee we pray
That each true doctrine Thine Apostle taught
May sanctify the soul, a dread Atonement bought.

"Who art Thou, Lord!"—Alas, if thus † men cry,
Dungeon'd in doubt, beneath God's open'd sky.

* Phil. iii. 5, 8. † Acts vii. 56.

The Saviour in his people lives; *
And he who unto anguish gives
A cup of water, with a christian heart,
Of Christ's own Body † is a sacramental part.

Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin.

"Thy only-begotten Son was this day presented in the Temple."
—*Collect for the Day.*

AROUND us, though we trace them not,
Beat lone and loving hearts,
Who sanctify some quiet spot
By all which grace imparts;
Far from the rude-voiced world retir'd,
In secresy they dwell,
By faith, and not by flesh, inspir'd,—
Fond ‡ Angels know them well.

Prophetic heart and prescient eye
To such by God are giv'n,
Who scan His footsteps in the sky
And token-signs from heaven,—
Which men who love the whirl of life,
Self-blinded cannot see;
Lost in that harsh and hurried strife
Which hides eternity.

To watch and wait, to weep and pray,
Nor fear to face alone
That noiseless and unnoticed way
To none but Christians, known,
For them is privilege and peace,
A paradise within,
Who sigh on earth for heaven's release,—
An Exodus from sin!

* Gal. ii. 20. † Ephes. v. 30. ‡ Psalm xci. 3.

So lived the saints of hoary time,
The Lord's elect, indeed,
Impassion'd by a hope sublime
To view almighty Seed !—
Divine Consoler of the race
In human nature born,
In Whom Jehovah's unveil'd face
Brightens this world forlorn.*

Thus, Simeon down to ripe old age
Kept a devoted soul;
And Anna, with a deep presage
Oft through the temple stole;
For Priest and Prophetess conceal'd
One passionate desire,—
In Flesh to hail his God reveal'd,
And then, from earth retire.

He comes at last, how secretly!
Gentle as gliding dove,
Nor earth, nor heaven exclaims, "'tis He,
The Lord of worlds above."
Nature her wonted calm retains,
Nor voice nor vision tells
The everlasting God who reigns,—
In yon frail Infant dwells!

But Simeon in his priestly arms
Cradl'd the awful Child;
And while he saw those living charms
Which on him look'd and smil'd,
Oh, Woman! high o'er women blest
Pure mother of our Lord,
Was ever babe like Thine caress'd,
Who was th' Incarnate Word?

What thrills of throbbing wonder ran
Through agèd Simeon's heart
As weeping rapture thus began,
"Lord, let me hence depart,

* 2 Cor. iv. 5.

For now my trancèd eyes have seen
Salvation's light at last,—
On Whom since time and woe have been
Thy people's hopes were cast!"

And, hath the scene for us no spell,
No sign, or symbol, there,
Whose meanings to Devotion tell
The vision-power of prayer?—
Far otherwise our Church proclaims,
Who, with th' Eternal Child,
St. Mary and her vestal claims
Reveres as undefiled.

And where, but in Thy Temple, God,
Didst Thou in flesh appear,
Whose courts had been for ages trod
By Levite, Saint, and Seer?
So is it now, if souls desire
Visions of Christ to view,—
They love to feed the altar-fire
With incense ever new.

The temple is their home of truth,
The house of peace and prayer
Hallow'd alike by age and youth,
Who seek Jehovah there
By laud, or litany, or hymn;—
And, touch'd by awe divine,
Commingle with the Seraphim
Who crowd that mercy-shrine.

St. Matthias' Day.

"Almighty God, who into the place of the traitor Judas didst choose thy faithful servant Matthias."—*Collect for the Day.*

LOV'D, and yet lost! oh, God of worlds and souls,
A mental Antichrist mere Reason grows
When o'er such mystery her eye-glance rolls,—
To scan profoundly what Thy wisdom knows.

Round man a limiting horizon lies
  Against whose everlasting bounds and bars
Mind turns to madness, when it vainly tries
  To burst them through and soar beyond the stars!

Be this the creed all heaven-taught spirits own,—
  That sin is human, holiness divine,
And they who perish, from *their* wills alone
  That way derive to which bad hearts incline.

Decrees which petrify the fount of grace
  Our Church repudiates with holy dread,
And greets redemption for the human race
  In that great Victim who on Calv'ry bled.

The *un*-creation of apostate will,—
  Sin must be measur'd by the guilt of man,
Whose free elections in the flesh fulfill
  No other purpose but corruption's plan.

On the fair brightness of this festal day
  Clouds of deep awe a shading dimness throw,
But in pure faith we let them pass away,—
  * "What now I do, *hereafter* ye shall know!"

Such were the soothing tones, St. Peter heard
  Who inly question'd what Emanuel did,
Till the deep wisdom of th' Incarnate Word
  The asking boldness of his heart forbid.

Yet, lesson'd are we by the fearful thought
  That he who wore an apostolic crown
Above all monarchs' with true glory fraught,—
  In treason lived, till murder laid it down!

Warn'd and re-warn'd by many a prescient tone
  And word significant, for conscience meant,
Seems it as though Iscariot *might* have known
  The coming shadow of that dread event.

* John xiii. 7.

But blinding avarice the soul beset,
Satan and self their covenant had made,
And not till ruin'd, felt the wild regret
For blasted vows and innocence betray'd.

Priests of the Lord,—let Judas warn them well
Lest in some heart a secret germ may hide
Of that which hurl'd him to the lowest hell,
At once a traitor and a suicide!

If lucre-dreams not love for souls inspire
The impious mocker, who presumes to say
"Come, Holy Ghost; and with celestial fire
Purge the vile dross of sin and self away,"

Alas, for *him!* but grace and truth are Thine,
And through the channels of Thy church can flow;
The hands are human, but the gifts divine
Which all their virtue to *Thy* merit owe,—

Who art of sacraments the vital Spring,
Their viewless Source of purity and power
When souls their sacrifice of worship bring
And throng thy Temple, in devotion's hour.

Nor should false worldlings in their pride forget,
If lust of income o'er the conscience reign
Some heart of Judas may be throbbing yet
And act, in principle, his crime again!

And, Lord of souls, let faithful shepherds feed
The Flock committed unto past'ral care;
Not lured by gain, but finding all their meed
When Glory's fold shall see true converts there.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"The Lord himself shall give you a sign; behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."
—*Epistle for the Day.*

BEGUN by Gabriel, hark! how echoing time
Thrill'd by the magic of Almighty love,
Deepens the cadence of that "*hail!* sublime
"Mother of Him Whom heaven enshrines above."—
Weak in thyself, but high o'er women blest
When God was cradl'd on thy heart at rest.

What bright emotions trembl'd o'er his wings
When quiv'ring downward with celestial play
They waft a plum'd ambassador, who brings *
The great announcement of Earth's bridal Day,
While more commenc'd, than man could seek by sign †
From depths eternal, or from heights divine.

Four thousand years of prophecy enclose
Their vast fulfilment in the Virgin's womb,
When He, who ransom'd Nature from her woes
And from hereafter roll'd away its gloom,—
The living substance of his mother took
As He was member'd in Jehovah's book.‡

Bone of our bone and flesh of ours become,
A perfect MAN with perfect GOD combin'd,—
Here can the Church perceive her central Home
And source of all which sanctifies mankind;
While God's elect in born Emanuel see
The lineage of the Lord by faith, are we.

* Hosea ii. 19. † Isaiah ix. 11.
‡ Psalm cxxxix. 16.

Yet coldly her *magnificat* we chant,
  Whose heart was bathed with superhuman bliss
When to her God, with rapture jubilant,
  The Virgin mounted in a strain like this—
"The Lord hath magnified my low estate
And deathless time shall call his Handmaid great."

Well may we crown this Miracle of days,
  When God and Man, Eternity and Time
Blend in dread unity of love and praise,
  Till language trembles o'er such theme sublime :—
Like baffled eagles ere they reach the sky,
Our words sink downward when they soar too high.

The woes of Woman as pronounced on Eve,
  Reversed in Mary, now pure blessings prove
Since He who said "A virgin shall conceive,
  For ever consecrates connubial love
And breathes o'er Wedlock sacramental charms *
Which serve to shield it from defiling harms.

Not from mere dust, as primal Adam came,
  Messiah's Flesh was organised for man;
Nor from the angels sprang that sinless Frame
  In which God realised Redemption's plan;
But, "*made of woman*," by the Holy Ghost,—
Here is the mercy which redeems the lost!

The sainted Mother of incarnate God!
  Well may transcendency to her belong
And Fancy dream that in such heart abode †
  Secrets, which found no syllable or song,
To echo what that vestal Mother knew
Under whose smile th' Eternal Infant grew!

* Ephes. v. 31, 32. † Luke ii. 19.

Saint Mark's Day.

"Almighty God, who hast instructed thy holy church with the heavenly doctrine of thy Evangelist St. Mark."—*Collect for the Day.*

IF dying words can never die,
How deathless that departing one
Which, ere he closed his placid eye,
Was murmur'd by the Almighty Son *
When "*finished*" gave the earth-convulsing sign
Sin was atoned by sacrifice Divine.

What lack they, then, who call the Lord
Their own, by likeness and by love?—
The treasures of His will and Word
Descend upon them from above;
While church and creed by covenant are theirs,
With feasts and festivals and heaven-breath'd prayers.

Inheritors by faith are we
Of more than golden worlds could give,
If through Incarnate Deity
A spirit-life we yearn to live,
And daily by devotion's law are taught
The finished work atoning God-man wrought.

What lack we?—grace and gifts are ours,
Sermons, and Sacraments and rites,
While guardian-hosts of wingèd Powers †
Circle our pathway day and night.—
Alas, one thing we need!—inward power and will
In danger and in darkness to fulfill

Implicitly the Lord's command!—
Through blasts of doctrine vain as vile

* Matt. xxvii. 51. † Heb. i. 14.

What reeds we are! who cannot stand
When Persecution storms awhile;
But shake and tremble in the tempest-gloom
And sigh in secret for a pangless tomb.

May he, who was St. Peter's friend
And echo of his chasten'd heart,
Some holy warning this day send,
Whose wisdom may its worth impart
To all who, in the calm of culture, seem
Of life enamoured as a lulling dream.

But if, Mark-like, our courage faint
When death and danger bring their cross,
And in the sinner merge the saint
Because we did not count the loss,—
May *his* revival prophesy our own
And so prepare us for the Judgment-throne!

Though recreant once,* his palsied soul
Shrank from a conflict fierce and far,
Rallied by Peter's blest control,—
He lived to wage the christian war;
Founded a Church, and when the summons came,
Corded and crush'd he bore Emanuel's shame.

And should we, through betrayful sin,
Feel discord in some loveless hour
Profane the soul with impious din
That echoes back the Tempter's power,—
Let harsh * contention, by Apostles, find
That Christ alone can harmonise the mind.

Friendship and love, as born of earth,
Wither and waste when left alone;
'Tis heaven that grants the crowning worth
Whence true affections take their tone;—
What men call union, is a moral cheat
Unless cemented at the Mercy-seat.

* Acts xv. 38.

And, are not saints profoundly taught
By shrinking Mark on this high day
A lesson with this warning fraught,—
That evermore men watch and pray
Lest, in some dreaming trance of sense and time,
For bliss on earth they barter hope sublime.

Come, blended trial, woe and tears!
Arise, and shake the earth, O Lord;
Winnow the chaff * till wheat appears
Created by Thy living word:—
Far better thus to tremble, ere we die,
Than perish when Thy throne o'ershades the sky!

St. Philip and St. James's Day.

"Following the footsteps of thy holy Apostles St. Philip and St. James."—*Collect for the Day.*

CHURCH of the living God! thou hast not lost
(As human temple for the Holy Ghost)
Thine awful privilege on earth to be
The sacramental home of Deity †

Where in the tones of His omniscient Word
The echoes of Emanuel's heart are heard,
And mortal language serves but to conceal
That mystic Presence rapt adorers feel.

Still by those Creeds in which Apostles thought
Consenting harmonies of truth are sought;
While Paul and Peter, James and loved St. John
Cast their bright crowns before th' Incarnate One.

And privileg'd beyond compare are those
Who on those doctrines of their Lord repose
Celestial authors in the Scripture teach,—
Who loved to practise what they lived to preach.

* Luke iii. 17. † Compare 1 Cor. iii. 16, with 2 Cor. vi. 16.

Pure christianity is God in man *
Which Christ Himself in human souls began;
Whose germs, unfolded by maturing time,
At length expand in character sublime.

Thou inward Teacher of the Truth, and Way!
Deep is the lore Thy scholars learn to-day
If with receptive hearts our Cross we take
And meekly bear it, for the Master's sake.

Since, what are heroes in the church enshrin'd,
But types and tokens of that saintly Mind,—
Of calm submission or composèd will,
The world should witness in our conduct, still.

Oh, for a spirit, like to that which cried
(What Angel can?) "my Love was crucified!"
And felt, beneath affliction's blasting rod,
That grief was glory when endured for God.

So is it now, if, Lord of yielded souls,
The viewless sceptre of Thy grace controls
Each pulse regen'rate, which in praise or prayer
Throbs with that life Thy Spirit wakens, there.

Nerv'd with new force, may apostolic flames
Burn in each breast, like those which fired St. James;
And back to earth those peerless times recall
When Life seem'd nothing, save the Lord was all.

* 1 Col. i. 27.

Saint Barnabas the Apostle.

"They sent forth Barnabas . . . . He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost."—*Epistle for the Day.*

AND didst thou choose the better part
Accepted Mary,* meek and mild,
When seated near the Saviour's heart
And learning like a little child?—
Such attitude the loving soul
Must ever take in things divine
If faith would hear that whisper roll,
"Lo, I am His, and He is mine:"
Since Christ is Wisdom, and His counsel, truth,—
Guardian of age and guide of perill'd youth.

But, next to Him, the Church would hail
Those mirrors which reflect the Lord,—
Apostles, in whose type prevail
All which their grace and gifts afford
Of prowess, purity, and zeal,
And heaven-toned virtue, calm and high,
Whose radiant altitudes reveal
How near they rose, to reach the sky!—
Not as *Apostles,* but, as sainted *men*
Why may we not behold their like again?

And, what a teaching mass we find
Of character before us set,
Whose truths and tempers yield mankind
Wisdom,—the wise are learning yet!
Highway and hedge, the lane, the street,
Judèan wilds, the temple-court,
Or busy mart where rivals meet
And thronging hosts for gain resort,—
Each may afford to Faith's perusing eyes
Warnings the lesson'd heart will love to prize.

* Luke x. 42.

But on this day the Church may see
A mortal * paraclete in love,
Whose breast o'erflow'd with deity †
Illapsing from Himself above :—
By sympathetic depth of heart
His nature and his name express
Oh Truth ! how magical thou art
When mighty by pure gentleness,
Like him who laid his lands by purchase down
In sign of homage to the Saviour's crown.

Love was his charm ; but never yet
Perfection, save in Christ, appears ;
And this mild Levite wakes regret
When we recall his recreant fears :—
By weak compliance once he fell
And compromised his Master's cause
By shielding ‡ (though He knew him well)
The Saint who broke those sacred laws
Which bind us, when our Creeds for succour call,
In Christ to see our everlasting All.

Let not our hearts like Eli love,
Who in the parent sank his God,
And rather than a Vice reprove
Endur'd the way bad children trod.
Blandness becomes a treason-crime
And soft affections serpents are,—
Except beyond the bounds of time
By faith we live ; and learn by prayer
To guard the conscience from seductive wiles
When meek-tongued compromise the man beguiles.

Such lesson, Lord, a land requires,
By prayer and principle unbraced ;
Where faintly burn our altar-fires
And weak confessors stand disgraced,
While pagan culture, polish'd mien
And languor with its loveless eye

* Barnabas, i.e. "The son of consolation."
† "Full of the Holy Ghost," Acts xi. 24. ‡ Acts xv. 37, 38.

Forget what martyr'd souls *have* been
When friends and foes were scowling nigh :—
Heroes we want, whose never-shaking nerve
A universe might fail from God to swerve !

Serene, contemplative and pure
Like John of Patmos may we prove,
Whom death nor dungeon could allure
To break the spell of holy love.
Eternity through time he saw,
And God in man by grace beheld ;
And therefore, with rebuking awe
The traitor and his treason quell'd,
Causing the world this creed of Heaven to know,—
The Friend of sinners was of sin the Foe.

St. John Baptist's Day.

"The voice of Him that crieth in the Wilderness,—Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—*Epistle for the Day.*

PRECURSOR of that peerless One
Gift of all gifts, God's only Son,—
We celebrate his wondrous * birth to-day ;
Where mystery and miracle combine
To arm with purity almost divine
Truth's martyr, who for Christ prepared the way.

Herald and harbinger of grace,
He terminates a mighty race
Of Patriarchs, Prophets, Priests, and Kings of yore,
Whose mingled types and tokens now depart
Since Thou of shadows perfect Substance † art,—
God in our Flesh, Whom prostrate Worlds adore !

No wilful passion, strange or wild,
Faith's holy anchorite beguiled

* Luke i. 44. † Col. ii. 17.

Like stern Elijah,—girt with camel-hair
In rocky solitudes to hide and dwell
Far from the sway of home's domestic spell,
And build his being up to Virtue there.

But, guided by the God within,
He battled with the world of sin
Lifting the banner of the Cross on high;
And utter'd forth with fearlessness sublime
Words which are trumpets in the ears of Time,—
"Creation! listen, for the Lord is nigh!"

In John behold the hero-part!
No compromise could bend his heart:
When vice and villany rebuke deserved
He with undaunted brow and daring breath
Bore his true witness in the face of Death,—
By God inspir'd, and for His glory nerved.

And are not pulpits preaching-thrones
Where heaven-voiced Truth her function owns,—
To censure all which Church and Creed condemn?
Alas, for Discipline, if palsied mind
Become emasculate and o'er-refined,
And vice in torrents will not dare to stem!

Bold in rebuke Saints cannot be
Till Error in their *lives* can see
Patterns, which give to precept all its grace;—
For words are weakness when they stand alone,
Without example to inspire their tone
With grander meaning than our guilt can face.

A Belial-heart from John may learn
Athletic virtues keen and stern,
And sainted hopes, serenely form'd for heaven:—
Lone as Elijah, far from home and pride
The flesh he tamed, self-will was crucified
And the whole man to prayer and pureness given.

Un-worldlike in the world to prove,—
Hard problem this, for highest love!

And, unresolved,—except by vestal souls
Who like incarnate angels can retain
Baptismal purity without a stain,
Keeping the covenant no flesh controls.

Not in the harsh and heedless crowd
Heaven's lulling tones can be allow'd
With inward melody the heart to fill;
There, fever'd passion with exciting sway
Frets the worn mind, and frights that Dove away
Whose wings are brooding o'er the Altar, still.

Far from the strife of tongues, oh Lord!
Attract us by Thy teaching Word
To haunts of holiness and heavenly calm;
Where,* sprinkled with the Blood of blest release,
Conscience is lull'd to everlasting peace
And bathes our being in celestial balm.

Hail, solitude! true nurse of Saints,
The soul that in thy shadow faints
Can never like a second Baptist be—
A hero-spirit, unto whom was given
On earth to lead the angel-life of heaven
And starlike † shrine through all eternity.

Saint Peter's Day.

"Almighty God, who by thy Son Jesus Christ didst give to thy Apostle Saint Peter many excellent gifts."—*Collect for the Day.*

WE wept!—as they alone can weep
When love inspires the tears which fall
Till visions o'er remembrance sweep
And thoughts the past recall,
While some pierced heart we stab by treason now,—
Bleeds into anguish o'er the broken vow.

* Heb. x. 22. † Dan. xii. 30.

Feeling outsoar'd his faith within,
Beyond himself he seem'd to rise,
And little dreamt how fett'ring sin
Chains mortal Will below the skies :
A true Apostle but an erring man
Seems the great Soul in whom the Church began

Upon that mystic "*Rock*" to rest,
(The Incarnation's creed sublime !)
Such was St. Peter ever-blest,
Whose words, out-lasting earth and time,
Are types and tokens of all truths profound
Which in the heart of Sacraments abound.

In him contrasted and combined
Weakness and worth were strangely met :
A Hero both in heart and mind,
All rapture now—and then, regret ;
Of danger dreadless ; yet, betray'd by fear,
The Lion trembled, though his Lord was near !

Impassion'd, fervid, flame-eyed zeal
He bodied forth in word and deed ;
And felt, as holy warriors feel,
For Christ prepar'd to burn or bleed :—
But stern and strong, his temper wildly rose
Like the rude gale which o'er Geness'ret blows.

Yet He Who read with piercing eyes
Each fibre of the inner-man,
Though Peter still to priesthood cries—
"My grace apart,* ye nothing can
For heaven or holiness on earth achieve,
But more and more God's wounded Spirit grieve."

Lord, grant, that while each grace and gift
The prince of Thine Apostles shared
The Church's living faith may lift
To where Thou art in heaven declared,—

* John xv. 5.

Impetuous dreams we calm and chasten down
And learn the Cross before we love the Crown.

"Though all forsake Thee, yet not I!"
So felt bold Simon's fiery heart;
But, ah, how soon Emanuel's eye
Look'd * more than language could impart,
When crew the cock, and in yon crowded hall
Some weeping Angel saw St. Peter fall!

Oh, by that look of deathless love
Where God and Man divinely blend,
Incarnate! from Thy Throne above
Still to the Church a token send,
That should we faint beneath apostate fears
Thy glance may thrill us into soul-drawn tears.†

And if Thy dooming will decree
Some daily cross from friend or foe,—
Heroical let each soul be
And vanquish, by enduring, woe;
Or, smile as calmly o'er severest pains
As slept thy martyr ‡ in his midnight-chains.

Forgiven thrice, who thrice denied
His Lord!—and art Thou not the same,
As when St. Peter at Thy side
Blush'd into pangs of holy shame
To hear the question, "Lov'st thou Me and mine?—
Then, feed my Sheep in pasturage divine."

Descend, O Paraclete of grace!
Anointer of each priested soul,
And with almighty Blood efface
Indwelling sin's abhorr'd control;
Till sheep and shepherds, by the pastures green,
Form the One Fold where Thy true flocks are seen.

* Luke xxii. 61. † Matt. xxvi. 25. ‡ Acts xii. 6.

Saint James the Apostle.

"Saint James, leaving his father and all that he had, without delay, was obedient unto the calling of Jesus Christ."—*Collect for the Day.*

"YE know not what ye ask, who seek
On My right Hand to sit and reign;
The will is frail, and courage weak
In mast'ring superhuman pain:
Deep is the Cup! and anguish dread
'Tis Mine to drink, before I die,
Nor know ye what your lips have said
Who thus for royal glories sigh."

With accent of foreboding love
And gentleness all-gravely-wise,
Thus did the prescient Saviour prove
The perill'd hearts ambition tries.—
By zeal impassion'd, yet betray'd
Through blind emotions, born of earth,
They stumble most, when least afraid
How sin can mar the second birth.

Drink of His "Cup," indeed, *they* shall
And His * baptismal pangs endure,
Who crucify their selfish all
And find the Cross their only cure
For constant wounds of sin and strife
The world inflicts,—when faith would soar
And overcome this earth-chain'd life,
"With Christ" to be for evermore.

St. James was in the path of toil
When "Follow Me!" Emanuel said;
And lo, at once, the rude turmoil
He left, to haste where Jesu led.
What, though an aged sire remain'd
Bereft of son and sympathy,

* Matt. xx. 23.

The homage of his heart was gain'd—
For He who spoke, was Deity!

So is it now: our daily path
Is flower'd with blessings rich and rare
When duty in devotion hath
Obey'd the voice of Conscience, there:—
Faith should not yearn for great event
Or crisis through some wondrous change,
But with the calm of home content
In peace pursue life's wonted range.

Or if, like James, our hearts aspire
In some rapt dream too high for man
And grow inflam'd with zealot-fire,
Oh teach us, Lord, the milder plan!—
The "Son of Thunder" soften Thou
And with the balm of love allay;
Till the stern * bigot from the brow
In soft forbearance dies away.

And if we from this vale of tears
By heart-ascension inly rise
To that high Realm, where Christ appears
Enthroned amid adoring skies,
Behold our creed!—His Cup and Cross
To drink and suffer, is the doom
Of all who seek to gain by loss †
And triumph o'er the dreaded tomb.

In heaven there is a crown prepared ‡
A throne of deepest radiance set,
But Truth Incarnate hath declared
Unknown on earth are they as yet,—
The seal'd Inheritors who shall
That kingly eminence enjoy:
Yet faith believes for each and all
Are glories which can never cloy.

* Luke ix. 54. † Matt. x. 39. ‡ Matt. xx. 23.

Saint Bartholomew the Apostle.

"O Almighty and everlasting God, who didst give to thine Apostle Bartholomew grace, truly to believe and preach thy Word."—*Collect for the Day.*

ELECTION flows from secret grace
But character from will proceeds;—
The first, to God *alone* we trace,
The second human effort needs:
Thus in the saving work of souls combine
Both God and Man, by mystery divine.

Source of the guileless heart! by Whom
Nathaniels in the spirit live,
Let sun-bright innocence illume
The life Thy daily mercies give,
That like that single Mind which came* and saw,—
Simplicity may prove our perfect law.

A power exists in purity,
A hidden strength in holiness,
A light by which saints learn to see
Secrets beyond what Angels bless,—
An inward-eye by sanctity unscaled
To welcome visions † Prophets never hail'd.

In solitude of prayer retired
Beneath a fig-tree's twilight-shade,
Such was the soul by faith inspired
And by no sordid guile betray'd
Whom Jesus call'd the Apostolic dove,—
A perfect Israelite whose creed was Love.

Oh that like him, our hearts may learn
Dark pride and prejudice to shun,

* John i. 47. † Luke x. 24.

And by celestial beams discern
Those heaven-ward paths the Lord begun,—
So we may reach the everlasting Goal
And keep unstain'd the whiteness of our soul.

Some "Nazareth" * offends them all
Whom clouds of carnal self deceive;
And scales of blinding sense must fall,
'Ere harsh and hasty minds believe
How much of wisdom, and true worth may grow
In quiet nooks the world disdains to know.

In loneliness of musing love,
Nathaniel by the Book of heaven
Was train'd to welcome from above
Glad tidings of a Saviour given,
When cried St. Philip with adoring awe—
"THE LAMB behold, Who antetypes the Law!"

Thus be it with ourselves, O, Lord!
Let shades of calm seclusion fold
Their shelter round us, while The Word
In peace and prayer shall be unroll'd;
Nor let us, fever'd by ambition-fires,
Seek the vile world which vanity inspires.

God's heroes are in secret form'd,
And homes retired are Virtue's school;
While passions, which have wildly storm'd
In selfish riot, man to rule,—
Have left their victims unappeased at last
With nought remember'd, but a ruin'd past!

Eye of The Everlasting One!
Bent on Nathaniel while he pray'd,
Be Thou our perfect shield and sun,
Alike in public, or in shade;
Abroad, at home, let pure religion be,—
A heart made guileless, and in Heaven, with Thee.†

* John i. 46. † Matt. vi. 20

St. Matthew the Apostle.

"Jesus . . . . saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom; and he saith unto him, follow me."—*Gospel for the Day.*

LOST in the gloom of life's tempestuous sea
How anchorless the shipwreck'd heart must be,
Unless by faith 'tis fasten'd on The Lord
Who walks the waves, and rules them by His word.

Here is that creed, which glorifies their lot —
Saints cannot live where christian love breathes not!
And Christ, by omnipresent grace, is found
Where Duty leads, and makes it hallow'd ground.

Those peopled solitudes, loud cities vast,
If *there* by heaven thy cross of life be cast,
O thought divine! the aching soul to bless, —
The Lord is with thee, in thy loneliness.

Yet little dream they, who in village-calm
Drink the free gales of freshness or of balm,
Or the blue magic of o'erarching skies
Delight to mirror on their grateful eyes,—

How oft some town-worn victims inly long
To hear the woodland chant a breezy song;
Or wind and wander through embowering glade
Where the green twilight sheds a cooling shade.

But, Christ knows best, *what* cross his saints require
Who like Himself to be, on earth aspire,
And guards their doom, and guides their devious ways,
And watches o'er them with unwearied gaze.

The hush of Nature seems a holy thing,—
But, deathless Man a deeper lore may bring;
Nor can mute landscapes be with meaning fraught
Like the stern wisdom crowded streets have brought;

And myriads in the dust and din of strife
Rest on the vision of that inner-life
Th' elect of God (unknown to sense) enjoy,
And live serene amid the world's alloy.

But he who, summon'd from the haunted Lake,*
Rose at the word, and for Emanuel's sake
Shook from his soul with spiritual disdain
What wordlings call a glory and their gain,—

Teaches to-day, what sacrifice can do,
When to The Lord our pulse of love beats true;
While in that publican, let Pity learn
That none are outcasts, when to God they turn.

Oh! for a heart, which, like St. Matthew, leaves
That mammon-world whose vice the Spirit grieves;—
Flies from the golden martyrdom of wealth
And finds in poverty true peace and health.

When base expediency, like Naaman, bends
In Rimmon's temple for apostate ends,
Earth calls it, providence!—but with God 'tis crime,
Which makes eternity succumb to time.

Christ is the Income of celestial hearts
When the vain world with its vile gold departs;
And man's true riches in The Spirit are,—
Comfort and calm, with purity and prayer.

Yet need we not from throng'd abodes to fly;
If Duty calls—then God himself is nigh!
Nor pine in fancy for monastic cell,
But take our cross, and try to bear it well.

Heaven shines on earth, when souls by faith can see
The lustres of reveal'd eternity
Reposing softly on that secret path,
Whose winding still the Saviour's footprint hath.

* Matt. ix. 9.

St. Michael and all Angels.

"O Everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of Angels . . . . in a wonderful order."—*Collect for the Day.*

THY temple, Nature, none can duly tread,
Except by more than mortal guidance led
In all thy forms and facts to see
The sightless Hand of Deity
Shaping all objects by some plastic spell,
The lights of science are too dark to tell.

But "laws" become blind substitutes for God
Who rules creation by a viewless rod;
While second causes oft exclude
Jehovah from our solitude,—
Though morning, noon, and night, the sea and air
Cause of all causes—God Himself declare!

In days of darkness worshipp'd Angels drew
A false allegiance from a faith untrue;
And sacrilegious dreams began
To mar Redemption's holy plan,
Which gives to God supremacy alone
And bows the universe before His Throne!

But science hath reversed such error now,
Dethron'd the Angels, and will scarce allow
That aught beyond some mindless force
Empowers creation's wond'rous course!
And scoffs to hear, wing'd Messengers of love
Can waft a blessing from their bowers above.

Yet hearts, whose wisdom is God's holy Word
With child-like awe and chaste devotion heard,
That camping Angels round them stand
In viewless hosts, on either hand,—
Believe; and in such ministry delight
Whether it guide the day or guard the night.

And thus do Nature Providence and Grace,
(Whose threefold regions hold our human race)
Instinct with angels more and more
Become to spirits, who can soar
High o'er that limit blinded Sense would throw
Round all who seek the seraph-world to know.

Serene and pure, ye bodiless and bright!
Above mere science and material sight,
Princes and Peers! whose home is heaven
And unto whom by God are given
Splendour and strength, with sympathy for all
Who Christ both Head of men and angels call,—

In nature's world where'er we muse or stray,
Or through dim providence explore the way,
To us unerring truth declares *
Ye minister, as glory's heirs;
Or, gather round us with a guardian-wing
And viewless aid to perill'd moments bring.

When in some aisle, for awful worship meet
Baptised adorers round one Mercy-seat,
Angels with us communion hold
Though none their beaming plumes unfold;
And round the Altar love to realise
The truth of faith's unbleeding sacrifice.

Divine Inspirer of adoring thought!
Be this high theme with heaven-born rev'rence fraught
And grant us that religious eye
Which shadows forth in earth and sky
Myriads of angels—moving to and fro
And working miracles, we little know!

And when at length the silver cord is broken
And our last life-pulse gives its ebbing token,
O Thou! Who in Thine agony
Some Angel hadst to strengthen Thee,—†
Let such wing'd herald in that hour attend
And waft our spirit where Thy saints ascend.

* Heb. i. 14. † Luke xxii. 43.

St. Luke the Evangelist.

"Only Luke is with me."—*Epistle for the Day.*

A HOLY concord of embracing hearts
Beneath the Cross of Jesus blended,
To friendship an undying spell imparts
That lives when time and toil are ended:—
Union like this survives the earth's decay
And deepens when the world dissolves away!

Such was the amity serene and strong,
By Luke and Paul in union shared;
Heart link'd with heart, each persecuting wrong
Which tyranny and torture dared
On God's elect ones to inflict or bring,—
They master'd well by meekest suffering.

High in the calendar of sainted Worth
Luke the beloved most justly stands,—
Comrade of Him whose spirit walks the earth
And leavens all converted Lands
With faith and feeling,—pure as Paul inspires
When hearts are kindled with congenial fires.

Danger, nor death, the dungeon, sword, nor stake
Their sacred bond of friendship broke;
Each cheer'd the other, for the Church's sake
And triumph'd in their Master's yoke;—
His Cup to drink, His destined Cross to bear,
Was all their glory and the goal of prayer.

But he,* whose earth-chain'd spirit could not soar,
A contrast and a recreant proved;
Whose heart was canker'd at its secret core
And hollow, as the World he loved:
Fickle and faint, such cold apostate grew
To man unfeeling, and to God, untrue.

* 2 Tim. iv. 10.

By peril daunted, cow'ring Demas left
The dungeon'd Paul *alone*—to die!
Save for St. Luke, of each true soul bereft
And bound in dark captivity:
Alas! for him, who dared not face the doom
Of preaching Christ in cave or catacomb:

He barter'd heaven for pottage * mean and base;
But, had he no remorseful hour?
Blush'd not his conscience o'er such black disgrace,
And writhed he not beneath its power,
As oft the features of forsaken Paul
Tortured remembrance would at times recall?

Craven he was;—and so, perchance, are *we*
Who in the calm of cloudless life
Pillars of truth so oft appear to be,—
But tremble in the storm and strife!
And were we summon'd to the martyr-cell
Would not the type of Demas warn us well?

Our blinded hearts are hypocrites, O Lord!
And little can the wisest know
(Unless illumined by Thy radiant word)
What serpent-guile sleeps far below;
Or be convinced, till awful crisis come,—
How far they wander from their heaven and home!

We shudder on the brink of this dread truth,—
"*But Demas hath forsaken me!*"
And let the lesson both for age and youth
Inspired with solemn warning be:
He lives for Jesus, who to self hath died
And on the Cross beholds it crucified.

* Gen. xxv. 31, 32.

St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

"Grant, us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine."—*Collect for the Day.*

"NOW let us cleave the heavens with prayer
And call avenging fire-blasts down*
To wither those who madly dare
Thus to profane Thine awful Crown!"

"Ye know not what your spirit is,"
The grave but gentle Mourner cried
Who left, to save a wicked world like this,
A Throne where He was glorified.

Impassion'd bursts of blinding zeal
Too often thus the wise betray;
And while we hope the Truth they feel,
Self-will pursues a sordid way!

Incorp'rate with the cause of heaven
Not seldom, but how secretly
Is found some harsh unholy leaven
That poisons what pure love should be!

Religion thus conceals a lie,
Her glory in our guilt is lost;
And, though like John false zealots cry,—†
Blind self becomes *their* Holy Ghost.

But Christ Who was sublime of zeal ‡
Instructs man with divinest lore
And bids His mystic Body feel
The holy flames He felt before.

* Luke ix. 54. † 2 Kings x. 16. ‡ John ii. 17.

Attemper'd thus, by prayer controll'd,
The vestal-fires of faith within
Will make the heart both meek and bold
To frustrate all the powers of Sin.

As harmony from blended tones
A force derives and draws a spell,
So Christ in His communion holds
Commingled hearts, which serve Him well.

Each with peculiar grace supplied
Distinctly formed to diff'rent key,—
Around that Cross where Jesu died
Can blend in perfect unity.

Who chose Apostles, two by two,
Co-heralds of Incarnate grace,
Empower'd them thus because He knew
How to attract our heedless race.

Head of the Church ! in prayer, and praise,
In festival and fast divine,
To Thee we lift our pleading gaze
That love and zeal may both combine

By unity of chasten'd powers;
And so chastise the stubborn will
That all we have, as Thine, not ours,—
Shall more and more Thy law fulfil.

For faith contend ! * Lord, grant we may,
But not for self, in that disguise;
Lest, what *we* call a heavenly way,—
May lead where endless ruin lies !

* Jude 3.

All Saints' Day.

"Thine Elect, in one communion and fellowship, in the mystica Body of Thy Son."—*Collect for the Day.*

AROUND the Church a spirit-band
Of God's elect in glory stand,
And faith upon each brow can see
The radiance of eternity.

The "dust of Jacob" * who can count?
Or measure its sublime amount,
That "goodly fellowship," th' anointed host,—
The heroes of the Holy Ghost?

Giants in grace whose weapons were
A fearless will, and fast, and prayer,—
Valiant in fight, their course they run
By gazing on th' eternal Son.†

Though stoned and mangled, sawn and slain, ‡
They baffled, by enduring, pain;
And fiends and foes before them fell
Subdued by love's divinest spell.

Encompass'd by such living "cloud"
Of laurell'd Souls, who never bow'd
Under life's burden deep and dread,
But bore the cross, and meekly bled,—

"*Hither*, come up!"‖ a Voice to-day
We hear like choral thunders say
From white-robed saints, with palm and crown
Through open'd heaven now gazing down.—

Patterns they are, almighty Lord!
Who, moulded by Thy plastic word,

* Numb. xxiii. 10.
† "Run with patience . . . *looking* unto *Jesus*."—Heb. xii. 1 & 2.
‡ Heb. xi. 37. § Heb. xii. 1. ‖ Rev. iv. 1.

Form types and tokens pure as true
Of what victorious grace can do.

Yet, like ourselves, on earth they met
The pang, the fever, and the fret,—
The sorrowing waste and sinful wear
Of trials which thy children bear.

By passions keen as ours assail'd,
Heavenward they soar'd, and never fail'd
Through all their mounting track to see
A Saviour's eye of sympathy.

Awake! then ye who seem to tire,
And from our Feast some holy fire
Of martyr-love and mighty zeal
On this day learn to fan, and feel.

These Miracles of true renown
Who wield the palm and wear the crown,—
What had they from the Church of old
Faith cannot in our *own* behold?

Succour without, and strength within,
With grace to awe rebellious sin,
And eucharistic Manna given
Ourselves to feed with food of heaven,

Example, precept, promise,—all
For hearts which faint or dread to fall
The Spirit and the Church provide,
And give them in The Crucified.

Thus, dead or living, saints are one,
Incorp'rate through th' incarnate Son;
On earth below in heaven above
Communing by celestial love.

And they who choose the better part
Seem glorified in hope and heart;
And where Christ reigns aspire to be
Enshrined in peace and purity.

HOLY COMMUNION.

The Collect.

"Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit."—*Prayer Book.*

THE conscious spirit of dejected earth*
Hath groan'd and travail'd for that second birth
The harp of Prophecy exults to sing
And with whose glories David's numbers ring.—
Though perfect once, when Adam fell
'Twas wither'd by a wasting spell
When down on air and earth and sea
Lighted the curse of Deity,—
While that dread Nemesis which seized on man
Reach'd o'er the world, and through creation ran!

Dumb Matter seems intelligently grieved
As though it sympathised with man bereaved,
In dark remembrance of that Eden-crime
When flesh and spirit fell from bliss sublime:—
But Nature waits with prescient eye
For bridal glories drawing nigh,
And thus accords with saints who yearn
For throned Emanuel's bright return,
When those vile thraldoms that enchain the heart
In one vast jubilee of love depart.†

And hence, in unison with mystic earth,
Saints feel the throes of supernat'ral birth,—
A deep unrest which inly yearns to share
That sinless freedom heaven and hope declare

* Rom. viii. 22 † Isaiah lxi. 1.

Yet to await Thy Church, O Lord,
Where reigns Thy will and rules Thy word;
Till not one pulse of heart shall be
That throbs with no delight in Thee,
While earth and man millennially express
A second Eden, graced with holiness.

And blest art Thou, maternal Guide for all
Who lovingly obey thy creed and call,
(Now at the shrine where viewless Angels stand
To see men worship as their souls expand—)*
Thus to prepare by tones of awe
Thy children for omniscient Law
Whose purity and precept teach
Perfection souls can never reach,— †
But still *would* realise, when faith is true
And Christ the Archetype retain'd in view.

Thou only Cleanser from indwelling sin,
Spirit of purity ! thy reign begin;
The wav'ring pulses of regen'rate will
Though beating homeward, play imperfect, still :—
Attracted by contagious power
They vibrate through each perill'd hour;
While treason-throbs of selfish pride
Are often by the heart descried
When most it yearns before the Altar-rail
To let no Master but the Lord prevail !

Heart searching God ! Oh, who can thus exclaim,
Nor feel the blushes of remorseful shame
Pierce through his conscience as with pangs of fire,
And silence more than quiv'ring speech inspire—
To think of man's ‡ denuded heart
Cover'd by no concealing art
Pierced through and through by *That* pure Eye
Whose beams the sinless angels try !—
Alas, for guilt, if when Thy truth be known
Men see no Saviour on the mercy-throne !

* Ephes. iii. 10. † Psalm cxxxix. 6. ‡ Jerem. xvii. 10.

Come then, sole Calmer of our spirit-fears
By all Thy sacrifice of Blood and Tears !
And so renew us with regen'rate fires
That sin may perish, as the saint aspires
By thought and action more and more
In self to sink, in Christ to soar,
And thus ethereally sublime
Break from the bonds of space and time,
Wing'd on bright hopes which waft him far away
To sinless realms where no earth-shadows play.

The fetter'd eagle when he feels his chain,
Frets at each link, and longs to fly again
Far o'er the thunder-cloud in wheeling flight
And bathe his plumage in celestial light :—
So yearns the saint from sin to part
When drags the earth-chain at his heart,
And longs with agonising sigh
Beyond this flesh-bound world to fly,
And in yon heaven of holiness to find
A perfect centre for the soaring mind.

The Commandments.

"Then shall the Priest, turning to the People, rehearse distinctly all the Ten Commandments."—*Rubric.*

TWO Wills the universe divide
But *One* supremely reigns ;
Or God must be undeified
While sin the mast'ry gains.

In perfect union limitless,
Eternally the same,—
Dread glories of almightiness
Enshrine Jehovah's Name !

Coëqually thus Law and Love
Together act and blend,

Proceeding from that Power above
Who is their source and end.

Avaunt, then, ye unhallow'd spells!
By whose seductive power
Sinai no more its thunder knells
Round Satan's tempting hour.

An image of Eternal Mind,
So far as words can be,
The Law reveals to lost mankind
Thyself,—transcribed by Thee;

By Thee, O God, in Whom to think
A moral change can move,
Would make the highest angel shrink
And darken heaven above!

"*Thy Law to keep, our hearts incline,*"
Be this our inmost prayer;
And then, will holy radiance shine
On all we do, and are.

In covenant, though Law be dead,
As ruling power, it lives;
And children, by the Spirit led,
Walk in the light it gives.

It glorifies Emmanuel's Blood,
Irradiates the Cross;
And proves that God is perfect good,
And sin, the only loss.

Sinai in thunder and in threat
Soften'd by Calv'ry's tone,—
Both we require, and dare not yet
Listen to each *alone*.

Thus ever may omniscient Law
Deep in our bosom dwell,
And every pulse of passion awe,
Or break its guilty spell.

O Thou ! in whom the Law divine
Its perfect Type approved,*
Chasten our wills to copy Thine
And choose what Thou hast loved.

Maternal teacher of God's truth,
Guardian of glorious creeds,—
Thy Church will thus in age and youth
Answer immortal needs :

Since Love and Law in her express
Their unison of aim,
And clothe with awful loveliness
Jehovah's worshipp'd Name.

Collect for the Queen.

"Duly considering Whose authority she hath."—*Prayer Book.*

TO this low earth by God are given
Shadows of wondrous things in heaven ;
And by them dim-eyed Man is taught
To educate regen'rate thought,
And rise, by Truth's ascending scale,
To where in light and life prevail
Those archetypes of perfect bliss
Which in the breast of Godhead dwell :—
And Christ ordain'd a creed like this
His Church should hold, and guard it well.

Vast Nature in her varied path
A sacramental meaning hath ;
Soil, air and sun, and moon and sea
Are parable and poetry
Divinely-touch'd with teaching powers,
To symbolise in sacred hours
Mysterious works which God and grace
Are in the realm of Spirit acting,
Till earth becomes a hallow'd place
An endless liturgy transacting.

Why marvel, then, that King and Queen
Have ever in *our* temples been
Enshrined, amid due praise and prayer,
And hymn'd in high memorials, there?
Since regal power reflects to man
A scepter'd image of that plan
Where Monarchy Incarnate rules.—
Thus, kingly brows our faith reveres,
And by obedience conscience schools
A loyal heart for higher spheres.

The witchcraft of rebellion,* Lord,
Is blasted by thy searing Word!
"*The Powers that be*" from heaven derive
Sanctions, from whence they fitly strive
To helm the pride of lawless will
And bid fraternal Man fulfil
All duties awful justice owns,
Which bind us each to each in love:—
And hence, we learn from human thrones
To bend before The Throne above.

Princes involve a public Heart
Where empires own a vital part;
The type, the standard, and the tone
Of morals,—in them myriads own,
And as *they* seem to rise or fall
Virtues or vices sway us all:
Thus, Church and State in concord meet,
Act and re-act, for weal or woe,
And saints around the Mercy-seat
To both express how much they owe.

Lord of all Lords, Thou King of Kings,
Whose Throne around that anthem rings
Whose sempiternal lauds proclaim
That Holy! Holy! is Thy Name,—
Shield Thine adoring Church who prays,
And lifts to Thee her asking gaze.

* 1 Sam. xv. 23.

In Thy dread Hand * imperial hearts
Are beating, for mysterious sway;
And secret grace a power imparts
To keep the pure and perfect way.

And while Britannia's ancient crown
Beams o'er the world with bright renown,
Let thought and will, and word and deed
So in the light of Law proceed,
That Monarchy in heart and mind
To God and glory be inclined:
For then will Church and Crown express
Distinct but undivided worth,
And mercies brighten while they bless
The Land of their associate birth.

The first of Subjects,† as of Kings,—
Emmanuel His obedience brings
To awe rebellion into dread
By fury or by faction led,
When rampant wills *that* Law decline
Which proved, O Lord! perfection Thine:
Rather by meekness let us learn
Man's crowning grace in Christ to see,
And from His life this law discern,—
Obedience is true liberty.

Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the Day.

"Then shall be said the *Collect* of the day. And immediately after, the Priest shall read the *Epistle* . . . . then shall be read the *Gospel*."—*Rubric.*

SCRIPTURE, the spirit,—form the Church imparts
Of true religion to baptisèd hearts
Who on her creed and counsel live,
And aye with filial rev'rence give
Both faith and feeling to that watchful care,—
Whether we soar on praise, or sink in contrite prayer.

* "The hearts of kings are *in* thy rule and governance"—*Collect.*
† John v. 30.

Thus at the Altar by maternal voice
She warns her children; and with trembling choice
A threefold * spell electeth now
To bring upon the heart and brow
Solemnity,—which marks each awing word
Wafted from lips ordain'd in Thy blest Name Oh Lord!

Coëval with past Liturgies whose tone
Breathes a pure strain Apostles seem to own,—
Is that dread Rite wherein we learn
Myst'ries divine, which saints discern
Who on that sacrifice by faith can feed
Where Christ himself becomes the Nourishment they need.

Thus did the Jew his paschal feast partake
And into worship grateful mem'ry wake
By reading—how the Angel swept
O'er Egypt's clime, and safely kept
Beneath his plumes in that passover-flight
The blood-saved host of God, whom heaven preserved by night.

And, like the mission'd Seventy, who were sent
To herald forth the great Omnipotent,
Select Epistles now declare
His Advent; and the heart prepare
By truths and tones which harbinger the way
For that Incarnate Love which feeds our souls to-day.

Now, "*Glory be to Thee and Thine, O Lord,*"
Such be that strain through all our temples pour'd!—
A God in language cometh He
Whose Gospel breathes of Deity,
Where not a syllable but burns and glows
With that celestial might His majesty bestows.

And let adoring myriads at the sound
Rise with due awe; and while the aisles rebound
With choral echoes loud and long,
Still may consenting hearts prolong

* Collect, Epistle, and Gospel.

That laud of glory unto Jesu given,—
Throned in our temples now, as truly as in heaven.

By gesture thus we symbolise to man
Far as mere body unto spirit can,
Both rev'rent mind and ready will
Our Lord to worship, and fulfil
His kingly precepts with heroic zeal
Whatever be that doom the royal Law reveal.

A verbal eucharist are words divine
Whose depths a sacramental God enshrine;
And hence those hearts can inly feed
And satisfy immortal need,
Who in such paschal food of language share
Realities which prove Emanuel present there.

Nicene Creed.

"The Gospel ended, shall be sung or said the Creed following."—*Rubric.*

WHEN from the Past we lift that hoary pall
Which mantles time and space and scene
And in some resurrection-dream recall
The buried grandeurs that have been,—
Dead Empires quicken with historic breath
And life comes wafted from a world of death.

But what so thrills us with admiring awe
As deeds and darings, that display'd
God's heroes in the Church which martyrs saw,
When, resting on no mutual aid,
They witness'd unto blood that Creed divine
Where all pure doctrines in the Cross combine?

Thus, when for council, Rome's converted king
Summon'd the listening East and West,
In pledge of faith-born unity, to bring
A Symbol where all Churches rest,—

Seldom has Hist'ry * unto hearts unroll'd
Such touching grandeurs as we there behold !

Then, maim'd and marr'd by heathen wound
The Apostolic watchmen came,
And in one league of living virtue bound
All who adored their Master's Name,—
Ever to keep by falsehood undefiled
The Creeds which sanctify both man and child.

And *can* we doubt, those Priests and Prelates hoary
Enthroned amid the palace-hall,
Eclipse all gods who reign in human story
And round whose thrones adorers fall,—
And thus, unpurified by fast or prayer,
Mistake for glory what is sinful glare !

But what these mitred witnesses proclaim'd
Our sacred Mother echoes still :
By crushing Wrong unsilenced and unshamed,—
In *faith* she has no choosing will,
But hands unmarr'd that true Deposit down
Which consecrates alike her cross and crown.

Nor let the worshipper of godless Mind
With mocking wonder, question how
Renew'd confessions in the Church can bind
Our hearts to keep their holy vow :—
Not to inform, but to *affect* the Man,
Proves the deep wisdom of our Church's plan.

Hence repetition is the law of growth ;
Not light, but love, souls mainly need :
And ancient Liturgies provide for both
By concord of a double Creed,—†
Where each to each imparts some genial tone
Whose true distinctness makes communion known.

Confession is of creeds the vocal life ;‡
Without it, none in Christ are saved ;

* Consult *Sozomen* and *Theodoret*.
† Apostles' and Nicene Creed. ‡ Rom. x. 10.

Baptised for conflict, superhuman strife
Heroic saints have nobly braved;
Nor breathes there in the Host elect on high
One spirit that will dare the Creeds deny.

Salvation's Captain! though a Prince of Peace,
Under Thy banner we are met
And, panoplied by grace, will never cease
To lift that spirit-war-cry yet—
"My love was crucified; and I must be
Lord of my will! self-crucified with Thee."

A perfect touchstone and a probing test
The Church for souls hath thus supplied;
And searchingly by symbols now confest
The treach'rous depth of conscience tried,—
Lest haply in some vague and vast "believe"
Our suicidal hearts themselves deceive.

So in the face of earth and hell and heaven
Let saints and fiends and angels hear
A full-toned witness to our "Credo!" given,—
Which falters with no coward fear
But upward soaring with resistless flight
Enters the ears of Him Who dwells in light.

Almighty Feeder of the famish'd soul
Both Priest and Sacrifice in one,
Shed o'er Thine Altar a sublime control
Till heaven, by holiness begun,—
Inly transform the sacrificial mind
And Saints adore Thee,* in themselves enshrined.

* Ephes. iii. 17.

Offertory.

"Begin the Offertory."—*Rubric.*

WHEN Death itself on Calv'ry died
Hosannah ! wond'ring Angels cried
Who saw in that abyss of love
A Miracle unknown above,—

God in depression !—'Twas a sight
Whose dreadful glories, over-bright,
Seem'd to appal their wing-veil'd eyes
As though the earth outshone the skies.

Thus, mystic radiance robes the Cross,
And in the depths of Adam's loss
The Incarnation bids us see
All grace can do and God can be.

But still in vain, with verbal glow
Mere lips of doctrine overflow,
If no true sacrifice can seal
By outward stamp our inward zeal.

The christian Altar claims a trine
Of blended acts, in which combine
Forgiveness, charity, and gift,—
Which up to heaven the heart uplift.

Alas for us, if formal grown,
A fast or sigh, or tears alone,
Be *all* th' oblations men can bring
Who call The Crucified their King !

Fasting and Alms,—*between* them stands
Devotion, when the mind expands,
And plumed on double wing would rise
To greet Her Master in the skies.

And did not He by Whom we live
Himself as passive off'ring give,
And bid us on His mystic shrine
Love-tokens lay of truth divine?

Bright centre of consummate love!
Whence radiate to worlds above
Expressions of almighty grace
Eternity will not erase,—

Thou Cross! the crest of Calvary,
Religion moves and breathes in Thee;
And they are mockers dead and cold
Who do not in Thy light behold

A Model and a Motive pure,
Of sin and self the perfect cure,—
Transforming with a spell divine
The hearts which rest, oh Lord! on Thine.

And days have bloom'd, when such the zeal
Enrapt adorers lov'd to feel,
That jewell'd vestments rich and rare,
Charters and Deeds, combined with prayer,

And Lands and Rev'nues,—all encrown'd
The christian Altar, and around
The central Presence of The Lord
A wealth of boundless worship pour'd.

But times prevail, when lip and life,
To God reveal an impious strife;
The *first*,—celestial in its tone,
The *last*,—is self, and self alone!

Blest Giver of enlarging grace
Regenerate the human race;
And on Thy Cross, before we die
Our earth-chain'd feelings crucify,

Till body soul and spirit be
A holocaust of love to Thee,
While soaring prayers like incense rise
To consecrate the sacrifice.

Offertory-Sentences.

"Begin the Offertory, saying one or more of these sentences."
Rubric.

DIVINE Parnassus for the priests of song
To whom all consecrated harps belong,
Mountain of grace, mysterious Calvary!
May ev'ry minstrel's heaven-toned lyre
Tell how Thy glories can inspire
The might and magic of true poetry.

But, crested by the holy Cross, thou art
A more than Poem to the pure in heart,
Whose inward-vision sees that Symbol there,
Whence sacramental meanings flow
That kindle adoration's glow,—
Melting with praise or murmur'd into prayer.

Yet, throbs and thrills emotional and keen,
Like those awaken'd by some wonder-scene
Where tragedy excites and tears reply,—
What are they more than fairy gleams
Which fascinate our earth-born dreams
And cheat the conscience with bright mockery?

No life is felt, except devoted love
The Will can crucify for Christ above,
Whose Cross transfigures all its spells can reach:—
Who touches it, a virtue gains
That o'er his inmost fibre reigns
And tells him truths, which Martyrs died to teach!

But should'st thou waver in some unwatch'd hour,
Nor feel Thy Saviour's crucifying power

Soften the heart with love's o'ermast'ring sway,—
The Church accosts thee with a tone
Maternal, such as infants own
When erring fancies lead young feet astray.

In vain by litanies we cry "oh, Lord!"
And mock His Throne with man's beseeching word
Lull'd by the lip-work of a fruitless prayer;—
Oblations Christ and Church require
To mingle with that spirit-fire
The living altar of the heart feeds there.

All Saints are jewels in Emanuel's Crown,
Gems of His Church by glory and renown,
The talk of angels and the theme of heaven:
But in that list the martyr'd poor
Who faint beside the rich man's door
Are *most* like Him, to Whom such lot was given!

Blest be her wisdom then, who, ere we lift
Our hands to hold God's everlasting Gift
Here in His Eucharist of dying love,—
With urgency divinely-true
Opens the heavens for hearts to view
The Lord of charity enshrined above.

Preluding strains may thus the mind prepare
For more devotion than mere lips declare;
While Faith o'erawed, upon adoring knees,
Under that veil of mystic Food
Which garbs "The Body and the Blood,"
Her God in sacrificial glory sees.

Lord of true sacrifice! Thou Lamb of souls,
When charity like Thine the heart controls
How dear the sad, and how sublime the poor!
Spirits on fire, then inly melt
As though their inmost centre felt
Christ forming* in them, Whom their lips adore.

* Gal. iv. 17.

Prayer for the Church Militant.

"Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here in earth."—*Rubric.*

THOU dread Supreme ! an unimagined God
The Source and End of beings all,
Under the shadow of Whose sceptral rod
Ordain'd creations rise and fall,—
To Thine eternity of boundless love
Our blending adorations rise
And in that Priest of priests Who prays above *
Hails the deep Heart which echoes all her sighs !

Now while the alms upon Thine Altar rest
For consecration pure and true,
To yon calm region of the bright and blest
In faith we lift an asking view,—
That charity beyond our alms may reach
And act the Saviour's part,
Whose tones of Mercy to His kingdom teach
The holy largeness of a loving heart.

In this behold a miracle of prayer !
Timeless and boundless it extends ;
And, wing'd by omnipresence, everywhere
Circles alike both foes and friends :—
Far as the pulse of mortal nature beats
Or feeble man is known or found,
For ransom'd souls the sainted Church entreats
Till answ'ring mercies brighten and abound.

But for the Mystic Body of the Lord
Here militant on earth below,
Intensely be our true devotions pour'd
And kindled with seraphic glow ;

* Heb. vii. 25.

Since all around her marshall'd forces wait
To overwhelm her cause and creed,
And crush the holiness harsh worldlings hate
When Christ is rev'renced as our grandest need.

But, Truth is panoplied by arms divine;
And saints beside the Altar kneeling
Heroic graces from God's inner-shrine
Feel o'er their hearts sublimely stealing;
And while their soaring intercessions rise
Like angel-wings to worlds on high,
Emmanuel gives from His almighty store,
Victorious energies which never die!

And not for *living* saints alone we pray
With deepest intercession, now;
But for the dead and dear long pass'd away
Is gently heard the low-breathed vow.
What, though the perfect bliss which Christ imparts
Surpasses all earth calls divine,
And heaven is mirror'd by those sinless hearts
Pillow'd in peaceful rapture, Lord, on Thine,—

Yet as of old amid sepulchral gloom
The heroes of the Cross were number'd,
And more than glory round each martyr-tomb
Hallow'd the scene wherein they slumber'd,
So would our Church commemorate the Dead
True in her faith who bravely died,
By fellowship with those who burn'd and bled
And sang, hosannah! to the Crucified.

Oh, ye, the bodiless, the bright, the blest
Who never sin and no more die,
Yours is the pangless home of perfect rest
In bowers of bloom beyond the sky!—
No tears, no troubles mar that placid joy
A soul beatified must feel,
Whom heaven and holiness employ
While glory-visions round your spirit steal.

How loved ye are ! and still to faith alive ;
And present oft, when sad and lone
Pale mourners who must weep and strive,
Bearing some voiceless pang unknown,—
In musing walk and melancholy hour
The dead to life recall again ;
Or when deep music's resurrection-power
Seems to revive them in some magic strain !

But *most* we realise the living dead
When round the Altar faith adores
Her God Incarnate, Who empowers the Bread,
And hallow'd wine His Priesthood pours ;
For then the Church her full Communion shares
And time and flesh become a name,
And saints, one Body,—whom The Lord declares
On earth united, and in heaven the same.

The Warning Prayer.

"Consider the dignity of that holy mystery, and the great peril of the unworthy receiving thereof."—*Prayer Book.*

WHEN dark and deep on haggard conscience lie
The haunting shadows of eternity,
No lustre but thy radiant word
Can roll them off, divinest Lord !

For in the truth of that atoning grace
(A bleeding God embodied for our race)
Mercy conceals a vaster gift
Than lauding Angels can uplift.

Transcending praise, its awful virtue is
So infinitely stored with perfect bliss,
Heaven cannot boast more heavenly food,—
Than Jesu's Body, and His Blood !

Mysterious elements! Celestial feast,
Where saints the loftiest, and of souls the least
Renew their pardon round the Cross
And count the world, without it, loss.—

Well hath the Church in her most jealous awe
Fenced Thee around by reverential law;
Lest haply with unheeding mind
The sinful come where God is shrined.

For if when sandall'd Moses once drew nigh
A miracle to scan with daring eye,
"*Thy shoes remove from off thy feet*"
Protected then God's mercy-seat,—

Not less a warning christian hearts require:
For He who dwelt in sacramental fire,
Now in that paschal myst'ry lives
Where Christ His own Passover gives.

Three days of tempest thunder and thick cloud *
When Sinai quaked beneath the trumpet loud,
Usher'd the Law, 'ere down it came
In darkness, Deity, and flame!

Nor was there festival, where did not sound
Peals which awoke creation's heart around,
From clanging trumps, whose choral swell
Was echoed back by Israel.

And can we, who on God Incarnate feed,
In times of weaken'd faith, less warning need
Our souls to thrill with tender awe,
Who see what Moses never saw?

For on the Altar of His Cross we find
The sacrifice and Saviour of Mankind
Under the veiling bread and wine
Imparted, by His Word divine.

* Exod. xix. 15.

Danger and duty with associate might
Haunt the dread region of this holy rite ;
And may our watching Priests be bold
Like great St. Ambrose,—who of old

Cried to the blood-stain'd Monarch, "doff thy crown ;
In sackcloth, not in purple, kneel thee down,
And thus abide, and bear thy stain
Till tears have wash'd thee white again !"

By glorious discipline divine as true
Thus may all souls be taught their sins to rue,
And let some dreadless Voice declare
Due penitence, by fast and prayer.

But should the cowardice of conscience fail
And heart-confession shrink to rend the veil,
While dimness, doubt, and mystery,
Dark sinner ! overshadow thee,—

Then, to some meek confessor * sadly hie
And in his ear thy bosom'd anguish sigh,
And from absolving lips receive
Councils that heal the hearts which grieve.

Though not by pardons vendible and vile
Our priesthood reigns with superstitious guile,
Still hath the Church from heaven derived
High gifts, for which her martyrs strived.

Thou saving Teacher of the Truth and Way,
Spirit of Jesus ! unto Thee we pray ;
And duly in the Church's tone
Would hear an echo of Thine Own.

Beneath the searching radiance of thy word
Let each wrong impulse be so rightly stirr'd
That, from all guilt and guile set free,
And graced with perfect charity,—

* "Let him come to me and *open his grief.*" ("*Exhortation*" in Prayer Book.)

With rev'rence at this feast of faith divine
Lamb of Jehovah ! both on Thee and Thine
Devout communicants may feed,
And through Thy merit pray and plead:

While each partaker of The Crucified
In living oneness with His Lord allied,
Makes the whole Church appear to be
A mortal shrine for Deity.*

Exhortation.

"For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, ye will not refuse to come thereto, being so lovingly called."—*Prayer Book.*

AS to their eye a soft refreshment yields
The green expression of romantic fields
When town-worn minds a rural glimpse enjoy,
Far from the fev'rish world's impure alloy,—

The shaded aisle of hoar'd Cathedral throws
A calming beauty and a chaste repose
On some lone heart, escaping from the roar
Of turmoil'd cities, through the temple-door.

Like monuments and memories they stand
Of Past and Present worship through the land,—
Those tow'ring Shrines, which point to heaven and say,
"Yonder is Home, and here, the hallow'd way."

Yet, in this work-day world of grinding care
The people perish for the lack of prayer;
Gold, more than God, *their* true almighty seems,
And sensual good the summit of their dreams !

Cor. vi. 16.

Thus are we changed by Mammon-worship, now
The binding spells of our baptismal vow
Too rarely wield their awfulness of truth
O'er ripen'd age or unreflecting youth.

In olden times, a daily priesthood spread
The mystic banquet of immortal Bread
And Wine mysterious,—where Himself imparts
The God Incarnate to communing hearts.

But now by prayerless Apathy forsaken
Our temples stand; and there, by few partaken,—
The sabbath-eucharists divinely feed
Our fainting hunger in some hour of need.

"*Savingly-called*," and by the Lord Himself,
We hear no charmer but the cry of self;
And almost guestless that high Table stands
Whose feast is spread by uncreated Hands!

Lamb of our God! of men the Life and Light,
And is it thus we scorn that wondrous Rite
Where all blent graces of The Cross combine
In that dread unity, whose source is Thine?

"THIS DO,"—*how* often, Christ did not decree
Because in faith our sacrifice is free;
And in the largeness of devoted will
A true remembrance can alone fulfil

That dying summons the Redeemer gave,—
To feed on HIM, who came the lost to save:
Alas, that our apostate souls require
More than "do this," devotion to inspire!

But come thou, and celestial warnings give
Church of that Lord on Whom thy members live;
Chide, pleading Mother! till the coldest feel
Some kindled embers of reviving zeal.

The feign'd excuse of each reluctant soul
Subdue, and silence with ordain'd control;

Thrill the dead conscience with a pang of love
And point contrition to its Priest above."

Did men remember, *who* th' Inviter is
And in that Banquet how divine the bliss,
Where Food eternal for the famish'd heart
Incarnate ! in Thy sacrament Thou art,—

Sure, they would need no eloquence to charm
A slumb'ring conscience out of fatal harm :
One glimpse of Thine own Altar, gracious Lord,
Would rouse them more than Sinai's thunder-word !

Then would Thy saints and angels meet
In constant access round that Mercy-seat
Where dead and living, by communion one,
Blend and embrace in God's almighty Son.

Especial Exhortation.

"As the benefit is great . . . . so is the danger great."
Prayer Book.

THOSE stars that by the language of their beams
Form living syllables of light,
Whereby we spell in reverential dreams
The name of Godhead on the book of Night,—

Oft as their gem-like radiance gleams on high
Amid the hush which is sublime,
Devotion reads with faith's perusing eye
Lessons which lift her out of space and time.

But, most regen'rate hearts will muse on Him
Who oft beneath some midnight-star
Soar'd beyond earth, and with the seraphim
Knelt round the Throne where God and glory are.

And doubt we not, that in the trance of night
On some calm mountain, still and cold,
The Man of Sorrows by prophetic sight
His mystic Body did in prayer behold,—

Before Whose eyes in perfect outline stood
Myriads unborn, but doom'd to be,
Who in the Church by sacramental food
Feed their true souls on suff'ring Deity.

Oh, blessed thought! whose inspirations fill
A trembling neophyte with joy,
And when he seeks to do the Saviour's will
Kindles bright hopes no shading fears destroy.—

To think that in this very act perchance
When round the Altar *first* he kneels
And on the symbols darts a dreading glance,
Christ has *foreseen* what awed emotion feels!

And Thou art there; and at our side to calm
Church of the Lord! by whisper'd love
Each wounded heart that needs the holy balm
Thine intercessions bring from bowers above.

Now while adoring guests of God advance
In heavenward awe and hush'd array,
Spirit of Truth! may thy celestial glance
Beam through the soul and melt all clouds away.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Whose ransom saved the forfeit soul
When ruin'd nature, by rebellion lost,
Heard dooming thunders of dread vengeance roll,

Let each communicant in Christ uplift
On plumes of prayer the soaring heart;
And God Himself will be that boundless gift
His awful Sacrament will now impart.

The Invitation.

"Draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament."
Prayer Book.

BELOVED of heaven! now draw ye nigh
Array'd in robes of charity,
(Your sacrifice, a weeping heart)
Who with repentance deep and stern
Would all the guilty past unlearn
And choose in Christ the "better part."

A filial awe, not slavish fear
Each soul becomes that banquets here
Upon mysterious Bread and Wine;
Under whose shrouding vesture lies
A Presence, which no carnal eyes
Can witness in that wondrous Shrine.

Such manna of celestial food
Is not for angels, bright and good
Whom bleeding death-pangs never bought;
But contrite sinners there may feed
And find what lulls each aching need
With nourishment divinely-fraught.

Repent ye, with a perfect will
Touch'd by the Cross,—resolved to fill
Your onward life with praise and prayer;
So may ye take the meal ye dread,
Who hunger for that mystic Bread
Children of God in Jesus share.

But not the Church can *conscience* reach;
Her wisdom is, to guide and teach;—
Man's inward virtue still must be
A depth unknown, except to Him
With Whom transcendent Cherubim
Are but created vanity!

Dread Searcher of the deepest heart !
Who in Thy pure omniscience art
  Reading all spirits through and through,—
In vain would cow'ring saints conceal
Emotions which the purest feel
  When prostrate in Thy perfect view.

Rather in self-accusing blame
Renounce they ev'ry mortal claim,
  And simply for Salvation trust
On Him who by atonement died
And by that death, as crucified,
  Lifted man out of guilt and dust.

Jesus invites each guest to-day :
And by Himself (the living Way),
  Kneeling adorer, draw thee nigh.
In Christ be calm ; His comfort take
Who agonised for thy dear sake,
  And heavenward lift the fainting eye.

Of this be sure,—no seraph-tone
Warbled around His radiant Throne,
  Can thrill that ever-human chord
Which vibrates in Emanuel's breast, -
Like sighs to Him from saints who rest
  And glory in His living Word ;

For, by the Incarnation we
Converge far nearer Deity
  Than angels, who around Him shine :—
Sinless *they* are, but saints are one
Communion with th' Eternal Son,
  Adored as human and divine.

General Confession.

"Make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling upon your knees."—*Prayer Book.*

FATHER of grace! almighty King,
O'er us Thy kneeling suppliants now
Let Mercy wave her softest wing,
While we recall that broken vow
Which, since baptismal life began,
Hath stain'd the child and sullied man.

Confession is Thy pardon-law
By which our guilt may be reversed;
And never saint forgiveness saw
Who did not by bewailment first
His conscience through confession ease,
And seek for Christ, the sole release.

With deepest prayer and downcast eye
And litany of soul-drawn tears,
Lamb of the Church! to Thee we cry
And in Thy merit hide our fears:—
Unnumber'd though our sins be found,
Thy mercies have no bar, nor bound.

Yes, child of guilt! when Jesus died
The awful death of bleeding love,
While darkness o'er The Crucified
Fell from Almighty frowns above,—
Jehovah did Himself proclaim
The sanctions which enshrine His Name.

Thus, Healer of the contrite heart,
In Thine atoning Blood we find
The perfect Antitype Thou art
Of all that soothes and saves Mankind,
When underneath the Cross we groan
And cast our guilt on Christ alone.

Justice and Mercy, both in Thee
By miracle of union meet;
And not a ray of Deity
But shines around that mercy-seat,
Where on His Throne of priesthood reigns
A Paraclete for all our pains.

Repentance and renewal, Lord,
Together grant, and thus bestow
The balm which Thy benignant word
Hath promised for that hour of woe
When conscience echoes back the cry,—
"*The soul that sinneth, it shall die!*"

Absolution.

"Then shall the Priest (or the Bishop, being present) stand up, and turning himself to the People, pronounce this absolution."—*Rubric.*

"WILL God indeed my forfeit-soul forgive?"—
Eternity would one dread echo be,
Except the Lord, with Whom all spirits live,
Waft from His Throne an answer back to thee
Pale questioner!—o'erwhelm'd with dismal awe
When guilt is darken'd by the light of law.

Such was the problem, whose perturbing gloom
Shaded the heart of many a moral sage,
When through his doubt there yawn'd a distant tomb
And conscience shudder'd with a dread presage:—
Hereafter wore the blackness of despair
And threaten'd nought but retribution there.

Oft in some boundless dream when sacred Thought
Seem'd to unfold her wings and soar to God,
Mounting with more than mortal wisdom fraught,
As though divine Imagination trod
Pathways of glory lined by Angel-bands
Who bore it upward with sustaining hands,—

Back to the grave when guilt again return'd
How must those ethic bards of Greece and Rome
For some Revealer in that hour have yearn'd,
The way to open *whence* the pardons come,—
Which now the channels of The Church impart
With perfect clearness to each contrite heart.

Sublime of privilege !—if grateful love
Would reason less and learn to worship more ;
Looking through man to HIM, Whose heart above
Shrines in its depths an everlasting store
Of comforts, promised through His Priests below
To all who see Him while their mercies flow.

Christ in His Church an omnipresence is,
By realising faith divinely known ;
And none deny the sacramental bliss
Of sharing there what sight can never own,—
But intellectual Cains, whose creedless mind
Murders the truth, to make their conscience blind.

Children of God, elect of grace, draw nigh,
Not in the orphanhood of guilt remain ;
Fix on yon mercy-seat your lifted eye
And lo, the Lord ! in Whom compassions reign ;
That true Absolver, o'er whose face benign
God though He is, love marks its *human* line.

Go, and rehearse heaven's pardon, thou,
And like a Nathan at God's altar stand
Priest of the Lord !—by absolution now
Bid the rich graces of the Cross expand,
That lapsèd souls by sinful earth depraved,
From guilt unbound, no more may be enslaved.

Here is Heaven's balm to heal the wounded mind,
When truth and tenderness together blend ;
While, (fraught with mercies which release mankind),
Fresh from Christ's heart those righteous pardons wend,—
Where peace and pureness are alike divine
And God and Man both savingly combine.

Comfortable Words.

"Hear what *comfortable words* our Saviour Christ saith."
Rubric.

THE sacraments an incarnation are
By HIM extended to the Church in prayer
With Whom, as members of His Body, we
Incorp'rate grow* through blest eternity.

But oh, celestial Love! round craven souls
When echo'd Sinai through dark mem'ry rolls
Her legal thunders,—all that grace can do
They need to testify their pardon true.

So great our guilt, by sin of life and lips,
It seems to shadow in one dread eclipse
A throned Almighty, and in darkness hide
The vast atonement God Himself supplied!

The lash of conscience is a fearful thing:
And Law and Reason but combine to wring
Torture and tears from those pale souls which see
The lurid flames of lost eternity.

Hence must true faith beside God's altar feed
On the dread sacrifice our spirits need;
Where none are soothed and soften'd into love
Except they build on sympathy above.†

No shieldless warrior ‡ in the German host
Who in the fight his cov'ring armour lost
Was e'er permitted on the forest-shrine
To place the sacrifice *they* call'd divine:

Still less can faith-less sorrow view the Lord
Although embodied in His living Word,
Till the rent clouds of blind dejection part
And hope's bright dayspring dawns within the heart.

* Ephes. v. 30. † Heb. ii. 17, 18.
‡ See *Tacit. Mor. Germ.*

Sublime consoler with maternal tone,—
Hark, how the Church our griefs can own
By words of balm, whose healing magic throws
Round the sad children more than man's repose.

Bland Sentences of most benignant power
Her wisdom culls to sooth this aching hour,—
Tender and deep as that dread love which cried
"*Forgive them!*" and in bleeding mercy died.

"Come unto ME, thou heavy-laden heart!"—
Still in those words, inviting Lord Thou art;
And heavenward penitence by prayer will find
Such truths an anchor to sustain the mind.

Lost in ourselves, but in Emanuel found,
Thy mercies brighten though our sins abound;
And all who crucify the flesh-born Will
Bleed for their Master on some Calv'ry still,

But in that death a resurrection gain
Where heaven and holiness commence their reign;
While love and likeness more and more begin
Christ to enthrone o'er every thought within.

O Thou Who art our being's central home,
Ark of pure rest to Whom the "perfect" come,
Where John was pillow'd * let the Church repose
And feel the calm Thy "finish'd" Work bestows.

The Trisagion.

"Evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts."—*Prayer Book.*

THRILLING with an inward glory
Light of light! elate before Thee
Lifted in heart absolvèd spirits stand;
And like angels overawed

* John xiii. 5.

While they chant the choral laud,—
In loud Trisagions feel their souls expand.

Melodies of paschal mirth
Now become their spirit-birth
Who in this Festival of pardon meet,—
Heart and voice too here uplift
Lauding God's eternal gift
Which brightens o'er them from the mercy-seat.

Low on earth while guilt remains,
Let the pardon'd soar in strains
Which thrill the heavens, and with angelic quires
Around the Throne triumphant
Blend their voices jubilant,—
Welcomed by Him Whose praise their harp inspires.

Meet and right it is to sing
And with hearts thus worshipping
Circle the shrine where our Passover lies;
While in words whose mystic tone
Proto-martyrs loved to own
God-ward ascends the oral sacrifice!

Time nor scene contain that heart
Unto which all gifts impart
A sense immortal of Thy goodness, Lord!—
What is life, but love to Thee
In divine Humanity,
Our will Thy wisdom, and our law Thy word?

But the temple-courts do most
Kindle Thine adoring host
To hymn th' Incarnate with melodious bliss:
There what inspirations glow
While above, around, below
Spells not of earth array an hour like this!

Aisled cathedrals dimly-glorious
Haunted by saints who sang before us

Well may we dream,—while vaulted arches ring,
And before each echoing shrine
Lauds and litanies divine
Worship and wonder in full chorus bring.

Holy! Holy! Holy One!
Boundless, Endless, Unbegun,
In Threefold Unity the God of all,—
While archangels Thee adore
Seraph-like our hearts would soar
And with their company "our Father," call.

Heaven and earth are full of Thee
Lord of dread eternity
Throned in Thyself unutterably bright!
But in Christ Thy children dare
Offer Thee both praise and prayer,
And see how Love can mitigate that Light

Which would blast them!—but for Him
By Whom saints and seraphim
Blend in one family of blissful joy;
And round 'mortal shrines can blend
Anthem'd strains which never end,
But through eternity their harps employ.

With them, like them, let us sing,
Who entranced on outspread wing
Warble and worship round Thy burning Throne:
Feebly though our music float
Falt'ring with imperfect note,—
Heaven holds *One* heart the Church may call her own!

Thine it is, Thou King of Glory!
Nor can angels hymn before Thee
A chant more grateful, though in purer strain:
Boldly therefore let us chant
And with chorus jubilant
Cry "Holy!" till the heavens respond again!

Thought of dread, for words too deep,
Let it in mute wonder sleep,—
Angels *are* kneeling round yon Altar-shrine!
Though their lustres none can see,
Over man their wings may be
And shade the spirit with a spell divine.

Prefaces.

"Then shall be read the Proper Preface, according to the time."
Rubric.

UNDEAFEN'D by the world's harsh din
True souls can hear The Christ within
For ever murm'ring with melodious voice
"Make God thy glory and His Will thy choice."

Where'er these sainted pilgrims roam
Thou art, O Lord! their heaven and home—
That only Centre for an aching breast
By sorrow darken'd or by guilt depress'd.

The pangs but not the palms of mind
They bear, because they bless mankind
By teaching, what an impious world denies,—
That holy life is one long sacrifice.

But for the Church, those hearts would break
Who only live for Thy dear sake,
Finding no echoes to their deepest mood
And in the crowd,—a mental solitude!

To them, at best, man's hidden life
Is harrow'd by mysterious strife;
Sighs more than songs interpret what they feel,
Who hide the wounds the world-slaves would reveal.

Not cold, but calm, such spirits are
Who purify the earth by prayer,
And on mock pleasure which the gay pursue
Mark the bright transience of the morning-dew!

And yet though life a Baca * seems,
A weeping valley of false dreams,
Saints have their "wells" of unpolluted joy
Which flow with freshness Time cannot alloy.

Such are the festivals they greet
Who round the christian Altar meet
Viewless adorers,—whose seraphic bliss
Blends with their own, and from a source like this

Derives accessions deep as true,—
Because the highest angels view
In Christ those glories of consummate love
Which deepen † wisdom in the world above.

All mercies round The Cross entwined
The Church reveres with grateful mind:
But as one star another star outbeams,
Surpassing lustre in those five there gleams

She now commemorates with praise,—
Whose tones are caught from festal days
When from the cradled God on earth we rise
That Three-in-One to chant beyond the skies!

With angels and archangels we
Thus celebrate The Trinity;
And, hymning Father Son and Holy Ghost,
Blend our earth-worship with that sinless host

Who on the Throne for evermore
Jehovah the Triune adore,—
And cause the arches of bright heaven to ring
With rolling echoes which resound their King.

* Psalm lxxxiv. 6. † Ephes. iii. 10.

The Address.

"We do not presume to come to this thy Table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness."—*Prayer Book.*

ENCIRCL'D by mysterious awe
The legal mount of Sinai rear'd
Its clouded vastness, when the Law
In symbols of dread light appear'd :—
Religion view'd it with alarmèd soul
And round its lurid heights heard pealing thunders roll!

Who touch'd with sacrilegious hand
Its sainted borders, died the death !
For man and beast alike were bann'd
From soiling with their sinful breath
That guarded precinct, where exceeding-loud
The trumpet-clang was heard from out the riven cloud.

And when the wav'ring Ark to hold
The unanointed Uzzah tried,
His crime was impious and so bold
That in the very act he died !—
Thus hath our God by symbol word or sign
For rev'rence set apart what He declares divine.

But Mount nor Ark can e'er appeal
To faith with such celestial awe,
As that which thrills adoring zeal
With more than kings and prophets saw,—
When Christ Himself by sacrament imparts
And feeds with mystic food our eucharistic hearts.

Not in ourselves as guilty dust
Presume we now while drawing nigh,—
To cultivate a holy trust;
But rather with compunction sigh,
And meekly in the depths of Mercy find
Some anchor of sure hope to calm unsteady mind.

So grant us, Lord, thy Flesh to eat
And Thine atoning Blood to drink,
That while we own ourselves unmeet
And in the dust of anguish sink,—
Pardon'd and purified true saints may live
On that immortal Bread Thy bleeding merits give.

For could men pure as angels be
Or rival seraphim with love,
What countless sins Those Eyes could see
Which read the heart in heaven above!
But man's affections are, at best, infirm,
And he has most of faith who feels himself a "worm." *

O Thou by Whose ethereal fire
All inward dross is purged away,
Now let Thy fervency inspire
Our longing hearts to love and pray,—
Spirit of Christ! by Whom the Cross alone
To man's reluctant will can make its virtue known.

Each low and languid pulse of thought
Touch'd by pure grace soon throbs for Thee;
And nerveless minds by guilt unwrought
Soar God-ward, when from sin set free
And those dull cares which chain the winged heart
And bind its flames to earth when they for heaven depart.

* Psalm xxii. 6.

The Consecration.

"Break the Bread before the people, and take the Cup."—*Rubric.*
"This is my Body . . . . This is my Blood."—*Prayer Book.*

THE universe with all its powers
Of life and motion, sound and sight,
Far as fleet time can waft the hours
Or thought pursue a boundless flight,—
Though unbelieved by sense-adoring man
Has minister'd to Christ, since grace on earth began.

He is the Body whence proceed
All shadows signs and symbols found
To image forth the truths men need,—
Above, beneath, the earth around;
That faith in all things may atonement find
And learn how matter can be consecrate to mind.

And hence the types mere sense can view
Though far removed from nature's law,
Are in accordance deep and true
With more than reason ever saw,—
Since underneath their veiling shroud can be
The Body and the Blood which died on Calvary

By mystic virtue present there;—
And emblem'd in that priestly rite
Where man prolongs that deathless prayer
Christ offered on His paschal night,
When He became our Sacrifice complete
And on atoning pangs enthroned His mercy-seat.

We need not then, O Lord, enquire
As Abram's darling did of old,—
"Father! I see the wood and fire
But where the destined lamb behold?"
For on faith's altar inward eyes can view
Th' unbleeding Antitype of more than patriarchs knew.

In substance bread and wine are still
The creatures of Thy forming Hand;
But in the Church they must fulfill
That sacrament dread words command,
Whose consecrating force by heavenly law
Encircles ev'ry shrine with sacerdotal awe.

The bread Thine awful Hands did take,
And with the cup Thou didst the same,
And as the one those Hands did break
On both *that* consecration came
All christian priests, where'er Thine altars rise,
With echoing awe repeat when call'd to sacrifice.

Thus, Priest of God, go, take thy stand
To minister before the Shrine;
And, charter'd by supreme command,
Now break the bread and bless the wine,
And by that gift of Body and of Blood
Feed every famish'd soul with supernat'ral food.

We "come!"—but, not untrembling, Lord;
And while around Thine Altar kneeling
Would be o'erwhelm'd, except Thy word
Cried "peace," to our perturbèd feeling,—
Blent with the hope, that by remembrance we
Eternalise that Cross which once was borne by Thee.

The passion of Thy priestly death
Is imaged by that Bread and Wine,
Which bid recipients hush their breath,
As if some thrill of grace divine
Moved the deep soul with sacramental law
Whose finest chords are touch'd, and tremble into awe!

Eternal Sacrifice! be still our Food
And feed Thy fainting Church below,
Who on Thy Body and thy Blood
Through forty days and nights of woe
Like sad Elijah, in a world of sin
Divinely is sustained by manna from within.*

* 1 Kings xix. 8.

Communion.

"The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."—*Prayer Book.*

'TIS silence, Lord, when some deep pulse of prayer
Throbs in the heart, by all unheard but Thee!
While lips anointed by the Truth declare
"Do this, and thus by faith remember Me."

Deepens that silence, when with noiseless glide
The vested priesthood round Thine altar goes,
To give the emblems of That Crucified
From Whom the fountain of salvation flows.

But still more awful is that hush intense
Which broods within us, while our hands receive
The "*Body and the Blood*" Thy words dispense,—
Lest in the act God's holy One we grieve!

"Take, eat, and drink," while thus our souls obey,
Grant that our feeding hearts in faith may be
Nourish'd by what those elements convey,—
Which are the Tokens that adumbrate Thee.

Well may we bow beneath some voiceless awe!
For if *all* life be mystery to man,
Who can unweave that sacramental law
By heaven decreed * before all souls began?

Seeds of eternity its depths enclose,—
Germs of a glory, life will not unfold
Till the last trumpet break the tomb's repose
And risen saints shall God in flesh behold.

Celestial Giver of the feast divine,
Come with Thy Spirit's ever-wakeful charm,
And while their Bodies are inspired by Thine †
Protect each member from polluting harm.

* Rev. xiii. 8. † Rom. viii. 11.

E'en while we "eat and drink Thy Flesh and Blood"
Seraphic radiance seems to clothe the soul,
And vigour, born of eucharistic food,
Brightens each grace and purifies the whole.

Nearer and nearer to *that* Centre we
Move onward—drawn by some magnetic spell
Whose deep attractions prove the Trinity *
In thy dread myst'ry of Communion dwell.

Pardon and peace, with purity and love,
All are embalm'd in this divinest meal,
While angels, bending from their thrones above,
Echo the wonder mortal bosoms feel.

And evermore, may touch, and taste, and sight
In this heart-sacrifice to Jesu given,
Be so instinct with God's mysterious rite
That earth may train them for a sphere in heaven.

Renew'd in body and revived in heart
And inly-brightened with unuttered bliss,—
Perennial Sacrament, how dear thou art
To saints who worship in a world like this!

As God and Man, by incarnation one,
A unity in Christ's dread Person make,
The Church † incorp'rate with th' eternal Son
Becomes a Body which can never break.

A myst'ry this!—but that almighty Word
On Whom the pillars of creation rest,
By faith and not by sceptic reason heard,—
His imaged Passion on this rite imprest

With such deep truth, that saints adore Him there
To gain that wisdom Spirits learn above,
Who study ‡ Godhead in the house of prayer,
And live to worship, and are wise by love.

* John xiv. 23. † Ephes. v. 30. ‡ Ephes. iii. 10.

Post Communion.

"We offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls, and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee."—*Prayer Book.*

NOT from their feast of awful love
May Paschal guests in peace depart
Till they have hymn'd with choirs above
The Hallel of a grateful heart.

Thus, Mother of the faithful, Thou
A parting banquet hast supplied
Of praise and prayer, for all who vow
That they adore The God who died.

As Members of Thyself, O Lord,
Well may regen'rate souls begin
To hear Thine own adopting word,—
The "Abba!" that is breath'd within.

A double sacrifice they bring
Of person and of praise combined,
Who render Thee such offering
As He accepts, Who saves mankind.

Author and Finisher divine
Of hope, and faith, and all we are!
Now present at Thy bloodless shrine,
With pardon consecrate our prayer.

All meritless, the craven soul
Would shrink and shudder back with dread
Except it heard Love's whisper roll,—
"Emanuel for the guilty bled!"

The precious "*Body and the Blood*"
By ministerial hands imparted,
With more than super-heavenly food
Now calm and cheer the broken-hearted.

As living members we cohere
In Christ, by mystic life and love,
And though the trembling *person* fear
Our *nature* is secured above,—

Assumed by that incarnate Head
Whose will the universe sustains,
And by his speaking Blood hath said
His glory in forgiveness reigns.

Life-giving Lord! where'er we roam
May sacraments our pledges be,—
Thy merits are that mystic home
Where aching hearts unite with Thee.

Gloria in Excelsis.

"Glory *be* to God on high! on earth, peace!"—*Prayer Book.*

BRIGHT choristers around God's throne!
We cannot catch the glory-tone,
But when high raptures most intensely reign
Can lauding wonder so attune *your* strain
As that which thrills a saint on earth
Rejoicing o'er his second-birth?

Ye living stars of light above
Who glisten with adoring love,
Creation's * quire! heaven gave you once to see
Fresh from the cradle of eternity
An infant-world repose awhile
Under Jehovah's mantling smile:

But though as God's elect in glory
'Twas yours to chant creation's story,
While passionless and pure such bright estate
On earth eclipses all of good or great,—

* Job xxxviii. 7.

Yet far beyond what angels know,
The Church's eucharistic glow

In this high festival of Praise !—
Here, *pardon'd* souls hosannahs raise ;
And while the deep'ning hallelujah rolls
Melodious worship round the Lord of souls
Saints feel what seraphs never *can*,—
They live on Him who bled for Man !

Hence, *Gloria in excelsis !* Lord,
In echoes of Thy caroll'd word
Lift we in lauding ecstacy above,
Impassion'd now with superhuman love :—
If angel-food * to saints belong,
They rightly chant the angel-song.

We laud, we bless, we glorify
Thy pure and perfect Majesty
Dread King of Kings ! almightily conceal'd
E'en in *that* † light where Love is most reveal'd,—
Supremest God, celestial One
The Father of th' incarnate Son.

Begotten of the true I AM,
By sacrifice the saving Lamb,
Eternal Semblance of th' eternal Sire !
Thy mercies and Thy merits now inspire
All hearts which feel devotion's flame
Burn into brightness at Thy name.

O Thou, Whose death-pangs took away
The guilt that on creation lay,
Glory to Thee ! Whose feet our world have trod,
But now art seated on the throne of God,—
Thy suppliant Church would Thee adore
Prophet and Priest for evermore.

* Psalm lxxii. 25.

† "*Great* is the *mystery* of Godliness. God was *manifest* in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16.)

"Glory to God, good will to man"—
Behold, the everlasting plan,
With "peace on earth" and pardon brought from heaven,
Justice atoned and forfeit-souls forgiven,—
For this we laud and glorify
Salvation through the Trinity!

"Glory to God!" again, again
Adoring myriads swell the strain;
Not quiring angels who ensphere His throne
Can reach or rival that exulting tone
Of rescued sinners, who have cried
For me a God was crucified!

Collects after the Offertory.

"Assist us mercifully, O Lord, in these our supplications."
Prayer Book.

EXHAUSTLESS like a mother's heart
With blessings for her child
Thou for Thy praying children art,—
In faith the undefiled;
Stored in whose sacramental depths abound
Gifts of subduing grace by worship found.

Soon will those harsh unheavenly airs
Which round the rude world play,
Be heard, instead of temple-prayers
True souls delight to say,—
When back to peril'd life their spirits go
And face the warfare christian warriors know.

And lest unask'd some mercy be,
Six parting Collects woo
The Pastor's choice; where souls may see
How all of deep and true
Pure supplication can from God require,
Breathes in that love our Church's lips inspire.

In this vex'd world of change and chance
Lord, none are safe but those
Who live beneath Thy loving glance
In pureness and repose;
And in the ark of Thy salvation, find
A blissful centre which becalms the mind.

And grace prevenient now we ask
For all begun or ended
In burden'd life's mysterious task,
With sin and sorrow blended:
That flesh and spirit, heart and inmost soul
May all become Thy consecrated whole.

And let Thine own almighty word
Be grafted on each heart
That saints may practise what they heard
And choose that "better part"
Which when the universe dissolves away
In calm eternity outlives decay.

Fountain of grace! to Thee is known
A viewless world within
Of wants unbreath'd, we dare not own,—
Of blindness dread or sin;
But Thy compassions can interpret all
Who in meek silence on Thy mercy call.

Cheer'd by Thy presence, hence we plead
His everlasting Name
Who bow'd the heavens on earth to bleed,
And died the death of shame
That pardon'd guilt on God might dare to gaze
And gladden angels with, "Behold, he prays!"

Thus down the haunted aisles of prayer
With musing step and slow
As part we, for our paths of care,
This creed Thy children know,—
The chord which vibrates in each heart is love,
And *that* which tunes it, is The Hand above!

Final Blessing.

"Then the Priest (or Bishop, if he be present) shall let them depart with this blessing."—*Rubric.*

SILENCE can more than speech declare
Whose very soul is voiceless prayer,
Too deep for words but not too dumb for Thee
Sole Head of saved humanity!

And breathes there not religion now,
A worship and a secret vow
Which more than lip-tones may to God express
The heart's adoring inwardness?

"*Thou only art The Lord of Lords!*"
As die away those deep-toned words
Melting and mingling with the unheard chant
Of harping seraphs, jubilant,—

In hush'd devotion souls forgiven
Are waiting for that peace from heaven,
Father in God! thy lips may now proclaim
And gently breathe in Jesu's name.

O Thou supernal Holy Ghost,
Descend upon you kneeling host,
And all The Priest of priesthood can impart
Impress Thou on each saintly heart.

Light Love and Knowledge,—all combine
And circle round that mystic shrine
Where Thou, Emanuel, art by faith adored
As perfect Man and holy Lord.

Blest privilege! which dazzles thought,
With more than moral Eden fraught,

If peace celestial on those hearts descend
Which now before yon Altar bend

Calm and up-closed,—like flowers at night
When drinking in that dewy light
The fascinating stars from heaven infuse
To freshen their ethereal hues.

But hark, in holy calm is heard
Thy blessing, O incarnate Word!
And as we listen, from the bowers above
Glides down the aisles the heavenly Dove.

Thus was it, Lord, in days of old:—
Ere realms of radiance did enfold
Thy soaring Form with shrouds of awful light
Above the reach of mortal sight

Thy parting words, divinely-full,
Soothed the sad hour with solemn lull
When bent adorers who beheld it rise,
In heart soar'd with Thee through the skies.

Baptism of Infants.

"Doubt ye not, therefore, but earnestly believe, that he will likewise favourably receive *this present Infant.*"—*(Prayer Book.)*

IF Love celestial ne'er had said
Let children to mine arms be led,
Parents might shrink aghast
A creature into life to bring
Whose soul the curse of God may wring
When time and earth are past!—
But for the promise of baptismal grace
What sight so fearful as an infant-face?

All that a birth of flesh can give
Is but the awful doom,—to live !
A heritage of woe,
A destiny of guilt and death,
A curse inhaled at every breath
Life breathes from sin below !—
By grace unfoiled, destruction seems to lower
On the sad babe ere time can count an hour.

But at the font where Jesu stands
With greeting heart and gracious hands
Ready to clasp the child,—
Pale infant ! there, a breath from heaven
Shall to thy dawning soul be given
Through Him the Saviour mild,
Who while He thunders from His regal throne
Loves the sweet age on earth He call'd His Own.

The Root of sacramental grace
Is the new Adam of our race,—
The Man Divine who bled ;
Hence cometh an immortal birth
Beyond the parentage of earth
From our generic Head,
The Lord from heaven Whose vital spirit gives
The law by which the mystic Body * lives.

More than our first-born parents knew
Before they proved to God untrue
Works a celestial gift ;
Angels who on their trial stood
Exceed not this majestic good
Which may thy soul uplift :—
A child of God !—can seraphim aspire
To aught sublimer in their sinless choir ?

From thee the curse is roll'd away ;
Thy soul's new birth begins to-day
By cov'nant-right to all
Immunities and blessings high

* Col. i. 18.

The heart of Jesus can supply
To those who heed His call :—
Now to the stillness of thy soul is given,
Like breezeless water to reflect a heaven.

A city and a crown are thine
If thou be true to grace divine,
Bearing thy destined cross ;—
Lo, on thy forehead lies the seal
Where symbol both and sign reveal
That life must gain by loss : *
Firm to thy vow, beneath God's banner fight
And keep thy panoply of graces bright.

Christ guard thee now, thou little one !
His glory be thy shield and sun
Whate'er thy lot may be ;
Incorp'rate with the Church thou art
And hence to thee will Heaven impart
The truth which maketh free,—
New prospects ope, new principles and powers
Rise into play and rule thine unborn hours.

And if in secret darkness lie
Those sacred germs which none descry
Dormant and cold within,
May God's reviving Breath awake
Till such dark bond of slumber break
And grace o'ermaster sin.—
That latent seed baptismal life bestows
Doth oft in elder hearts its buried power disclose.

How water word and grace combine
Their action with a work divine
In vain let reason ask :—
Children are awful mysteries
Within whose depth no spirit sees
But His,—who owns the task
Of overcoming through celestial birth
That born corruption which is bred from earth.

* Matt. x. 39.

Hence! reas'ning sceptic, harsh and cold;
For never will *thine* eyes behold
Tokens which sense defy:
Nature in secret works her plan,
Her growth escapes the sight of man,
Then hush thy heartless cry:—
As if the weakness of the water could
Deprive the soul of sacramental good!

Hereafter as a priest and king,
Thy babe becomes a holy Thing,
An heir of grace and glory;
Mother! to whom such charge is given,
Now rear it for that throne in heaven
Scripture unveils before thee:
So discipline the dawning mind and will
That each some priesthood unto God may fill.

"Our Father!" now thy babe may cry
Whose elder Brother rules the sky,—
The Man Divine who came
By bleeding merit to atone
For all the guilt sad earth must own,
And give the child a name
New as that sacramental birth which then
Through water and The Spirit dawns in men.

Blest privilege! both deep and pure
Which might our trembling hearts assure
That we are Christ's indeed:
Our robe baptismal,—keep it white
And never wilt thou lose the right
Which marks the heavenly seed
Of all who, grafted into Christ by grace,
Born in the Church, are God's adopted race.

Oh that on man's expressive brow
Baptismal pureness beaming now
Maturer life might see!—
How should we bless that rite of heaven

Where grace is felt and sin forgiven
By mercy full as free,—
And find God's Spirit ne'er that man forsook
Who kept in age the vow his childhood took.

Catechism.

"Who gave you this name? My Godfathers and Godmothers in my Baptism."—*The Catechism.*

IF they who stand beside the source
Of some famed river's mountain-flow
And ponder on its trackless course
To meet the far-off waves below,
Can feel a pensive influence born,—
Then how, on each sabbatic morn,
The men of God must inly feel
A musing depth of voiceless zeal

When at the fountain-head they stand
Of youthful Life's untraced career,
As round them groups an order'd band
Of earnest children, shy and dear:
Encircled thus, to hear and speak,
With glist'ning eye and glowing cheek,
Those truths baptismal pure and high
Which link our being with the sky.

"Go, feed My Lambs," The Saviour cried
To Peter's large and loving heart;
And ever have those words supplied
What cannot from the Church depart,—
A past'ral right to form and feed
God's nurslings, by His grace decreed
To taste the food of heaven, and live
By all His word and wisdom give.

What, though the Catechiser teach
Unfathom'd truths, which far outsoar

All raptured saints and seraphs reach
When most their minds a God adore,—
Love brings a light that truth explains
Beyond what science ere attains,
As heaven by intuitions mild
Gleams on the conscience of a child.

If falt'ring tongues of bashful youth
The careful Priest by welcome bland
Attune to some almighty truth
Beyond a child to understand,—
Is not the most prophetic soul
Which awes the world by deep control,
A mental babe with lisping mind
Compared with angels, in its kind?

The Gospel o'er the cradle bends
And gently leads each growing child;
Nor at the font its mission ends,
But follows it with accent mild;—
And thus, by her maternal voice
The Church directs the infant-choice,
And loves to dream on each white brow
The mystic cross is mirror'd now.

God shield each young immortal one!
For now the world before it lies,
And cold were he who looked upon
Those cherub-lips and chasten'd eyes,
Nor felt his heart-pulse throb with prayer
That *all* the sponsors did declare
When first the white-robed babe was given
To Jesu's arms for life and heaven

Hereafter each in faith may keep.—
But soon, alas, first grace departs
And that for which a life must weep
Already stains infantile hearts!
Then, urged by many a temper wild,
Wilful and vain becomes the child,
Till robes baptismal wear no more
That whiteness at the font they wore.

Yet, Shepherd of Thy blood-priced fold,
  Since Thou didst stand at mother's knee
And as a spotless Babe behold
  The virgin-brow which bent o'er Thee,—
Thy spirit hung on each high word
By echoing conscience loved and heard,
While patriarch saint and prophet brought
Lessons to rear Thy human thought.*

Lover divine of children dear!
  In Whose fond arms an infant lay,
E'en now the Church believes Thee near
  To hear their budding accents pray:
And oh, if child-born mem'ries still
Thy depths of sacred Manhood fill
Look from Thy mercy-Throne on high,
Hear children lisp, and parents sigh!

Nor let the stern and sceptic mind
  'Tween Christ and childhood take its stand,
And, prejudiced by falsehood blind,
  Presume to hold His secret Hand,—
Who works by love's mysterious law
A grace cold reason never saw,
And by His Spirit present now
Recalls the child's baptismal vow

Back to the soul, perchance with fear;
  And opes the spring of thought within
Until religion's vestal tear
  Is dropt o'er some remember'd sin:
New hopes awake, and conscience burns
With hallow'd blush, as more it learns
That He to whom the babe was given
Still claims it for His own in heaven.

Lord of simplicity and truth,
  A scene like this the oldest need,

* Luke ii. 52.

To summon back regretted youth
And bid them with compunction bleed :
A child-like spirit born of love—
What purer gift can grace above
Grant to the saint, who lives below
More heaven-like for the heavens to grow ?

Confirmation.

" Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at baptism, ratifying and confirming the same ?"—*Order of Confirmation.*

LORD of the blissful worlds above
Incarnate Light, celestial Love !
Send from Thy prayer-moved mercy-seat
The grace of grace, Thy Paraclete.—
A touching sight for solemn tears
Prophetical of future years
Under the aisles of hoary fane
Is now enacted :—Faith and Prayer !
O'er each young conscience come and reign
And let them both the truth declare.

Round the rail'd altar humbly kneeling,
On each bow'd form, o'erfraught with feeling,
Anointed Hands will soon be laid
And righteous prayers be duly pray'd :
Nor doubt we that a gift divine
Shall with the mitred priest's combine.—
An ancient Rite replete with glory
By meek apostles used and loved,
Church of the Lord ! is now before thee,
By martyrs blest and saints approved.

But oh, ere yet the sealing grace
God's death-pang won to bless our race,

In answer to this prayer descend,
"Arise, O Lord! this child defend
Daily increase that store divine
Of love and light which make him Thine,—"
Member of Christ, dear child of God!
Thy central heart examine now,
The narrow way if thou hast trod
Enquire, and ratify thy vow.

To you baptismal life was given
By virtue of its Source in heaven;
And vow'd ye were for Christ and Cross
To count the world as painted dross:—
That burden now 'tis *yours* to bear!
And can ye unto Christ declare
The awful vow your spirits bore,
When ye as helpless babes were brought,
Baptised, and made for evermore
God's own to be in will and thought?

Thou, of thy feeble self afraid,
Trembling with truth, a pensive maid,—
Through thy fringed lid a tearful gaze
The secret of thy soul betrays;
And through that veil of virgin-white
Soft tremors reach maternal sight.
Pale candidate! though pure and young
Thy heart is trepid unto tears,
And with a saintly horror wrung
Lest sin betray thine unborn years.

"Your promise can ye here renew?"
That deep reply "Oh Lord, we *do!*"
Oh, is it not an awful word
By God and list'ning angels heard?
Heaven echoes back the binding vow;
And fiends abash'd before it bow,
And writhe in darkness, thus to see
A virgin heart which grace inspires
So consecrate to Deity
Its faith, its feeling, and its fires.

Yet at the altar kneel in prayer;
Tremble, but hope, for Christ is there!
He will not fail, this burden'd hour,
To strengthen thee with loving power,
And when confirming hands are spread
In faith upon thy youthful head,
Thrill'd into speechless thought whilst thou
Wilt feel eternity draw nigh,—
The heart of Him who hears thy vow
In heaven responds to ev'ry sigh.

He knows thee, loves thee, reads thy soul,
Encircles thee with blest control,
And in return for thy vow'd heart
Will ev'ry needed grace impart.
But oh, mistake not; hectic zeal
Is but the flush warm fancies feel:
Of such beware, impassion'd youth!
Nor heed what high emotions say;
They only love, who *live* the truth,
And walk in peace the perfect way.

Marriage.

"An honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church."—*Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.*

AROUND the cradle of this new-born earth
Though harping seraphs came to sing
Whose choral ecstasies proclaim'd its worth
And caused heaven's crystal arch to ring,
All was unmeaning, till creation saw
A human * monarch, and obey'd his law.

"Have dominion" (Gen. i. 26.)

Vain seem'd the splendour, which no eye could see,
The melody, that none could hear;
But when God utter'd "Let Mine Image be,"
Creation thrill'd as Man drew near!
And what was meaningless and mute and dead
Warm'd into life, and glow'd beneath his tread.

As man for earth, so woman was required
The crowning grace of man to form;
Alone, not even Adam was inspired
To feel creation's godlike charm:—
And thus, faith hears this fiat from The Throne,
"It is not good for man to be alone."

So ere the fall, a Priest almighty brought
His bridal Eve to Adam's heart,—
A living echo for the love he sought,
A help-meet never to depart,
A true companion for the soul to be,
Fresh from her God in faultless purity.

Marriage is holy. May no heathen-fire
Around the christian altar flame;
Impassion'd souls let saintliness inspire
And hallow hymeneal claim:
Belials in sense are minds by flesh o'erruled,
And love is vice, unless by virtue school'd.

How hush'd and holy is yon bridal-scene
In yon pure temple!—view'd by one
Who e'er by faith in Cana's home hath been,
That marriage-group to gaze upon
Where the pale water blush'd itself to wine
Moved by a miracle of grace divine

Stainless in vesture as the lily white,
With flower-buds in her wreathèd hair,
Fearful and trepid, awed with new delight
Lo! the young bride is kneeling there,
Her dropping lids in mild dejection bent
And young heart with a holy conflict rent.

In that pure breast what garner'd feelings play
  Like pulses with mysterious beat !
To think, sweet girlhood now hath wing'd away
  And love must quit a calm retreat,—
Sacred to thought through friends and forms no more,
And truths, which made the reeling heart run o'er !

It is not, that a voiceless dread awakes
  Suspicion, lest her choice be wrong ;
No blighting vision o'er the future breaks
  To which both guilt and grave belong :
Yet sadness haunts around her like a spell,—
As oft in marriage-chime there seems a knell.

Our life is myst'ry ; and the brightest joy
  That flushes round a feeling heart
Seems coldly shaded by some dim alloy
  Doom'd never from man's world to part :—
True mirth with mournfulness is oft allied
As living babes suggest the babe who died.

And she, yon bridal star of beauty now
  Oh marvel not, as there she kneels,
That ere the wife can dawn upon her brow
  Back to bright girlhood fancy steals ;
Dead joys revive in tombs to fancy dear,
Melt through the heart and mingle with a tear !

Last eve, at halycon twilight's dreamful hour
  When none but God the soul could see
She pray'd and ponder'd in her girlish bower,
  And sigh'd, dead Past ! her thoughts o'er thee ;—
Flower, fruit, and pathways, all instinct with truth,
Seem'd to accost her like the tones of Youth.

She mused on what her spousal life might fold
  Within its undevelop'd scene ;
On wings of love recall'd the times of old
  And wept o'er all bright hearts had been ;
And scarce perceived the pensive moonlight throw
Its calm cold lustre on the lake below.

But maiden ! ere thy sacred ring be worn,
Beyond a mother's purest gift
The Church hath up to heaven's high portals borne
A prayer,—which shall thy soul uplift
To heights of bliss serene as brides attain
Whose wedded hearts are thrones where Christ will reign.

Souls are espoused by ev'ry hallow'd claim,
If wedlock far diviner prove
Than flesh-born ties, which boast the common name
Of what sense means by mortal "love:"—
Christ and the Church * are shadow'd out by this
And cast heaven's radiance round an earthly bliss.

Visitation of the Sick.

"Bear our heavenly Father's correction; there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses."—*Order for Visitation of the Sick.*

SERMONS in sickness heaven can preach
When pangs and penalties may teach
What custom rarely sees,—
That health is mercy next to grace
And should inspire a sinful race
The God of health to please.

Strange ! if our hearts be so accurs'd
That nothing save a gift revers'd
Can make men prize their good:—
Blessings look dim which seem to stay,
But brighten, when they wing away
From souls who Christ withstood.

* Ephes. v. 31, 32.

So is it with the fields of Youth,
The shrines of tenderness and truth
And all fresh Boyhood proved,
When we survey the scene no more
Or dream to life the dead of yore
Whom once we fondly loved,—

Oft does the inward blush arise
To think, how calmly we could prize
Redundant mercies, *then!*
We marvel, why our love was cold
And boyishly our past behold
Now we are wither'd men.

Parental bowers of peace and home
And lanes our truant steps did roam
Make landscapes in our soul;
While votive tear-drops we can shed
O'er imaged graves, where sleep the dead
Who still our hearts control!

Thus longs atoning love in vain
The past should o'er the present reign,—
And that which *was*, might *be*;
But youth and all young hours possess'd
In thine abysmal darkness rest
Profound eternity!

And thus in sickness when we lie
With languid pulse and fever'd eye,
Pining and pale and lone
While throes of secret anguish burn,—
Love through each throb would have us learn
The truths we ought to own.

Remember'd blessings round us throng
We valued not when health bloom'd strong,
Which challenge holy tears;
And if soft gleams of summer-blue
Brighten our shaded window through
Like smiles from vanished years,—

How does the distant landscape seem
Apparell'd by poetic dream !
Till fancy yearns for fields,
Brooklet and forest, bank and wood,
Aud each green shrine where solitude
Religious silence yields.

But what transcends the all of this,—
On the sad couch of pain we miss
Christ's hallow'd courts of grace
Where litanies divinely call
From blending souls which prostrate fall—
For God's uplifted Face.

Not seldom hath the sainted chime
Of sabbath-bells become sublime,
Yet mild and melancholy,
When pensive languor far away
Has heard their ebbing dream-tones play
In sickness sad and lowly.

Like Zion's harping saint it cries,*
"To thee, oh Lord ! my spirit flies,
And fain before the Shrine
My kneeling heart would humbly pour
The chanted praise I hymn'd before,
In courts of grace divine."

But, sacred Mother, bring release;
Come, lift the latch, and with soft "peace"†
Enter the sick man's room;
O'er that pale brow Thy cross did seal
Shed the soft dews of balm that heal
And sanctify his gloom.

Far better thus with Thee to hie
And hear a saintly mourner sigh
Than go where feastings reign ;

* Psalm lxxxiv. 2.

† "The minister of the parish coming unto the sick person's house, shall say, '*Peace* be to this house !'"—*Order for Visitation of the Sick.*

Wisdom beyond the schools to reach
Thy heaven-breathed words of solace preach
To hearts subdued by pain.

Counsels of love in tone serene
Varied with grave rebukes between
Thine Office now imparts;
And there beside yon dying bed
The Body and the Blood are spread
Which feed our famish'd hearts.

Lord Jesus! Thou art present there,
And so * enshrined in each deep prayer
The room our altar is;—
Angel and saint we realise
And vision with prophetic eyes
Scenes of seraphic bliss.

Smile, man of pleasure, sensual thing!
Whose life-boast is to laugh and sing;
Be ours the chamber lone
Where prayer and musing sickness meet,
And find before the Mercy-seat
What health has never known.

Here may authentic priests, O Lord,
Thy grace dispense and soothing word
Like almoners for heaven,
And teach oblivious hearts a lore
Thy peerless martyrs taught of yore.
When conscience heard—"forgiven."

If health have joy, the sick partake
This boon Divine,—for Thy dear sake
To suffer, not complain;
And, ere the sun of life go down,
Beyond their cross to see the crown
Of kings with Thee who reign.†

* "O Thou that *inhabitest* the praises of Israel."—Prov. xxii. 3
† 2 Tim. ii. 12. Rev. i. 5, 6.

Burial of the Dead.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Order for the Burial of the Dead.*

THE bells are tolling with a plaintive chime
That melts and mingles with the air around,—
Mourning for her who died in vernal prime
Queen of the village by her virtues crown'd.

Last week she bounded full of girlish life
Fleet o'er the turf, elastic as the breeze,
Radiant as morn, and with such freshness rife
As fills the wave that gambols o'er the seas;

But Christ recall'd her for His home on high
To harp in glory God's redeeming love,
Ere guilt had waken'd one remorseful sigh
Or earth untuned her for a heaven above.

Oh! gently lay her where the yew-trees wave
In tender darkness o'er some grassy tomb,
And sunbeams learn the language of the grave
Tinging their brightness with a soften'd gloom.

There shall the daisy rear its infant head
And fairy wild-flowers drink the dew of spring,
Or, round the turf that meekly wraps the dead
Autumnal winds their frequent descant sing.

'Tis the same spot her rosy girlhood sought,
Where fresh from school with bright companions gay
In maiden-fancy free from troubling thought,
She work'd her sampler or retired to play.—

Dear is the quiet village-church to me
Saxon and simple, touch'd with thoughtful gloom,—
Lifting its widow'd form so gracefully
As though 'twere conscious of th' encircling tomb.

Whatever shade expressive clouds can throw
Or hills wood-crested may around it cast,
I love to view it in the vale below
Connect the present with our storied past.

Oft have I paused, when lull'd by pensive bliss,
To hear the curfew mellow'd by the wind
Waft the farewell of Day to scene like this,—
Soft to the ear as soothing to the mind.

But far excelling all chaste morn bestows,
The hush of twilight, or the harvest-moon,
Or what mere landscape to the minstrel shows
When silent thoughts their sanctity attune,

Is felt,—when village-funerals wind their train
Slowly and sadly to some churchyard gate,
And our deep Service * tones its heaven-born strain
To scatter darkness from bereavement's fate.

Hark! from the woodland wafts the forward breeze
That low sweet dirge the village-maidens sing,
Whose white robes glisten through the waving trees
As on the dead to her last home they bring.

Nay, sob not, mother! for thy beauteous child,
Though like a tendril from thy heart it grew,
Eternity she gains ere time defiled
Or made the soul untender and untrue;

For One is present, Whom no eye can see
Except by faith, and that is,—Christ the Lord!
And "Weep not," † childless mother, comes to thee
If thy heart open to His gracious word.

* "The priest, *meeting the corpse at the entrance* of the church, shall say, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"—*Order for the Burial of the Dead.*

† Luke vii. 13.

Thou blessèd ritual! throbs of Jesu's heart
Still in thy tones of thrilling mercy live;
When yawns the tomb, most wonderful thou art
By echoing all God's inspirations give.

The "Resurrection and the Life"* is near,
By Spirit present, and in love as deep
As when He touch'd the young man's open bier
And softly bid wild anguish not to "weep."

While o'er that grave the "dust to dust" awakes
A dismal echo in the bleeding soul
How the damp earth-clod on the coffin breaks,
'Till the deep tides of inward anguish roll!—

Yet o'er the tomb heaven's canopy unfolds
And hark! these words of soothing magic sound,
While grief looks upward and by faith beholds
The Lord of life and resurrection crown'd,—

"Blest are the dead who in the Lord depart;
Yea, saith the Spirit for their pangs are o'er,
Serene as heaven Christ keeps that sainted heart,
Whose works are ended and who weeps no more."

* John xi. 25.

Churching of Women.

"We give thee humble thanks, for that thou hast vouchsafed to deliver this woman thy servant, from the great pain and peril of childbirth."—*English Prayer Book.*

IN love maternal hides a spell
A mother's heart alone can see,
Transcending all that tears may tell
Or man can be.

Far down within the spirit's deep
Her fountains of affection lie
Like currents which in darkness sweep
Nor face the sky.

Tender abyss of peerless love!
To heaven's omniscient eye-glance known,
The Woman-born Who reigns above
Thy claims doth own.

A pillow'd Babe on mother's breast
Beneath Him throbb'd the Virgin-heart,—
And, Woman! thou on HIM canst rest
Whoe'er thou art.

Oh magic force of nature!—felt
Far as the sun and sea extend;
Beneath whose law all beings melt
And spirits bend.

The Indian-mother, stern and strong,
Cradles her infant on the tree
And wildly chants her loud wood-song
For lullaby.

And the stern negress, seeking food,
Fastens the babe upon her back,
To roam each rocky solitude
Or lion's track.

Nor scene nor change, nor earth nor sky
Enfeeble love's maternal force;
Distance and time before it die
Whate'er their course.

A passion this, so pure and deep,
That while bereaved fathers moan
Enduring mothers only weep
In heart alone!

But, *why* did God such love create
Ineffably profound and pure?—
Because from mothers spirits date
Their curse, or cure.

Thus martyrs, saints and heroes,—all
Whom wond'ring time delights to praise,
In heaven itself may still recall
Those infant-days

When learn'd they from maternal lips
Lessons of holy love and prayer,—
No clouds hereafter could eclipse
With sad despair.

Then, pallid mother! draw thee nigh,
Perill'd by pangs but saved in birth;
And dovelike lift thy downcast eye
To heaven from earth.

The virgin-whiteness of that veil
Becomes thine inward purity,
And hides upon thy forehead pale
What angels see

Of blissful worship,—deep and mild
Which mothers for their first-born pay,
And love with conscience undefiled
Offers to-day.

Thou art the parent of a soul,
The mother of a deathless mind!

And Christ to thee imparts control
For *this* design'd.

Self-discipline with prayer-born love
And persevering wisdom calm
Send, Holy Spirit, from above,
And soothing balm;

That from Thine Altar she may part
In saintly mood serene and high,
And worship Christ with yearning heart
Until she die.

Mothers are more than mines of wealth
If God-devoted souls they be;
And what makes empire's moral health
And purity

They guard. For, how do nations sink
Into dark graves of sin and woe?—
When Church and State no longer think
What debt they owe

To christian mothers! unto whom
Both God and nature have consign'd
Existence, from whose dawning bloom
They nurse mankind.

Commination.

"Is much to be wished . . . . to the intent that being admonished of the great indignation of God against sinners, ye may the rather be moved to earnest and true repentance."—*Prayer Book.*

AS time grows old the earth from heaven recedes
More distant far;
No conscience bleeds
To feel the burnings of that inward scar
Which so discolours o'er with sin
The blighted soul we bear within.

A period was, when God and angels came
So near to thought,
The Church's name
With the full strength of holiness was fraught:
Her frown cast midnight where it fell
But in her blessing—what a spell!

But now, we boast an intellectual blaze
That scatters all
Cold reason says
Before the majesty of mind should fall!—
Dazzled with light, but dark in love,
Sin loathes the truth which looks above.

Sensual and proud, a Belial-age is ours
Drunken with pride
And grasping powers
By which the godless will is gratified;
Greedy of gold, athirst for pelf,
And seeking heaven in worshipp'd self.

Thou fond admirer of a holy time
When earth touch'd heaven,
And hopes sublime
Were to heroic saints and martyrs given
Of something nobler than base sense
Can to a grov'lling age dispense,—

Marvel no more that Discipline lies dead!
Self-will reigns now;
Laurels, not ashes, crown the mortal head
And wreathe man's brow:
For sackcloth, singing-robes are worn,
And none but saints now seem forlorn.

When God was fear'd due fasting calm'd the blood;
With naked feet
Then Penance stood
Low at the porch, a stern rebuke to meet,—
Sackclothed by shame, with downcast eyes,
Sprinkled with ashes, heaving sighs:

Severely-gracious, thus the Church's rod
Wielded o'er sin
The claim of God
And taught her penitents to weep within,—
Driving them forth with scalding tears
To feel the pangs of righteous fears.

So with mount Ebal's menace, Zion's song
Was well combined;
And true as strong
The healing power with which it calm'd the mind:
Indulgence then was not in vogue
Nor framed its pleasing decalogue.

But oft the "church" is chance-born pref'rence now
Fram'd by self-rule!
And few avow
That Christ is throned in His own temple still,—
By omnipresent godhead there
Receiving praise and hearing prayer.

Awake! awake! thou Arm of God, awake;
Put on thy strength
Thy slumber break
Church of our fathers! be Thyself at length;
Bride of The Lord, a mother kind,
Watchful,—but not to error blind.

And we, as children of a parent dear,
In evil days
Oh, let us fear
And in our lentine gloom on Ebal gaze,
And as the tenfold curses roll
May each, O God! subdue the soul;

For, art Thou not a sin-consuming Fire
Awful as pure
In Thy dread ire?
And never may some Fiend the heart allure

To think that hell alone can burn
In fictions which dark brains discern!

Mercy, Lord Christ, most infinite Thou art,
But judgment true
Will cleave each heart
That will not trace Thee in some darker hue,—
Before Whom prostrate worlds must fall
And worship Him who sways them all.

So when the Altar-comminations roll
With thunders deep
Till each awed soul
In the hush'd centre of pale conscience weep,
Our sackcloth, let repentance be,
Remorse,—the ashes God can see.

Thus will dead Penance in such hour revive;
Sorrow for sin
In prayer will strive;
Till, wash'd and whiten'd by pure grace within,
The heart renew'd God's word descries
Piercing and pure as angel-eyes.

Back to the world in penitence and prayer
Then may we speed:
If wounded there—
Then look we upward while our spirits bleed,
For on The Throne there beats a Heart
In all true grief that takes its part.*

* Isa. lxiii. 9.

Prayers at Sea.

"Glorious Lord God! at whose commands the winds blow and lift up the waves of the sea, and who stillest the rage thereof."—*English Prayer Book.*

MOTHER, whose heart keeps watch with wakeful care
Hark how the storm-blasts through the welkin roll!
Thunder alarms the breast of guilty fear
And the red lightnings dart from pole to pole.

Louder and louder sweeps the gale!
Fierce in descent the hurried rain-drops fall,
And midnight Terror, with emotion pale,
Begins in secret on her God to call.

Calm as a flower yon nursling lies
Rock'd into silence on the cradling breast;
Yet doth thy bosom heave with unheard sighs
Which rouse the spirit into sad unrest.

Yet not for thy domestic bower
Or those who sleep within its guardian-shade,
Art thou awake at this convulsive hour
To hear the crash wild elements have made.

But in thy heart is heard the raging deep
Toss'd in huge billows with tumultuous swell,
And voiceless tremors through thy bosom creep
For thy lone sea-boy,—loved at home so well!

Last year upon thy breast he lay
His head in fondness, parting for the sea,
And would not brush the manly tear away
Which flow'd from nature, and which fell on thee.

And now amid the shroud and sail
Perchance he grapples with the bending mast,
And when soft images of home prevail
Around him feels thine arms maternal cast!

Mother, thy Church confronts the waves,
Her litanies can lull their angry roar,
And He who watcheth o'er the ocean-graves
Can make the sea as tranquil as the shore.

Christ on the waters forms a home
For all who trust Him in the tempest wild,
Far as the pilgrims of the deep can roam
Or billows lullaby a sea-born child.

Safe is thy darling in this hour,
Dearer to heaven than mother's heart can know;
Calmly entrust him to that sleepless Power,
Deepen thy prayers,—but let not doubts o'erflow.

Mirthful and bright thy sea-boy ran
Around thee once, through garden grove and field;
But now, emerging into ripen'd man,
Conscience and creed divinest influence wield.

Precious, yon Bible!—'twas *thy* boon;
And, mother, where thy parting tear-gush fell
Oft on the deck beneath the sacred moon
He reads the warnings thou has scored so well.

And that high book of hallow'd Prayer
A treasured sister gave, with farewell kiss,
Oft will he welcome what its truths declare
And hail the sabbath as a holy bliss.

God of the winds and waves and seas!
Whom all the vassal elements obey,
Whether by palmy shores the placid breeze
Soft as a seraph-wing descends to play,

Or tempests heave the mountain-surge
Flashing with foam beneath some lurid glare,

While the drench'd mariners the vessel urge,—
We thank Thy wisdom for the ocean prayer.

Or when the booming death-guns pour
Peal after peal, redoubling as they roll,
Or Victory shouts her patriotic roar
Of loud huzzahs from seaman's gallant soul

Lord of the Deep! by Thee inspired
Our Church for each some high-breath'd prayer imparts,
That they whom Valour hath for conquest fired
The Prince of Peace should have to hush their hearts.

Seldom can inland-worship prove
Toned with such tenderness sublime and deep—
Like God's own halcyon calming from above
The wailing hearts that o'er some lost one weep,—

As when beneath the trancèd air
While moonbeams like a shroud enrobe the wave,
Mild fall the tones of that funereal prayer
Which parts the billow for a seaman's grave.

Tearful the watching comrades stand
Hush'd into silence by a holy spell,
And hide those grief-drops with a rough-worn hand
Whose tender fountain is the word,—"farewell."

Peace to the dead! he waits his hour
When the last trumpet shall untomb yon sea
And with such life-blast all her waves o'erpower
Dust shall arise, and look in Deity!

Gunpowder Treason.

"We adore the wisdom and justice of thy Providence, who so timely interposed in our extreme danger, and disappointed all the designs of our enemies."—*Prayer Book.*

TWO Wills alone may cause our world to move,—
Finite below, or Infinite above;
And all which reason and religion say
Points to the question, "Which should lead the way?"
Science, the first, but faith our God will call
Alpha of each and Omega of all.

God moves in hist'ry: an almighty Soul,
A secret Energy, divine Control,
Will of all wills, yet leaving manhood free,
Binding our time with His eternity,—
No chance can reign till His dread promise dies
And orphan'd earth for vanish'd mercy cries.

God rules in hist'ry: read by this deep plan
All ages harmonise their truths for man,
While he, unconscious of those secret laws
Which link the second with a Primal Cause,—
Obeys each bias, acts his perfect will,
And yet, leaves God supreme in purpose still!

So grant us, Lord, a providence to trace
Directing all things for Thy chosen race;
Kingdoms and kings, the palace and the cot,
Insect or seraph,—none can be forgot,—
For in the hollow of Thy hand repose
Atoms and worlds, o'er which Thy goodness flows.

And well on this day doth our Church decree
Anthems of love, which heave our hearts to Thee,

Celestial Watcher! whose soul-reading eye
Did from yon heavens the murder-plot descry,
And by a wisdom saints exult to own
Forewarn'd the empire, and preserved a throne.

Ripe was the plan, each purpose deeply laid
And treason gloated o'er a Church betray'd;
Freedom was then a victim to be destroy'd
And faction in its blood-dream overjoy'd;
The oath was sworn, the sacrament was taken,—
But England was not by her God forsaken!

Praise to the Lord! let choral harpers sound;
Praise to the Lord! ye saints repeat around,
The Angel of Whose presence then was nigh
And bared foul Treason to the open sky,
Blasted her guile, and by protective charms
Shielded a Throne, and saved the Church from harms.

King Charles the Martyr.

"Blessed Lord, we magnify thy name for thine abundant grace, bestowed upon our MARTYRED SOVEREIGN."—*Service for King Charles the Martyr.*

OH, burning plague-spot on the brow of Time
The with'ring curse of regicidal crime!—
Mock'd and betray'd by treason-bands
And massacr'd by Cain-like hands,
On this day soar'd to endless fame
Ascending in Emanuel's name
True to his creed above man's impious charter,
Charles the revered,—the Church's royal martyr!

Alas! for church and country crown and creed,
When martyr'd Principle must burn and bleed;

Or else a regal conscience die
Into a mean and miscreant-lie,
Forswearing all the truths that shine
With radiance drawn from truths divine,—
Because Democracy would dare to sing
Her death-psalm over England's dauntless king!

Oh Thou, from Whom both king and kingdom draw
Their source their wisdom and celestial law,
Now let our church's sighs and tears
Soften the Empire into hallow'd fears;
Since on her rests that curse of crime,
A sacrilege which burden'd time
And tinged our soil with that immortal stain—
The blood of Monarchs, when by God they reign!

Who sign'd his warrant with an impious glee
Proved how satanic blinded souls can be:—
As christian, monarch, husband, friend,
Will time to us a nobler send?
His failings rose from junctures bad
Which might have turn'd an angel mad:
Passion ran high; and lust for lawless power
Raged like a fiend in that chaotic hour.

Ruler divine! Whom heaven-born souls obey,
At least Thy *Church* on this remorseful day
That murder'd Prince may well recall
Who prized her glories more than all,
For which his royal spirit strove
With anguish of exceeding love:—
True to our martyr'd king be this day kept
And weep for him, who oft for Her had wept!

Nor be forgot, that crimes historic teach
Warnings profound which may the wisest reach.—
Dead sins are living preachers now,
And weeping hearts of prayer avow

That, Lord, except Thy grace prevent,
Men still are on some madness bent :—
Wisdom they want, and meekness more to own
The sceptred lordship of Thy boundless Throne.

Restoration of the Royal Family.

"The Great Rebellion, and all the miseries and oppressions consequent thereupon."—*Prayer Book.*

FRIEND of the friendless ! Thou art there
When throbs a soul with silent prayer
In hours of sadness holy ;
And viewless angels hover nigh
With placid brow and pensive eye
To watch our melancholy.

"Stand still, and your salvation see!"*—
Duty and blessing both from Thee
Lord, here may faith discern ;
Submission is that saving power
Which glorifies earth's darkest hour,
Could love the secret learn.

The Cup that Jesus bow'd to drink
Though feeling start and flesh may shrink,
Disciple, thou must drain ;
His pangs must all those heroes thrill
Who conquer by enduring ill,
And bleed, before they reign !

Thus when dead ages we untomb
And wander down their haunted gloom
Beholding what hath been,—
A patient mind and quiet heart

* Exod. xiv. 13.

Have ever borne the hero-part
In hist'ry's troubled scene.

Submission, passive deep and pure,
Has ever proved a matchless cure
For all the Church has borne;
Her watchword was—"Stand still! and see
The unbared arm of Deity
Since thou art unforlorn."

Thus, when apostate creeds began
To blight the erring mind of man,
How meekly bore his wrong
That five-times banish'd Saint!—* who kept
The truth unstain'd while ruin swept
In Arian blasts along.

Still breathes a theocratic air
In church and creed, if God be there,
As faith will ne'er deny;
Unweapon'd save by inward grace,
Believers move with martyr-pace
Beneath a blood-red sky.

The worst of kings seems nobler far
Than mad rebellion's impious war
In havoc blood and fire;
The sin of witchcraft,†—brand it well!
Its birth-seed is the pride of hell
By which dark Fiends aspire.

A Nemesis for injured kings
Or soon or late atonement brings,—
Dead empires this declare;
Some thunder-blast of whelming wrath
Will burst upon that nation's path
Which robs a regal heir.

* St. Athanasius. † 1 Sam. xv. 23.

And ever as this day returns
Oh Saviour-God ! our spirit learns
Where safety true resides :
That not our merit, but Thine arm,
Not foresight, but Thy prescient charm
Our refuge still provides.

In orphanhood the Church may roam
And crownless monarchs need a home
To exiled anguish lent ;
Base faction with Iscariot-breath
May shout for dungeon rack and death—
But Faith can be content,

Content to watch and weep and wait,
And bear the ban of iron fate
With uncomplaining heart :—
Her patience is a holy strength
Subduing crime with prayer at length
Which Christ and grace impart.

Sun of the church ! Thou Saviour bright,
A glory gilds the darkest night
Affliction can endure,
When Thy pure Spirit sheds a ray
On saints who keep the narrow way,
Like angel-paths secure.

The Accession.

"Our Sovereign Lady QUEEN VICTORIA as on this day set over us by thy grace and providence, to be our QUEEN."—*Prayer Book.*

THIS world is like that creature vast *
The royal dreamer had to face
Whose head from burnish'd gold was cast,
But when you reach'd the talon'd base,
Vile metal there commenced its lower sway
And slowly crumbled into worthless clay.

And who like monarchs this can know
At whose accession all things wear
The richness of a regal glow,
And triumphs of that festive glare
A coronation and a crown present,
With all the pomps of shouting welcome blent

The spangles on the mourning-dress
Worn for some princely head which lies
Cold in sepulcral nothingness,
Are scarce removed from courtly eyes,—
Ere happy mourners round another king
Their venal chant of vaunted homage sing.

Alas! for Kings, if state and throne
In splendour and monarchal pride
Were all that royal minds could own,
Or crowns and fawning courts provide:
A fate like this the soul would overpower
And harrow princes in their calmest hour.

The kingdom of the soul exceeds
Whatever realms and rank impart,
And oft a monarch inly bleeds
To find himself a friendless heart,—
In crowded loneliness to speak and smile
And be unechoed in his thoughts the while.

* Dan. ii. 32, 33.

And hollow dreams must oft surround
The pageantries of royal state,—
Deceits and dangers there abound
While secret anguish gnaws the great:
Peasants may weep, but Princes dare not show
The aching centre of *their* voiceless woe!

Flatter'd by many, loved by few,
Before them group and gather all
Who seek to veil each covert-view
Their serpent tongues the "country" call:
Too oft fair loyalty is glozing speech
Gilding some cause cold self desires to reach.

Hence, Thou for whom a realm is kept
O'er which the sunbeams ne'er go down,
Wider than that the eagles swept
When Rome became a huge renown,—
The Church anoints thee with her unction now
And drops the crown upon Thy jewell'd brow.

While thrones descend and empires shake
'Mid loud convulsion fierce and far
And strife and civil discord make
Pale Europe rock with coming war
God of our glories! 'tis in Thee we own
The deep foundations of a christian throne.

Lift we our heart-breath'd hymn on high
To Thee, incarnate King of kings!
Under Whose providential eye
A coronation-anthem sings
Each patriot-soul, who Church and Crown can see
Reposing grandly when they rest on Thee.

The life-blood of a loyal heart
Flows bravely through our British veins,
Nor shall this hoary truth depart
From cot and palace, shore and plains,—
That kings on earth a regal shadow throw
Of Him to Whom all worlds subjection owe.

Ordination.

"The congregation shall be desired, secretly in their prayers, to make their humble supplications to God."—*Rubric for the Ordering of Priests.*

SAVIOUR of spirits! if the burden'd life
Our deathless being into action bears
Be ever with some central mystery rife
That baffles what adoring lip declares,

Oh, is it not when truth's devoted hour
To Thine Own altar some young Levite leads,
And the high gift of Thine absolving power
Endows the Priesthood for celestial needs?

Yes, long as awed remembrance can remain
Shall I that everlasting moment feel
When in the silence of St. Asaph-fane
Heart soul and conscience did these words o'er-steal,—

"Receive Thou for Thy priestly work divine
A promised unction from the Holy One;
Anointed be thou at this hallowed shrine
Watchman of Zion!—lo, thy work begun!

"In Christ, the sin absolve which grace forgives,
For Him reserve, what He himself retains,
The Food dispense by which the spirit lives,—
The ruling sacrament wherein He reigns."

And when a "silence," thrilling, rapt, profound,
Breathed from the depths of each adoring soul,
Eternity seem'd closing all around
And shaded conscience with divine control.

With seven-fold gifts that grace did here descend
Hearts to illumine with celestial love,
And to each priest below some unction send
Perfumed with incense from The Priest above.

Let faith believe and ever hope and pray
, Lord of the Temple ! Thou wert nigh to bless
Each shepherd, vow'd to feed Thy flock that day,
And fold them safe in life's vast wilderness.

To guard, premonish, and with truth provide
The Saviour's Body here on earth which roams,
Pure unto death, to preach The Crucified
And beckon pilgrims to their sainted homes,—

Such was the charge we messengers received
Such the high call our stewardship obey'd,
And woe to us, if truths were unbelieved,
Our bosom prayerless, and the Church betray'd !

Almighty Shepherd of Thy human sheep !
If to our past'ral work the soul was given,
Though for sad errors all must wail and weep
Still let us hope there breathed a gift from heaven.

Years since have pass'd of trial change and grief,
But still that Ordination-vow is heard ;
And what can soothe us with sublime relief
But "I am with you," oh incarnate Word?

And, (blent with awfulness of faith and fear)
For each young watchman then for Christ ordain'd
Prophetic fancy sketch'd some quiet sphere
Where souls for Jesus might be sought and gain'd.

Visions perchance of rural cots retired
Hover'd around the priested hearts of those
Who, ne'er by sad ambition inly-fired,
Prize the lone hamlet where the poor repose.

Such was the scene our peerless Herbert loved
Pictured in quaint and quiet Walton's lines,
Which Hooker sought, and Hammond's taste approved
In whom the model of a Pastor shines.

Yet little boots it, *what* our destined place
In Thy large vineyard, Lord of Souls ! may be,

Grant but the seals of Thine ordaining grace,—
  And time and circumstance are lost in Thee.

Whether in realms of fever, vice, or gloom
  Where famish'd Want retreats and yearns to die,
The toil-worn pastor cheer some tatter'd room
  And calm the anguish of a farewell-sigh;

Or haply, where romantic dales retire
  Through hawthorn-lanes he wend his thoughtful way
What time pale sunset gilds the village-spire,
  And seek the cottage where he comes to pray,—

Though dark the regions which demand his care,
  And stern the sorrows of each varied path,
A Shepherd feeds the flock in faith and prayer
  And Christ Himself for consolation hath.

Spirit of light, of past'ral love and peace,
  Divine Sustainer! send an unction now
And teach Thy watchman, time gives no release
  To light the burden of his priestly vow.

But bear thou up, and labor nobly on!
  To warn the wicked and the saints to guide
Till thou be summon'd where the dead have gone,
  Who lived for duty and in Jesus died.

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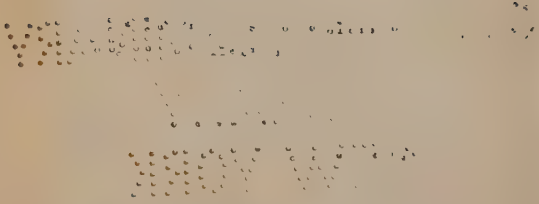
THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



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